

UNIVERSITY OF ST MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 07097562 8



I.

I.

M.

Young Ladies' Library,

St. Joseph's Academy.

No. 631. TORONTO. 1896

1894

✓ 39:

18-26

1895

✓ 40: # 1-4





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/avemaria39notruoft>



Comment



True Image of the Hand Imprinted in 1859 upon a Door of the Franciscan Convent of St. Anna, Foligno, Italy, by Sister Teresa Marguerita Gesta, who appeared shortly after Her Death to Sister Anna Felicia.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XXXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

No. 18.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

At the Gate of Peace.

I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pond.—ST. JOHN, v. 7.

FORLORN those sufferers beyond the gate
Of old Jerusalem, who saw in vain
The moving of Bethesda's pool; who fain
Had reached its waters, but found help too late
To bathe therein! How much more sad the
state

Of those dear souls outside the bright domain
Of New Jerusalem, who dwell in pain,
But still unaided, sadly weep and wait
To bathe in Jesus' Blood! They are our own,
Our friends, our dear ones; and by prayer
we may

Decrease the term of their appalling sorrow.
Have we, who loved them once, so faithless
grown

That we forget them? Succor them to-day;
Our souls perchance may cry for aid to-
morrow.

T. A. M.

The Dead Hand of Foligno.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

EVERYONE knows Foligno as the town which has lent its name to one of the most celebrated of Raphael's Madonnas. Reproduced in innumerable copies, engravings, and photographs, this beautiful picture has become familiar to all lovers of art. The impres-

sive grouping in the lower foreground, of St. John the Baptist, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Jerome, and Sigismondo Conti;* the view of Foligno in the background, and the tranquil majesty of the cloud-enthroned Virgin and Child, have led most critics to agree with the appreciative writer who declares that, "in its striking vigor, the lifelike individuality of its portraits, and the powerful and delicately-blended coloring, the Madonna of Foligno far surpasses all Raphael's earlier oil-paintings."

Foligno, however, has other claims on the interest of the world at large than its association with this masterpiece from the magic brush of Our Lady's artist; and the marvel with which this paper has to do is a picture far more impressive and far otherwise remarkable than that which adorns one of the walls in the second room of the Vatican Gallery. It was while admiring the original Madonna of Foligno, during a visit paid to the Vatican several months ago, that the writer suddenly bethought him of a commission, relative to Foligno, which he had been requested to execute for THE "AVE MARIA." The editor of Our Lady's magazine had desired him to visit the Italian town and investigate the prodigy of *la Mano Morta* (the Dead Hand), to which brief reference is made in Father Schouppe's excellent work on Purgatory.

* Secretary of Pope Julius II. He ordered the painting for S. Maria in Ara Coeli.

In compliance with this request, when leaving Rome in the following week I swerved a little from the direct route to Florence, and alighted one sunny afternoon at a typical Italian station in the Umbrian town of Foligno. My first impression, that this was the most thoroughly foreign locality in which I had as yet sojourned, became momentarily stronger throughout my visit; and no reference to my diary is necessary to recall the incidents of *that* portion of my summer in Europe.

The cab-driver who vociferously solicited the favor of being allowed to convey me to a hotel perceived at once that he had to do with an *Inglese*, and showed his appreciation of that fact by unhesitatingly mentioning, when asked his charge for the favor in question, an amount just double what Bædeker sets down as the legitimate sum. His reply being greeted with a smile that was meant to be sarcastic, he forthwith abandoned all idea of extortion, readily agreed to accept the regular fare, and in the course of five minutes had deposited my luggage and myself at the Posta Hotel.

Here arose a linguistic difficulty, one not altogether unexpected, but not perceptibly less embarrassing on that account. Thus far in Italy, although the English language had proved, outside of the larger hotels, a superfluous and unprofitable luxury, French had been of inestimable value as a substitute for the native tongue. At the Posta, however, French and English were equally useless; a moderate proficiency in pantomimic gesture would have outvalued practically the most erudite acquaintance with either language. Now, when one's Italian vocabulary is both limited in extent and largely monosyllabic in form, conversation carried on in that most musical of tongues, however voluble on the one part, must necessarily be somewhat laconic on the other; and so, when I succeeded in procuring a room

(not even a monosyllable was necessary for that purpose), and a porter to conduct me to the residence of Foligno's Bishop, I gracefully subsided into taciturnity.

The Bishop, to whom I had a letter of introduction from a Roman friend, and whose permission to visit the convent of the Franciscan Tertiaries I was desirous of securing, was absent, nor was there any priest present in the palace. Nonplussed for a moment, it finally occurred to me that there might be a seminary in the town. My porter responded "*Sì, signor,*" to my interrogative "*Seminario?*" and a few minutes later the courteous rector of that institution had dispelled my anxiety by informing me that I could readily visit the convent, and gladdened my heart by adding that the Mother Superior, unlike himself and the other inhabitants of the town, could speak French.

Having received what promised to be his final directions, my porter conducted me through several quiet, narrow thoroughfares; stopped for a moment at a fruit-stall to exchange a few words with the middle-aged vender, who apparently officiates as outside portress of the convent; and, ushering me through a stone gateway, ejaculated in a tone of evident relief, *Ecco,*"—the Italian equivalent for the Parisian "*Voilà,*" and the English "*Here we are.*"

The convent is a moderately large, architecturally plain building, whose walls of dark grey freestone look as though they may have withstood both the earthquake of 1832 and the storms of several centuries. The portress has followed us through the gate; and, learning that I wish to see the Reverend Mother, she precedes me up a few narrow stone stairs, opens a door massive enough for an American state-prison, and bids me be seated in a waiting room, whose only furniture is an uncovered table and some half a dozen straight-backed wooden chairs. A grating at the farther end informs me

that the Franciscan Tertiaries of Foligno are cloistered nuns; and I have hardly time to wonder whether I am destined to wait the usual quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before seeing any one (a common experience of visitors to convents in some countries), when a soft footfall is heard, and behind the grating appears the Mother Superior.

A few words suffice to explain the purpose of my visit. Will she kindly give me, for the benefit of THE "AVE MARIA" (a copy of which I present), the facts concerning the apparition in her convent of a soul from purgatory, and the striking memorial of that apparition known as *la Mano Morta*, or Dead Hand? Graciously premising that she is only too charmed to favor a magazine devoted to the honor of "the dear Madonna," she forthwith enters upon the following narration:

Thirty-five years ago, on November 4, 1859, the community was plunged into profound grief by the sudden death, from apoplexy, of Sister Teresa Marguerita, a nun whose virtues had made her an example for all her companions. One of these companions, Sister Anna Felicia, was noted for the assiduity with which she followed the counsel of the psalmist, "Serve ye the Lord with gladness." Naturally of a joyous and fearless disposition, full of life and innocent mirth, she occasionally rallied more timid Sisters on their want of bravery; and shortly after Sister Teresa's death she smilingly rebuked some of her companions who manifested uneasiness at remaining alone in places frequented by their departed friend. Her own courage, however, was soon to be put to the test.

About ten o'clock in the morning of November 16, Sister Anna was proceeding to the clothes-room, of which she had charge, when she heard a noise as of some one wailing. Her first thought was that a cat had been shut up in the room; but on opening the door no cat was visible,

although the lamentation still continued. Having examined the room and found nothing to account for the moaning sounds, Sister Anna grew somewhat frightened, and in trembling tones exclaimed: "Jesus! Mary! What can this be!" In immediate answer came the words: *Oh Dio, che peno tanto!* ("O my God, how much I suffer!") The voice was that of one in supreme distress, and was at once recognized by Sister Anna as that of the departed Sister Teresa.

Somewhat reassured by this recognition, Sister Anna withstood the impulse to fly from the room, and ventured to ask:

"Why do you suffer?"

"On account of the vow of poverty."

"What!" exclaimed Sister Anna,—
"poverty!—you who practised it so faithfully!"

"Not on my own account, but because of my indulgence to the Sisters.... Look to yourself."

The room then became filled with a dense vapor, and the form of Sister Teresa appeared moving toward the door. Her voice was still heard, but her living companion was now so terrified as to be unable to follow what she was saying. As the apparition reached the door, however, Sister Anna beheld it strike with open hand one of the panels, and heard the voice exclaim: *Questa è una misericordia di Dio* ("Here is a token of God's mercy!")* As if the hand were a branding-iron at white heat, it burned into the wood; and when withdrawn left its imprint, black, smoking, ineffaceable.

The Sister, who had lately made so light of nocturnal fears and ghostly visitations, was now completely unnerved. The vanishing of the apparition and the gradual disappearance of the vapor, however, having somewhat diminished her terror, she made her way to the door

* A sign of the mercy of God, because in giving such warnings He shows what we have to guard against.

and called loudly for her fellow-religious. So evident was the distress of the cry that in a few moments the whole community was gathered in the clothes-room. Sister Anna Felicia gave them a broken account of what had occurred; and the species of mist that was still visible in the apartment, the smell of burnt wood, and above all the palpable souvenir of the apparition which they saw on the door, gained immediate credit for her narrative. The complete transformation of Sister Anna's usually cheerful countenance was of itself a proof that something preternatural had happened. Moreover, the nuns recognized in the sign on the door the fac-simile of Sister Teresa's hand, which had been notably small. Betaking themselves to the chapel, they prayed long and earnestly for the repose of her soul.

Before retiring to rest on the following night, Sister Anna had made up her mind that, the next day, she would at all costs remove from the clothes-room door the unlucky imprint which had given her such a shock. With this determination she fell asleep, when in a dream Sister Teresa again appeared to her and addressed her thus:

"It is your intention to remove the sign that I have given. Know that you can not do it, even with the help of others, because God commanded it as a lesson to all. By a just and inexorable decree, I have been condemned to the awful flames of purgatory for forty years on account of my condescension to the wishes of some of the nuns. I thank you and the other Sisters for the prayers that you have offered up for me, all of which the Lord has been graciously pleased to apply to me exclusively; and I am especially thankful for the Seven Penitential Psalms, which afforded me great relief." Then, a bright smile illuming her countenance, she added: "O blessed rags, which are rewarded by richest garments! O happy poverty, which brings such glory to those

who faithfully observe it! Alas! how many suffer irreparable loss and are in torments because, under the pretext of necessity, they have violated its precepts!"

Finally, on the night of November 19, as Sister Anna lay awake in bed, she heard her name distinctly called by the well-known voice of Sister Teresa. Sitting up, she looked tremblingly around, and beheld at the foot of her bed a globe of light that filled the cell with unearthly radiance. Again she hears Sister Teresa's voice; its tones have lost their character of wailing lamentation, and are replete with joy and triumph. "On the day of the Passion [Friday] I died, and on the day of the Passion I am going to glory.... Strong in the Cross! Courage to suffer! *Addio! addio! addio!*" At the third repetition of this friendly parting salutation, the luminous globe dissolved into a shining cloud, which floated heavenward and disappeared.

About three weeks after the date of the apparition, an ecclesiastical investigation of the much-talked-of prodigy was set on foot by the Bishop of the diocese. In presence of the magistrates and clergy of Foligno, summoned as witnesses, and a crowd of citizens who came of their own accord, Sister Teresa's body was taken up. The hand was placed on the imprint burned into the door, and was found to fit it exactly. This much being ascertained, Sister Anna Felicia was subjected to a searching examination as to her participation in the remarkable affair, with the result that the investigators recognized its supernatural character.

I had followed the Mother Superior's narrative with the closest attention; and, on its conclusion, inquired whether she possessed any copies of the documents drawn up by the ecclesiastical commission that had pronounced the occurrence to be really miraculous, and whether she could give me a photograph or engraving of *la Mano Morta* for reproduction in

THE "AVE MARIA." She at once gratified my desire as to both these points; and a perusal of the documents soon convinced me that in the opinion of the investigators, men who were presumably as capable of detecting fraud or imposition as myself, the imprint of the Dead Hand is a genuine miracle. As such I certainly considered it when, a few moments later, I was favored with a sight of the door itself, with the charred traces of palm and fingers burned into its wood. An indescribable sensation of reverential awe stole over me as I looked,—a sensation that endured long after I had thanked the courteous Franciscan for her kindness, and returned to my hotel; and purgatory has never seemed to me so real and close as since that sunny August afternoon when I beheld one record of its vengeful flames in *la Mano Morta* of Foligno.

In Sight of Port.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

(CONCLUSION.)

XVII.

IN the midst of her new and perfect happiness, Nathalie did not forget the mother of whom, notwithstanding the many points of uncongeniality existing between them, she was sincerely fond. When, therefore, at the breakfast table one morning, her husband announced that urgent business called him to New York, she resolved to accompany him, wishing to give her mother a pleasant surprise. The visit proved both pleasant and surprising to Mrs. Hamilton; yet this fact, in Nathalie's estimation, could not account for the extraordinary buoyancy of her mother's spirits.

"Mamma," she remarked, "what has happened to you? You are positively radiant, and looking ten years younger

than when I went away. Really, I must have tried you more sorely even than I thought, since my absence can have worked such wonders. And all the time I have been fearing that you were so very, very lonely! It has been the one tiny bitter drop in my cup of sweetness."

Mrs. Hamilton's face beamed as she answered, in the most cheerful of voices:

"My Nathalie, you builded better than you knew when you fell in love with your young Daniel O'Connell. If you had not—well—I will tell you by degrees. I have good news. Mr. du Puyster is coming home."

"That is good news," said Nathalie. "I wonder that he has remained away so long."

"You know he went to consult physicians abroad about his health. He feared he had serious heart trouble, and writes that the doctors have confirmed his fears."

"But, mamma dear, that can hardly be called good news?"

"I simply do not believe a word of it. Those London doctors are trying to keep him over there because of the fees. You know he was always a little fussy and inclined to be a hypochondriac."

"I never thought so, mamma. If he writes like that, I am sure there must be danger."

"Not a bit of it, child,—not a bit of it. We shall nurse him back to health as soon as he returns. He will live to be a hundred. The Du Puysters are a long-lived family. Do you not remember those two old maids?"

"I have a faint recollection of them, as being very aristocratic and exclusive."

"Yes. Well, if they were alive still—but I must not anticipate. I have received several letters from Mr. du Puyster lately. In one of them he says that he has obtained information that would please my 'tuft-hunting soul.' Those were his exact words. Don't you think I should resent them?"

"Not coming from him, mamma," said Nathalie. "You know how frank he is, and it was only the liberty of an old friend. You do not appear to have been vexed by it?"

"Nor was I, my darling."

"And the information,—what was it?"

"He has discovered, quite accidentally, that his mother—whom the Du Puysters considered no match for his father, because she was only an Irish governess—belonged to one of the most ancient and aristocratic families of Galway. Blake, I think, the name was. Quite ordinary in sound; but so is Guelph, for that matter."

"I fancy the information pleased him also, and that he would not deny the fact. You know he does value the distinction which comes of honorable ancestry."

"Yes, my dear. And such distinction applies not only to those most nearly concerned, but to all with whom they are most intimately connected."

"Poor Mr. du Puyster is alone in the world now, I suppose. He has no near relatives, you know."

"He will not be alone much longer, my dear. He is about to be married," said Mrs. Hamilton, vainly trying to give due gravity to the announcement. But the smile that trembled on her lips and beamed in her eyes would not be repressed.

"Married!" exclaimed Nathalie. "At his age and in his state of health! His brain must be affected. Why, mamma, it seems to please you!"

"It does," calmly replied her mother. "But that is probably because I am also contemplating matrimony."

"You are going to marry him?"

"That is my intention."

"He is sixty-five. You were such good friends. It is so sudden. I do not know what to say. If you—"

"Love him, you were about to say. That would be too absurd. I have never loved any man. I respect and admire him, as you know. And if I choose to comfort

and console the declining years of one who has been to all of us so true a friend, why should any one object?"

"Mamma, I do not object; on the contrary, I am pleased—if you are and he is. But how did this come about?"

"Without premeditation on the part of either. He wrote in a semi-despondent way, saying that he was about to return to America to die, and all that sort of nonsense. He also dwelt on his loneliness, as I had done on mine. It was an expression of sympathy on my part that first gave him the idea. I had said something about wishing I could nurse him back to health, and he answered that there was one way by which I might, and asked me very simply to marry him; that in his shattered state of health he dreaded to return to his former isolation, and all that. As I said before, Nathalie, he is imaginative on that point. He will, probably outlive me, as I do not come of a hardy race, and he does."

"Did you accept him at once?"

"By return mail. I had no alternative but to follow my destiny."

"What destiny?"

"Nathalie, from my earliest youth I have had but one ambition—to bear an honored and distinguished name; to belong to that class which, both at home and abroad, are to the rest of mankind as the rose is to the cabbage. I made, as I supposed, all my successive marriages as a stepping-stone to this end; but I was disappointed, as you know. Then I transferred my ambition. I lived only that my daughters should achieve what I failed to accomplish. You know my failures there. Then, all at once, just as there seems no possible chance of the accomplishment of my lifelong desire, this opportunity offers. Tossed as I have been all these years on the treacherous sea of my desires, thwarted by the adverse winds of fate whenever I put forth on a new venture, I catch a glimpse of port at last. Would

it not be madness, folly on my part to fly in the face of fortune, and not to make fast with this anchor that Providence has provided?"

Nathalie answered with a smile that was not wholly devoid of humor.

"Mamma," she said, "I must confess I can not appreciate your point of view; but if you are going to be happy, I shall be glad."

"Happy!" exclaimed her mother. "I can not sleep at night for thinking of it. In all New York there is no more honorable name than that of Du Puyster. Mrs. Cameron-Brown was a Du Puyster. You know she has snubbed me several times. Now she will leave cards. Mr. Shackelford van Cott's mother was a cousin and—"

"Yes, mamma," interrupted Nathalie, hurriedly; "but that doesn't matter."

"It *does* matter, my dear," said her mother, rising from her chair and beginning to pace nervously up and down. "I intend to show those people that I can surpass them in entertaining, in dress, in everything. If there is any possible way—I know little about heraldry,—but if there is any possible way by which I can put the Blake arms—they must have had a coat of arms—on my carriage, I shall do so. I shall lead—lead, do you hear, Nathalie?—in New York society. And you shall not bury your youth and beauty in the wilds of Cohasset. If necessary, I shall sell everything there. Your husband, the son-in-law of a Du Puyster, can surely find an occupation more befitting his position than the one he now holds. Oh, I shall astonish the fashionable world, I promise you, my dear!"

"You know how different Mr. du Puyster is from all that," said Nathalie, gravely, her sweet, calm face a contrast to the excited demeanor and sparkling eyes of her foolish old mother. "And if he is very ill, as he writes, will not your whole time be occupied in the care of him?"

"I repeat it is half fancy on his part,"

said her mother. "You shall see how I will bring him out. Besides, he is far too reasonable to expect me, a young woman still, to tie myself to an invalid's chair. He loves his books, and I shall not grudge them to him. But he will also be proud of his wife, and delighted to lend her the prestige of his presence on occasions. Oh, we shall get on, we shall get on!"

"Dear mamma, I hope it is for the best," said her daughter, kissing her with great tenderness. "When do you expect to be—married?"

"As soon as Mr. du Puyster arrives. I am having my *trousseau* made, quietly, by Madame Bonnechose. I intend to astonish the world—that is, my world. Of course you do not seem to belong to it any more. But *après*, we shall see if you two turtle-doves shall not have to abandon your woodland nest. I have some beautiful dresses. A middle-aged woman can dress so richly. Young creatures like yourself can not approach anything like splendor. *Après tout*, youth is everything; though I feel as though I were about to renew mine."

"When will Mr. du Puyster arrive?"

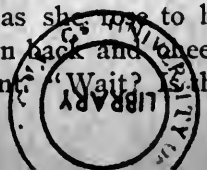
"The vessel is due on Monday. He will go to the Astor House,—he is old-fashioned, you know. As soon after as we can get the license—probably next day—we will be married. You and Mr. Cashman must stay with me till it is over. This is Friday; you had not intended going before?"

"No," replied Nathalie, thoughtfully. "Of course we must be with you. But if he should be very ill, mamma?"

"Nathalie," said her mother, sharply, "why will you harp on that illness? Even if he should, would it not be all the better that we should be married at once?"

"I do not know. It seems to me in that case it would be more fitting to—"

"Wait?" cried her mother, both hands dramatically extended as she rose to her full height, head thrown back and cheeks glowing with excitement. "Wait? What



what you would say? Nathalie, if he were dying—yes, dying—I would marry him. Oh, why can you not understand what it is to bear such a name as his,—to be a Du Puyster, a Knickerbocker,—to hold the key that opens all doors in this representative city of America! And if one should go abroad, the magic of it, the influence! But here comes your lord and master. I shall run away while you tell him."

Once more the fond mother, she stooped and left a kiss on her daughter's forehead, vanishing through one door, as her son-in-law entered by the other.

At half-past eight on Monday morning Mrs. Hamilton descended to the breakfast room, wearing a charming white gown, her hair arranged becomingly, her face aglow with happiness and expectation. The others had not yet made their appearance; so she went about the room, rearranging the vases, and lowering the curtains, so as to exclude the hot rays of the morning sun.

"The ship was sighted off Sandy Hook last evening," she soliloquized. "She must be in by now. I may safely expect him by ten."

A servant entered with the morning paper. Opening it carelessly, her eye met the following paragraph:

"Mr. Charles Gabriel du Puyster, well known in New York, died suddenly yesterday on board the *Eulalia*, which arrived from Liverpool last night. He was a sufferer from heart disease, but during the voyage had appeared to be in fairly good health."

She read no more. Her lips uttered no cry, into her eyes there came no tears. The pallor so significant of grief was absent from her cheeks; the crimson flush that overspread them betrayed only intense disappointment. With an angry gesture she flung the paper from her, exclaiming as she did so:

"Alas! I shall strive no more, since my ship has foundered in very sight of port."

Mrs. Hamilton did not soon recover from this last disappointment. For many months she seemed entirely absorbed in herself, having lost the characteristic cheerfulness that had distinguished her. With the advent of a grandchild, whom she insisted on naming Charles du Puyster Cashman, her natural temperament reasserted itself. Thereafter, for several years, she centred all her hopes in the boy, for whom she prophesied a magnificent future. It was fortunate for her peace of mind, no doubt, that she died before he also became another source of disappointment and chagrin. After a brilliant career at Stonyhurst, whither he went to complete his education, he entered the Society of Jesus, of which he became a fervent and honored member, distinguished for piety and learning.

It was one of those truths so much stranger than fiction that, in spite of herself, against every law of heredity, temperament, inclination and circumstance, she had given acceptable hostages to God; whereas in the same day and generation many a pious mother spent her soul in fruitless tears and prayers for the children whose erring footsteps still turned persistently from the safe but narrow way.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring perpetually, but to no purpose; and in constant motion, without getting on a jot. Like a turnstile, he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few he only burns his fingers.

—Colton.

M. Lasserre to M. Zola.

I.

SIR:—You have done me the honor of not naming me in your romance of Lourdes. Others, officially charged with the defence of the truth and with guarding the temple, having taken up the pen, I congratulated myself, as a man of peace, meditation, and study, that I need not enter the arena. Why, sir, by calumniating my writings, do you now force me to put aside my reserve? Here are your words:

“What, then! There was at Bartres an Abbé Ader, who was the first spiritual guide of Bernadette, who taught her the catechism, who foretold her visions, and not one of the historians of Lourdes speaks of him. He is not so much as named in the book of M. Henri Lasserre, *the most complete, the most conscientious*, to which only one reproach can be made—that it was written from documents furnished by the Bishop of Tarbes, *with absolute disdain for the archives of the administration*. The fact appears incredible, and the omission is certainly one that leaves room for all kinds of suppositions.”

Yes, sir, there is something incredible in your assertion,—something so incredible that you yourself, whilst printing, do not believe it. You speak of my “absolute disdain for the archives of the administration”; and when printing those words, you knew well that I rummaged all the archives of the mayoralty of Lourdes with scrupulous care; that I went personally to the prefecture of Tarbes, to the parquet of Lourdes, to the appellate court of Pau, to the Minister of Worship. When to my disappointment I met officials who, not being above reproach, took little care to furnish proofs, you know that I did not lose courage, and that I found the means to put the facts together again.

You printed that passage, sir, whilst you had before your eyes the note at page 74 of my book. In that note, after relating those difficulties, I wrote what follows,—in the first place, in order to be honest and delicate to the very utmost; and again to force even those that had refused

to testify otherwise, to bear testimony at least by their silence.

Hence if, from the point of view of the administration, any error has crept into my narrative, the official world need blame only themselves, because they either allowed those various documents to be lost or refused to make them known. *Fortunately, the numberless documents that I obtained elsewhere, and my own researches, have almost entirely supplied for them.* . . . I have been put to a little more trouble,—that is all.

If, however, in spite of my endeavors, my account should contain any inaccuracies, I am ready to correct them on the production of official documents. I doubt whether the officials will try this.

‘The truth being once ascertained,’ I wrote in my preface, ‘I set it down with as much liberty as if, like the Duke of Saint-Simon, I had shut my door and related a history destined to appear in a hundred years. Since the witnesses are still living, I will tell everything, give their names and addresses, so that it will be possible to question them, and to make over again the investigation that I made, so as to verify my work. I wish that every reader may be able to examine my assertions for himself, and render homage to the truth if I have been sincere; I wish that he may have it in his power to cover me with confusion and disgrace if I have written what is false.’

It is now twenty-six years, sir, since I uttered this challenge in the book in which I related the doings of the administration, of the courts, of the police; and since I threw a full light on the acts of the mayor, of the commissary, of the prefect, of the Minister, of the Emperor. None of these functionaries, whose mistakes or faults I brought to light, has offered a single document in contradiction. Not one has raised his voice to protest. In reading those pages they saw, indeed, in spite of their refusal to speak, that the

administrative investigation was as free from reproach as the investigation into the miraculous facts.

If in my recital a single detail, one solitary iota, had been contestable, who would suppose that they would let themselves be summoned before the bar of the whole world without saying one word? Their silence for more than a quarter of a century is a splendid testimony and confirmation of all that constitutes the administrative history of the events of the year 1858 as given in "Our Lady of Lourdes."

You know that, sir, and you affirm the contrary of what you yourself have ascertained. What a service you would be doing me, sir, by suggesting a polite word by which to qualify such a proceeding! Alas! in my literary poverty I know none. But let us pass on.

II.

I was in Lourdes two years ago when you visited the city of miracles. You asked me, through one of my friends, whether you might visit me without fear of being unwelcome. I had never read your works. You presented yourself as an unbeliever honestly in search of the truth. For me there was no reason not to receive you, and accordingly you came to visit me several times at the hotel where I was stopping.

I spoke to you of the countless marvels of which I have been witness each year. I tried to place you at that particular angle from which a man that has heretofore looked at an object without seeing it may get a good first look at it. A Christian never despairs of the salvation of any one. Without speaking of the action of God's grace, the evidence of the supernatural is such at Lourdes that one must believe in it or renounce his reason.

One day I thought that it would be well to take you to a memorable spot, which, next to the Grotto, I consider the most striking at Lourdes: that room of

fearful misery which Bernadette occupied at the time when the Queen of Heaven chose her for her messenger, and charged her to summon the whole world—and the whole world came—to the rocks of Massabielle.

This basilica, these churches, those marble buildings, that city springing up in the desert, those thousands of extraordinary cures, those countless souls restored to faith and happiness, that crusade from the thousand regions of the globe, were all contained in embryo in the simple fact that a delicate, ignorant and illiterate child went out one morning from this miserable chamber to gather some dead-wood needed to prepare the poor meal at home.... I knew the impression that such a contrast would produce. It is only the action of God that can explain such disproportion between a mere nothing and this infinity in the result.

And you felt that impression, sir. The adorer of the flesh and of a false life had a glimpse of the splendors of the spirit; and, perhaps for the first time, had a vague vision of the true life.

You remained a while without answering my questions. Your countenance revealed to me your interior trouble. In your eyes, which are usually dry and hard, a couple of tears glistened. They trembled a moment without falling, and you exclaimed:

"It is stupefying! I was deeply moved at Lourdes, but nowhere so much as here. And here is where all began! It is Bethlehem! It is the Crib! Such a starting-point, such a terminus! It is stupefying!"

"Say miraculous, Monsieur Zola."

With a certain energy you repeated your word:

"It is stupefying! It is stupefying!"

"Well, Monsieur Zola, there is something else which would be still more stupefying."

"Eh! what, then?" you exclaimed, opening wide your startled eyes, from

which the tears had entirely disappeared.

"What would be more stupefying, Monsieur Zola, is if such a result had been brought about by that little girl by means of a lie or in consequence of a mental disease—hallucination."

"Oh, I do not say that!" you answered, with some impetuosity. "Bernadette was neither a liar nor under an hallucination: she was the instrument of that great Beyond (*au-delà*) which rules human existence. However, from this to the precise dogmas in which you believe there is quite a distance."

"Without doubt, Monsieur Zola. And yet it suffices to be logical to pass this distance in a few steps."

Just then the door opened; a priest entered, and the conversation took a different turn. But I had surprised the man of matter turning in bewilderment toward the spirit, and the chief of realism troubled and wavering in presence of the reality.

I am not one of those who think that souls can be driven by force. I did not urge the point. Soon afterward, of your own accord, you expressed this idea:

"Without having become a believer, I see at Lourdes what I was far from suspecting: a land of consolation, of hope, even of cures for multitudes of unhappy, suffering, sick people. It is one of the high points, an oasis in this world."

Then you added, word for word, as follows:

"To detract from it in any way would be treason against humanity. I promise you, Monsieur Lasserre, that not a word of mine shall be of a nature to grieve the friends of Lourdes; and I can even add that you will find many things in my book that will afford you pleasure."

Those words, which nothing compelled you to speak, appeared to me sincere; and I still believe them so, even after you have been guilty of the act which you very justly called treason against humanity.

III.

If the treason that you have committed with your pen is inexcusable, it is not inexplicable. More than for any other man of our day, it was hard for you to judge with impartiality a cause so high and grave, which by your own will you brought before your court. It was hard for you to be, to use your own expression, "an independent historian." An independent historian, sir, is one that has absolutely no personal interest in the exposition of the events of which he makes himself the reporter, and in the judgment he pronounces.

It is painful to me to speak of myself. But, since you force me to do so, I feel it my duty to say here that *I* was such a one when I examined the apparitions and the cures of Lourdes—at a time when a thorough investigation was the easiest thing in the world. Five years had hardly passed since the events; all the witnesses were still living; their memories were fresh, and it was easy to confront persons and things.

'Whether the miracle be true or false,' I wrote when beginning my inquiries, 'or whether the cause of this vast movement be found in human error, such a study can not fail to be of great interest.'*

Without anything to gain or lose in one solution or the other, I could have, in giving my testimony or verdict, no other consideration than the truth. In this question—which is quite free and does not involve any dogma—my faith itself did not incline me to either side. Whatever might be the conclusion of my investigation, I would remain what I was already, a believing Christian, without having a syllable to change in my *Credo*.

Nothing inclined me to deceive myself or others. No grain of sand, no atom, in one of the scales of my balance tended to make it sink to the right or to the left.

* Preface, p. vi.

Just as the chemist when analyzing a body to find out whether it is a salt or an acid, I had only to observe carefully, and then take my pen and give my testimony. To be exact and truthful, to be perfectly fair under these circumstances, I did not need to make any effort or to display any amount of virtue. Hence I claim no merit.

How differently you were situated! To study and judge without any foregone decision, to narrate and draw conclusions with equal independence and sincerity, you needed, sir, to be a hero and to become a saint; because within you and around you were terrible temptations from which I was free, formidable obstacles that did not impede my course.

One of the solutions would leave you in the enjoyment of the advantages and prosperous surroundings of your life. It would change nothing in your literary position as head of a school. It would create for you new claims to the seat occupied by Evariste Parvy under the Directory, of which you are so ardently desirous.

The opposite solution would place you under the ban of all your friends. It would require the public acknowledgment that you had been a public malefactor—whether unconsciously, which would be the case of a man without reason; or by a perverted will, the love of money, which would proclaim the man to be deserving of sovereign contempt.

To recognize as supernatural and divine the events of Lourdes would have been to declare that there is a God, a moral code, a religion. It would have been to proclaim as true and venerable what your writings have not ceased to combat, to blaspheme, to try to tear from the heart of man. It would have been to display in strong relief the senselessness and infamy of your long work of corruption; it would have been, in a word, to renounce all your past, publicly burning what you had

adored, adoring what you had burned. It would have been, to employ the consecrated word, "to be converted."

Others took this step; you could have done so. But your conversion would impose the duty of stopping, without one hour's delay, the flood of corruption, of poison, which, for twenty years, the lamentable works of your earlier and your mature years have not ceased to let loose upon our country, which they disgrace.*

Now, this torrent of filth carried along incessantly with its particles of gold. To arrest it on a sudden would be immediate ruin, would entail the loss of eighty or a hundred thousand pounds income. This, sir, you certainly could have done. And had you done it your fame, which is merely a brilliant infamy, would have become glory.

To resume. Given the alternative, either to make every sacrifice or to preserve and increase your revenues, were you, sir, in the condition to be an independent historian and an impartial judge? In such circumstances, and to escape the inevitable consequences that I have just pointed out, was there not reason to fear that, after having been startled at Lourdes by the splendor of the true, you would soon be tempted to cast aside the most authentic medical certificates, the most convincing attestations, the most conclusive facts; to abandon all logic, to plunge into the absurd and the false?

Alas! sir, you yielded to the temptation. Hence it is that, forty years after the events, you appeal to false documents which you do not produce, and to false

* In a conversation of Jules Simon with the Emperor of Germany during the Congress of Berlin, occur the following words, published some weeks ago in the *Figaro*:

The Emperor had an antipathy for Zola, which, I must say, was violent.

"It is not to his good qualities," said the Emperor, "that he owes his success: it is to the moral infamies and the filth with which he poisons his writings. That is what you now prefer in France,

witnesses whom you do not name; that you speak of a miracle announced beforehand, and the conditions under which it was to be performed by a Doctor Beaulclair, who never existed; and that you resurrect a dead-and-buried Abbé, who prophesied the visions and prepared the seer for them.

It is thus that you manufacture a fantastical legend in regard to the first years of Bernadette's life, against which the family and the inhabitants of Bartrès, contemporaries of Bernadette, enter their solemn and official protest. So it is that, being challenged to cite names in support of your statements, you risk naming one at random, Monsieur Jean Barbet, who immediately gives you a slap in the face in the shape of a flat denial.

In the same way, in your dread of the supernatural, you descend so low as to offer the stupid and solitary hypothesis of suggestion to explain the whole series of events at Lourdes: of suppurating wounds instantly cured, of fractured bones knitting at once, of consumptive lungs growing whole in a moment, of the cure of little children in the cradle, of the gushing forth of a fountain that yields one hundred thousand litres of water in a day.

Sometimes clear and pure, sometimes more or less obscured by the mists borne aloft from the earth, truth at Lourdes shines resplendent like the sun; and, like the sun, its irresistible rays can not be without effect. It develops and ripens

what charms you; and this gives strangers the right to pronounce a severe judgment on your moral state."

I suffered considerably during that time, and all the more because the Emperor showed no ill-will, no prejudice against us.

"It is said that he is going to publish a new book. You will see how it will be devoured. All your literature will vanish before this masterpiece."

I ventured to remark that it would be read also in Berlin.

"With disgust," said the Emperor, "...and curiosity. It will have but few readers here."

what is living, it rots and dries up what is dead. From your pilgrimage you could return only as a convert and a Christian, or more deeply sunk in corruption and obduracy.

Hence, in the opinion of those that know your previous works, the book just published stands out pre-eminent in wickedness amongst them all. Your book, sir, is not a romance whose object is to lead the reader through the regions of fancy; it is not a work of the imagination, but an imposture of rare audacity, aiming to deceive. The truth is met with in it only in those minute proportions absolutely indispensable for forgers to turn copper or lead into gold, to circulate as genuine money amongst those countless dupes who look not beneath the surface, and who know not how to weigh things.... This big volume against faith is a specimen of bad faith.

How much more would I have to say if I undertook to follow you in the details of your unwholesome volume! But my pen, accustomed to very different work, has neither time nor inclination to concern itself any longer with the romance of Lourdes. It is time to conclude.

IV.

Does this book, then, prove nothing? On the contrary, it proves a great deal. In spite of you it establishes the miraculous character of the cures and apparitions of Lourdes, by the mere fact that, trying to stammer out a natural explanation, you have been reduced to falsify them and to clothe them with apocryphal circumstances. One does not distort documents and have recourse to anonymous witnesses, unless when one feels powerless against the real witnesses and authentic documents. And in this way falsehood serves to establish the truth.

This book proves likewise, for the thousandth time, that, by the profound logic that governs the human mind, the professors of debauchery, the public

corruptors, are the natural enemies of the idea of God and of belief in a life to come, which are innate in the depths of upright reason and in the conscience of every honest man.

The pornographers of all ages, the erotic Parny, the swinish Pigault-Lebrun, the infamous Marquis de Sade, were no less apostles of impiety and atheism than devotees of luxury. It was a necessity for them that God should not exist. They became furious when this sacred name was uttered in their presence.

In every page you evoke the paradise of your dreams—annihilation, the cessation of existence. Having in twenty volumes offered incense only on the altar of voluptuousness, you end in the strange philosophy of the horror of life,—which is so beautiful to him that strives to love and serve God, and who understands that the ephemeral existence on earth is only the starting-point and the preparation of what we are to be throughout eternity.

As Satan in "Paradise Lost" utters these memorable words: "O Evil, be thou my good!" so are your works summed up in this ardent invocation: "O Nothing, be thou my heaven!" Oh, how you do fear to survive! And how in your terror you seek escape in annihilation! But death is only a passage, a door that opens—the entrance to the land where justice reigns. There is no such thing as annihilation. To form to yourself the illusion that you can attain it, in your terror you seek to destroy God.

God will survive, sir; and, whether we will or no, we are immortal.

HENRY LASSERRE.

LES BRETOUS, Sept. 25, 1894.

PEOPLE have never for a long time taken the shadow for the substance. We must be what we wish to appear.—*Madame de Sévigné.*

Litany of the Faithful Departed.*

BY THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

LORD, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Ancient of Days, Thy servants meet
To bow before Thy mercy-seat,
Thou Father, Son, and Paraclete.

Miserere, Domine.

Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait
In place forlorn and lonely state,
Outside Thy peaceful palace gate.

Miserere, Domine.

These were the work of Thine own hands,
Thy promise sure forever stands;
Release them, Lord, from pain and bands.

Miserere, Domine.

Lord Jesus, by Thy sacred name,
By Thy meek suffering and shame,
Preserve these souls from cruel flame.

Miserere, Domine.

By sweat of blood and Crown of Thorn,
By Cross to Calvary meekly borne,
Be Thou to them salvation's horn.

Miserere, Domine.

By Thy five wounds and seven cries,
By pierced Heart and glazing eyes,
By Thy dread, awful sacrifice,

Miserere, Domine.

When here below are lifted up
The Sacred Host and blessed Cup,
Soon with Thee, Lord, may each one sup.

Miserere, Domine.

By Raphael's powers and Michael's might,
By all the ordered ranks of light,
Battalions of the Infinite,

Miserere, Domine.

* We feel under deep obligations to the reverend author for the privilege of presenting this beautiful litany to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA." It is not too much to say that it possesses in a remarkable degree the quality so much admired in the *Dies Irae* and *Stabat Mater*. As our readers are aware, Dr. Lee is an Anglican clergyman; but, we venture to declare that if this litany were in elegant Latin, it would deserve a place in the sacred liturgy.

By martyrs' pangs and triumph-palm,
By saints' strong faith, confessors' psalm,
By Mary's name, like Gilead's balm,
Miserere, Domine.

These souls forlorn, Redeemer blest,
Never denied Thee, but confest:
Grant them at last eternal rest.
Miserere, Domine.

On earth they failed from day to day,
Oft stumbling on the narrow way,
Yet put their trust in Thee for aye.
Miserere, Domine.

Let their chill desolation cease,
Thy mercy shed and give release,
Then grant them everlasting peace.
Miserere, Domine.

Here months and years now come and go,
With summer gleam and winter snow;
Let fall Thy dew and grace bestow.
Miserere, Domine.

Flowers fade and wither, such their doom;
Men fail and find the gaping tomb;
With Thee Thy gardens ever bloom.
Miserere, Domine.

Vision of peace so calm and bright,
After a long and darksome night,
Clothe them with everlasting light.
Miserere, Domine.

For these poor souls who may not pray,
For gone is their probation day,
We plead Thy Cross and humbly say,
Miserere, Domine.

Remember all their sighs and tears,
One day with Thee a thousand years;
Give peace, O Lord, and calm their fears!
Miserere, Domine.

As pants the hart for cooling spring,
As bird flies home with wearied wing,
Homeward they turn; Lord, homeward bring.
Miserere, Domine.

Jesus, for Thee they keenly long,
To company with saintly throng,
And, ransomed, sing the new glad song.
Miserere, Domine.

May they with saints in glory shine,
Joined with angelic orders nine;
Link them with Thee in joys divine.
Miserere, Domine.

Enter may they through heaven's door,
To walk in white on yonder shore,
Forever, Lord, for evermore!
Miserere, Domine.

Traces of Travel.

IN CAMPAGNA.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XVIII.—ARTIST LIFE IN ROME.

I TURN instinctively to the element which predominates in that once sacred city, Rome; and recall with exquisite pleasure a thousand happy hours spent among the studios that are ever open to the art-loving tourist. No letters of introduction are necessary to insure you a welcome. There are no bolts on the outer doors. In most cases you are greeted by the artist in person; and he will very likely lead you into his *sanctum sanctorum*, where his ideals, but half expressed, will probably interest you more than the array of finished works that await purchasers in the exhibition rooms.

It is true that there are some artists who reserve to themselves a secret chamber where they may toil uninterruptedly; and I have heard certain sight-seekers express a doubt as to the originality of the productions that are never seen until they have received the finishing touch. But this is utter folly and unworthy of a moment's consideration. When you realize that there is an almost constant stream of visitors at the more popular and fashionable studios, and that the majority of these good people are idiots, with no better appreciation of art than so many cattle,

you will acknowledge the wisdom of the artist who prefers to devote himself to the development of an idea to wasting his time with such as these. And why should he permit a conceited fop to spoil an inspiration with "the bad breath of ill-digested learning," to quote Charles G. Ames?

Some of these amateurs sit upon an artist like icebergs; and when they have chilled him to the marrow, so that there is no hope of renewing the flush of his enthusiasm, for that day at least, they depart with a polite sneer that is more common than commendable. But when one travels, one is supposed to leave manners at home. When I take to painting, Master Curious, you don't cross the threshold of my dream chamber, to mouth at my nude gods and my unfledged angels, my cloud castles and my glimpses of undiscovered seas. No, sir! not though you hold the keys of the world in one hand and my daily bread in the other. You may look in at my show-window and speak your mind freely, but under the veil of my microcosm you shall never pass. Meanwhile I indulge my fancy at the expense of others.

There is a studio in Rome stored with draperies from the bazars of the Levant. Damascus tiles hang upon the walls; Japanese screens crowded with gaunt storks form backgrounds, before which it is quite impossible not to appear picturesque. Here Eugene Benson sits at his easel and creates those charming souvenirs of his Oriental pilgrimage: Arab storytellers squatting in the sun; pipe-sellers dreaining in the shade; lone caravans in desert wastes; bazar interiors, and long stretches of Nile shore, with barges blown hither and yon against skies of crystal and low hills of carnelian. Not these only, but flower-like girls in garden paths, and proud priests passing the villas on autumn afternoons when the air is flecked with floating leaves. Eugene Benson, who was a writer of distinction before he

devoted himself exclusively to art, is the embodiment of that spirit of sunshine which casts a shadow fraught with poetic melancholy, such as is noticeable in his pictures.

Charles Carrol Coleman receives you in chambers that are brilliantly decorated with the trophies of his diligent research among the bric-a-brac venders. Bits of tapestry, antique musical instruments, old cabinets, medieval costumes, windows enriched with Japanese transparencies, curious specimens of pottery,—a thousand pictures shape themselves in every corner of his studio. His tall, slender uprights, glimpses of narrow streets in lovely Nuremberg; the column of the Lion of St. Mark as seen from a window of the Ducal Palace, with the winged Lion in midair against the blue lagoon, a storm of doves blown about it; golden nooks in the gallery of the Church of St. Mark—the incomparable, the indescribable,—and some old warder, in scarlet robes, like a flamingo, dreaming his life out in pious tranquillity; or a bell tower high in air, with a cluster of great bells swinging jubilantly the midnight climes; and all outlined against the distant, glimmering, moonlit sea.

William Graham shows you sombre summer twilights, with Roman cattle and buffalo, and creaky, clumsy-wheeled carts on the edge of the Campagna; and little bits of Venice, watery, misty, saturated with sirocco, or glistening with raindrops that hop upon the pavement; or groups of those Venetian sails, like butterfly wings, that glorify the sea when they flash upon it in splendid fleets. Graham does this sort of thing remarkably well.

One might go on forever, and still leave worthy workers unnoticed. There are studios enough in Rome to keep a tourist entertained throughout the season. Some are modest, all are more or less interesting. Vertuni and Corrodi, and a few others, paint in palatial apartments, sumptuously

furnished; and at times the receptions, with music and refreshments, remind one of the *fiets* that were once the glory of Italy.

How different the studio of the sculptor! The lofty rooms look as bare as a barn before the harvest. Groups of statues, most of them in plaster, stare at you with blank eyes. You hear the workmen in the adjoining chamber sawing great blocks of marble into shape. You hear the metallic and musical ring of the stone under the accurate chisel of the assistant, who is copying one of the plaster casts in the imperishable Carrara. His duty is to transfer literally the work of the master—for your sculptor is a poet who composes in clay and publishes in marble. There are very few tourists in Rome who have not been cordially welcomed by Randolph Rogers; and probably most of them have seen him at work in his picturesque costume, manipulating the pliant clay, softening the line of the waist, rearranging a fold in the drapery, changing with a touch the expression of the face,—a very fascinating pastime when one is able to retouch without annihilating.

"Merope" was a skeleton when I saw her in Rogers' studio—a gaunt frame of iron rods and wire. The sculptor covered the shapeless mass with clay, filling all the crevices and packing it down into a solid body. Then he magnetized it, and went over and over the figure day by day, until at last out of the chaos floated the lost Pleiad. His numerous rooms were filled with models of his former works—casts of the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington; statesmen, Indians, local and historic and allegorical figures, were there colossal and diminutive. You had only to order one of these, and it was at once blocked out in marble, and accurately reproduced on the shortest possible notice.

When Martin Milmore—may he rest in peace!—was at work upon the colossal

memorial that towers upon the hill on Boston Common, the statue of Liberty which surmounts the column was still intact. Tons of moist clay towered to the ceiling of his lofty studio. Suddenly one day, just as he and his guest—Dr. Chatard, now Bishop of Vincennes,—had turned from the goddess, the whole mass fell to the floor with a deafening crash. The iron ribs and the spine of that Lady of Liberty snapped like pipe-stems under the stupendous weight of the clay. Had the gentlemen been within reach of the avalanche, they might easily have been crushed to death.

It is the customary afternoon diversion to stroll from studio to studio, and see what new features are developing upon the easel or in the clay; and many of the artists will turn from their labors to chat with you and smoke with you, and set forth their wine; while the afternoon sunshine makes Rome a paradise, and from the Pincian Hill floats the passionate music of Verdi. After a season in Rome, you bring with you such memories as these; and you turn over your heaps of photographs and recall a thousand pleasant associations, so that it is hopeless to think of particularizing.

I remember well, however, that adventurous boy who climbed to the eagle's nest just in season to be attacked by the mother bird. It is the crown of a bleak cliff with this naked boy clinging to it, and an enraged eagle with superb wings covering him with the shadow of death. Young Harnisch fed the eagle that posed for that statue, and the bird grew fond of the studio. But posing with extended wings is hardly compensation for artistic imprisonment, and the bird died just as his work was done. I wish sculptors' quarries didn't always smell of damp clay and moist plaster. I wish they weren't always filled with fine white dust, like flour, and were not colorless and more or less cold.

How charming the comfort of the painter's studio! Vedder, whose summer villa is at Perugia, and whose winter studio is in his Roman home, has filled the latter with tranquillizing storks and pre-Raphaelite suggestions in color. I have before me a portfolio, the reproductions of various drawings by this artist. They are highly characteristic. An old sibyl, with eyes of unerring prophecy, and calm, relentless lips; a salamander revelling in distracting flames; the soul of the sunflower—an exquisite blossom on the golden stalk of a sunbeam; the Phorceydes, a gaunt trio roving by a melancholy sea; Atlas, "the deep-thinking, the endurer," girdled with the zodiac, inhabiting the universe; the young Medusa, with her fatal beauty, in the bloom of youth; and a Medusa's face wreathed with hideous serpents; a twilight, with the high roofs of homely homes and a smoke column seen through a tangle of great, sleepy flowers; weirdness written all over a face in the sky, and through the dishevelled locks that are half cloud and half sunshine; the shadow of the cypress, a face burdened with enlightened gloom under the cypresses, that forever remind one of Florence; and Memory, wide, wonderful eyes that look out from cloud masses beyond a sea, with the long waves rolling in to shore—a memory as vast as that tranquil sea, as vague and changeful as the clouds that are massed in the dark horizon—is embodied in the face that fixes its fascinating eyes upon me and holds me like a spell. It is thus that Rome holds me captive; and though I may wander and beguile myself with new sights and fresh occupations, I can not forget her in her cloudy distance beyond the sombre and awful sea.

(To be continued.)

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WHAT WILL YOU DO ABOUT IT?

"EVERY tree on the road is bare," said the Critic; "last week, if you remember, the trees were blazing with yellow and red."

"Red?" said the Æsthete, after he had been introduced. "Red is a brutal term. It ought to be crimson or scarlet,—what do you think? Colors have as many shades to the sensitive soul as there are tones in music; and to describe the whole gamut of colors as 'red' is to my mind inconceivable. In fact, it would almost seem immoral; for it is a sin against the true spirit of art."

The Critic looked at the Æsthete and shrugged his shoulders. He was silent and thoughtful.

"Art, in its processes, analyzes and then builds up," continued the Æsthete. "I dislike, for instance, the crunch of the brown leaves under my feet,—art will one day analyze all the faint tones that go to make up that sound which I call 'crunch'; and build from those sharp whispers a beautiful symphony, which will reveal to chosen souls the inner secrets of nature."

"All right!" said the Critic, with some sharpness. "But the question of coal and wood, and where they are to come from for crowds of people, is what interests us now. When we make our people comfortable, we can talk of clouds and the bronze of leaves and sunsets. The coming of fall always makes me think of the cold blasts that are to make the thinly-clothed folk shiver in a few weeks. Art can give no symphony like a good fire, when all the stored-up sunshine of æons is given out at the touch of a match."

"How sweet!" said the Young Lady,

WITH patience and waiting the mulberry leaf becomes satin.—*Turkish Proverb.*

who had just been persuaded to sing "Ben Bolt."

But the Critic did not seem in the least mollified.

"Æsthetics are well enough in their place," he went on; "but they don't solve practical problems. Wasn't it Bob Ingersoll who proposed Beethoven symphonies and statues of Venus for working-men in place of the Christian religion. Now, three-fourths of all this talk on social questions seem to me to be just as foolish."

"We Catholics have the solution of the problem," said the Host, as he looked for some more old-fashioned music for the Young Lady,— "we have the *only* solution."

"Then why don't we use it?" retorted the Critic. "You can't do it with inadequate sonnets on St. Francis of Assisi; you can't do it by going back to the guilds of the Middle Ages. Who wants to go back to the Middle Ages that you're always talking about, anyhow? I believe, with Bishop Spalding—one of the most virile thinkers in this country,—that this is a good century, and that the twentieth will be a still better one."

"There is no necessity," said the Historian, "to despise the Ages of Faith. The workings of Providence through the Popes are continual wells of refreshment in the desert of man's evil-doing. No one can deny that fact."

"I am *not* despising the Ages of Faith," said the Critic, vehemently gulping down his tea; "but I don't want you to despise our age. The past is past, and to look back is to retrograde. For my part, I wouldn't want to live in old France even under St. Louis; and as for England under Cœur de Lion, it is too horrible to think of."

The Historian shook his head.

"Your reading of history has given you wrong points of view, my friend," he remarked.

"Perhaps; but I believe that this is the best of all possible countries and the best of all (so far) possible times. You are, like the Host, full of beautiful theories about finding a box of treasures at the foot of the sunset. St. Francis of Assisi has become the fashion. Since Paul Sabatier's book came out in Paris, the milliners have invented little birds for the trimming of women's bonnets, called *oiseaux à la St. François*; and his name is used without understanding by the multitude. Do you think that St. Francis, if he were living, would not adopt new methods for new times? He appealed to a simple faith; I am sure that his methods in his own times were looked upon as people like the Æsthete there look on the eccentricities of the Salvation Army."

"Oh! if you're going to defend the tambourine as a help to religion," said the Student from California, "you'll make us all side with the Æsthete."

"Why the tambourine less than the pipe organ? We have Scriptural warrant for the cymbal, which was an old form of the tambourine. What I object to in you people," continued the Critic, waving his teacup, "is that you don't think,—you repeat platitudes all the time. Now, this thing is not a platitude. You can not help our poor people to a better life until you improve their material condition. The majority of the working girls in Paris earn thirty *sous* a day; that is all that stands between them and starvation—or worse. They can earn more than thirty *sous* a day by vice; and they barely subsist on their thirty *sous*. Do you think that each of these girls has the spirit of a martyr? In New York it is not quite so bad,—but it is bad enough. You can't preach the value of holy poverty to these people, because the circumstances of their lives make it unholy; it binds, it fetters; it drags them down."

"But each of these people can make her state in life holy by her patience

her resignation, her faith," said the Host. "It seems to me that your point of view approaches near to a heresy. You will find.—"

"Pardon me!" said the Æsthete; "but among the causes of poverty, you perhaps fail to consider intemperance. (No, thanks! No milk, please; but if there is a drop of brandy in the house?) Total abstinence ought to be preached (two spoonfuls, please,—in the tea. Thanks!)—it ought to be preached; there's the solution."

"Do you think that a woman who makes a shirt for eleven and a half cents needs to be taught how to fast from meat or drink?" asked the Critic. "And if men had comfortable homes, do you think that they would take refuge in the grog-shops?"

"But we all know," said the Student, "that the Gospel was not preached that women or men should be benefited materially. It is not a business code."

"It should affect all the relations of life," answered the Critic. "Father Elliott once said that to make a staunch total abstainer, you should first make a *man*. How can we expect the lessons of Christianity to fructify in the minds of people who are enslaved through the circumstances of their lives. We who say that religion holds the key to the social difficulty ought to learn to comprehend it. The Church holds more keys than one; and we who act for her ought to understand the lock, in order to fit the key. What are you going to do, each of you?"

"What do you think?" asked the Æsthete. "What are *you* going to do?"

"What are *you* going to do?" repeated the Host.

And there was no answer.

Our Duty to the Dead.

IT ought not to be necessary to inform any well-instructed Catholic of the duty of praying for the dead, but merely to exhort to its due performance. It is of faith that there is a state of after purification, and that the souls therein detained are helped by the prayers of the living. Of what use is it to speculate as to the situation of purgatory, or the nature of the fire which punishes and purifies those whom Divine Justice casts into it? Such considerations have the unquestionable effect of hardening the heart and dulling the edge of perception. A Kempis tells us that not even theologians are benefited by such speculations. It is of little profit to any one to search into things altogether beyond our ken; and oftentimes the only result of foggy disputations is to obscure positive truths and to stupefy the sense of duty. The old woman who lost her purse, and expressed the hope that no theologian might find it, realized a fact which need not be dwelt upon.

One great advantage of spiritual works published before the rise of Protestantism was that the writers could count upon their readers' firm belief in the dogmas upon which any devotion was based. Possible objections or prejudices had not to be considered; nor was there danger of being misunderstood, so perfect was the bond of sympathy existing between author and reader. This intimacy had a further advantage. Those who wrote for the enlightenment or edification of others were less formal, and consequently more direct and unctuous; while readers were more attentive and impressionable. The reason why we seem to need so many more religious books than our forefathers in the faith is because we do not make so good use of any; perhaps it is also because the old-time books had a quality lacking in modern publications. The little

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore;
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

—Tennyson.

volume entitled "A Remembrance for the Living to Pray for the Dead," published in sixteen hundred and something, perhaps the best treatise on purgatory in our language, may be taken as a specimen of its kind. One passage will serve to show that the flavor is quite distinct from that of most spiritual works of a later date that have any perceptible flavor. We quote the fourth chapter:

"Now we will pass to the motives which pure charity toward God doth present unto us, and afterward we will come to those motives which well-ordered charity toward ourselves doth offer us. To our present purpose, then. A soul which is enamored on perfection, and desireth to please God in the highest manner, hath very many and efficacious motives to make her forward to aid the souls in purgatory.

"The first motive. God is of an excellency, worth and perfection so infinite that He deserveth all possible love and honor. This consideration maketh us cast about to see how we may procure that this Excellency may be more perfectly loved and glorified; wherefore, considering that on earth we know Him so imperfectly, and love Him so coldly, and glorify Him so meanly, we feel little satisfied with all which can be done by us on earth; and so we seek yet further, and consider how perfectly God is known by the blessed in heaven—how they love that Goodness, how they glorify that Majesty. Hence we burn with an ardent desire that God in this sublime manner be more known, loved and honored; and then marking that it is in our power to procure this by obtaining the delivery of some soul or souls out of purgatory, which, being freed from thence by our means, would forever love and honor God in that most perfect manner. Hence we break forth into those amorous words: 'Bring my soul out of prison (O Lord!) that I may praise Thy name.' And we bend ourselves wholly to procure the deliverance of these souls, out of pure love to Almighty God.

"The second motive. When we consider our infinite obligations to God for His manifold benefits showered down upon us, and being inflamed with a restless desire of showing ourselves truly grateful, though wholly unable during the time of this mortal life to thank Him as it is fitting, we use the best means we can devise to procure worthy thanks to be given Him by some soul or souls freed by our means, which both day and night may praise, extol and thank this Divine Goodness.

"The third motive. When we consider how great a Majesty, how infinite a Goodness, how great a Benefactor we have so often and so grievously offended, we feel in ourselves a strong and working desire of repairing this dishonor done to that Majesty, and cancelling our own ingratitude by the greatest honor we can invent to procure; and

therefore we employ cheerfully our best good deeds in working the releasement of as many souls as we can; that, by their perpetual glorifying God, a more perfect recompense may be made for the dishonor we have done Him.

"The fourth motive is drawn out of the precedent, put together in this manner. God, whose excellency is so great, whose wisdom so infinite, whose benefits so manifold, whom I am obliged to satisfy for so many and so great sins,—this God, I say, taketh all that is done unto His brethren for His sake as gratefully as if it were done unto Himself, as Christ hath plainly taught us: 'Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me.' How can I, then, hold myself from using any means by which I may perform a thing as grateful to my dear Lord as if He had endured the excessive torments of purgatory and I had released Him? My heart is hard, but I must confess that this consideration doth make it yield; and if there were no argument but this, this alone might convince all men."

Quaint, is it not? But it goes to the heart, and disposes you not to be remiss in your duty to the dead—to pray frequently and fervently for those who have gone before, that they may "see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living."

Notes and Remarks.

The admirable rule which bids us speak nothing but good of the dead may well be set aside when the public good and the interest of truth demand it. This is especially true of the historian, whose estimates of men and events, if allowed to pass unchallenged, might work mischief to the memory of the worthy dead, crown infamy with honor, and obscure or falsify the lessons of experience. The protest uttered by the secular as well as the Catholic press on the death of James Anthony Froude illustrates the change that has come over the popular appreciation of Froude's work during the last quarter of a century. Then his fame was fresh and fair, and his "history" was taken seriously; now he is known for a romancer in historical fields, an author whose facts are mostly fiction. He was a hero-worshipper. His heroes were badly chosen, but his loyalty was such that he burnished every black spot

in their character into brilliance; and he scrupled not to defame good men and women to attain his end. The strictures of Professor Freeman, however, and the exposure of his methods by the eminent Dominican, Father Burke, marked the beginning of his fall. It is hard to believe that the young Anglican novice, who was once nearer the Church than Cardinal Manning, lived to be her relentless enemy. But prejudice and pictu-resqueness proved stronger than breadth and fidelity, and the world was deprived of the brilliant services of one who seemed to lack no grace of art or quality of scholarship except the love of truth.

An eminent authority has described M. Zola's book about Lourdes as "a picture drawn by a master-hand of the actualities of the pilgrimage as it exists to-day." It will be seen by the letter which M. Lasserre has intrusted to the editor of *Le Gaulois*, presented in its entirety in our present issue, that the picture is a gross caricature, and that some of the infamous realist's statements are decidedly unreal. Zola's reply is unworthy of notice; he had better have preserved a complete silence. M. Lasserre's letter recalls the famous vindication of Father Damien, by Robert Louis Stevenson in his famous open letter to the Rev. Mr. Hyde, who has been discreet enough to hide his head ever since.

We note with pleasure that the Catholic press of the United States has been prompt and all but unanimous in condemnation of the society organized to oppose the unsavory A. P. A. No doubt, there is sufficient ignorance and prejudice in our country to nourish the spark of bigotry for years yet; but there is also enough enlightenment and liberal-mindedness among non-Catholics to prevent the bigots from doing great harm. It is wise to expose the character and methods of the new fanaticism, and in this regard many of our Catholic journals have manifested most creditable enterprise and persistency. But without the co-operation of our Protestant friends it were idle to hope for the suppression of bigotry; and the surest way

of forfeiting the sympathy and interest of our non-Catholic neighbors is by the formation of societies to oppose organized intolerance. There is no need of Catholic leagues and "anti-anti" societies. Let in all possible light on the bigots, and then throw the responsibility of suppressing them upon the American people.

One by one the mists that float before the popular mind, shutting it out from the real facts of history, disappear. The defeat of the Spanish Armada has always been regarded by most Protestants as a visible interposition of Providence on behalf of the "blessed Reformation," and as a punishment upon Spanish arrogance and intolerance. It is, therefore, specially pleasant to find from the "State Papers Relating to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," edited by Mr. John Knox Laughton, a well-known non-Catholic of England, that the idea of Spanish "arrogance" is an absurd misconception; that the English sailors who rotted away in the dungeons of the Inquisition were sent there not for heresy, but for thievery; and that the belief in the heaven-sent storm is the merest superstition. This will be hard news for a certain class of Englishmen, and Americans too, who find it agreeable to believe the worst of Catholic countries. We hope, however, that the facts set forth by the industry of Mr. Laughton will soon find their way into the text-books, and that misrepresentation on this particular episode of history will now cease. It is high time that they should.

The popular notion that the great landlords built the medieval churches of England is declaimed against by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp in the *Nineteenth Century*. "I hold that to be an utter and mischievous delusion. Everything goes to show that the immense majority of our old churches were built not by the great men, but by the small people with the clergy at their head. Where some great noble or county magnate did build a church, there you may always find his mark; his coat armor is sure to be carved upon every available stone or beam; it tells its own tale." There is no ground for delusion regarding

the magnificent churches built in our own day. The poor, for the most part, contribute to their erection, as they contribute to their support in many cases by paying money at the door for the privilege of a seat.

Dr. Jessopp's researches have afforded many surprises for his readers. In the same article from which we have quoted he refers to the "quiet, devout, and conscientious parish priest, doing his duty day by day among his people"; and intimates that nowadays there is much going abroad, to the neglect of duty at home. And he scores the brethren also for their notoriety-seeking; remarking that "unless a clergyman is bent on advertising himself, the less notorious he is, the better." Dr. Jessopp, as they would say in the Middle Ages, of which he writes so admirably, is neither thin of wit nor void of cunning. He is a little severe on the clergy perhaps; but as it is their business to admonish others, they ought to be able to accept with good grace admonitions occasionally addressed to themselves.

On the eve of his departure for Rome, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann, of Cleveland, addresses to the disaffected Poles of his diocese a letter so fatherly, so gentle and so persuasive that none except those hopelessly ill disposed can resist its pleading. He reminds them of the loyalty of Poland to the Church, and adds: "I appeal to you, my poor dear children in Jesus Christ, to realize the awful condition of your souls, and the terrible consequences of your rebellion." The spirit of the Good Shepherd breathes in these words, which show a fervor, a dispassionateness, and a love of souls in marked contrast to the inflammatory utterances of his erring children.

When we speak of catacombs, we usually refer to the underground tombs of Rome. It may be news to some that there is a catacomb within a short railway journey from London. It is in Cambridgeshire, twenty-eight feet below the level of Melbourne Street, in a small town called Royston. The entrance to this curious place is reached by a sloping passage seventy-eight feet long. Over this

passage is the famous thoroughfare called the Icknield Way. The catacomb is in the shape of a bell, the roof being about twenty-five feet high. The walls are decorated with quaint sculptures, the characters of the Bible being strangely interwoven with the heroes of history. There is a group of figures representing the Crucifixion; another shows us the martyrdom of St. Catherine; indeed St. Catherine seems to be the patroness of this place of ancient burial. She is shown in many scenes—as standing at the entrance of a gloomy prison, or lying upon the prison floor with her head upon a pillow; or holding a wheel, emblematical of her martyrdom. Other pictures upon the wall represent the Holy Family, St. Lawrence with the gridiron, the conversion of St. Paul, St. John the Baptist, and St. Thomas à Becket.

Archæologists have had many disputes concerning the origin of this wonderful place. And that is not strange; for although certain features indicate that it was used by the Romans when in England, some of the mural decorations are undoubtedly those of a later date. At the time when Henry VIII. worked such devastation among everything holy, this catacomb was filled up, and for a long time forgotten, being only discovered by accident in later years; in this respect repeating the history of the catacombs of Rome.

The publication of a biography of Alberdingk Thijm, the father of modern Dutch Catholic literature, recalls an interesting era in the later history of Holland. In the struggle of that country for independence Catholic and Protestant stood shoulder to shoulder against the armies of Spain. But after the victory was won, the Protestants forgot the noble part which their Catholic compatriots had borne in the struggle, and deprived them of the rights that had been bought with blood. Long years of persecution or repression followed, until at length the minority found a spokesman in Thijm, who proclaimed that "the Holland that has fought and gained its liberty is the child of an earlier, Catholic Holland; the foundations of its strength, its wealth, its endurance, were laid by the sturdy burghers who, in the Middle Ages, forced Charles the Bold to bow

to their sovereign will." For twoscore years Thijm was counted among the most distinguished citizens of Holland, where his prestige as poet, novelist, historian and art critic was very great. Since his brave, strong presentation of Catholic rights, the Church in Holland, as Mr. Wilfrid Robinson has told us, is making most gratifying progress, as she always does when there are no complications of state to hinder her growth. We hope that this biography of Thijm, written by the patriot's son, may soon be worthily translated into English. It is regrettable that great and good men like Vondel, a convert and Holland's most eminent poet; Schaepman, her Windthorst; and Thijm, should be so little known outside their own country.

The extraordinary event related in our present number, illustrating as it does in a striking manner how severely Divine Justice punishes the slightest faults, will be appropriate reading at this time, when the Church bids us pray in a special manner for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed. The occurrence caused a great sensation in Italy, and many persons flocked to Foligno to view the memento of the apparition. The reader may rely upon the perfect exactitude of the narration, which is vouched for by the Bishop of Foligno. There were numerous signatures, including those of the magistrates and clergy of the town, to the report of the investigation made by the Bishop's order and conducted under his direction.

The death of Madame Ozanam recalls the distinguished services of her illustrious husband, Frederick Ozanam, to the Church of France. Rarely has there lived a layman at once so eminent in ability and so unselfish in his zeal for the spread of truth. His influence over the young men of his day, in particular, was almost incalculable; and no man ever used influence for nobler purposes. He was a tower of strength to the clergy, an exemplar and an organizer of the laity, an ideal and an inspiration to the young, a father and friend of the poor. His wife was a worthy helpmate to him. During his life she bent all her energies to the furtherance of his

pious projects, and after his death she labored incessantly in the cause so dear to him. She was foremost in public and private charities, as willing to lend the ministrations of her hands as to offer the resources of her mind and purse for the relief of human suffering and the recall of wandering souls. Frederick Ozanam will long continue to be the standard of Catholic manhood in France, and Madame Ozanam may well serve as a model for its women.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Leo Suchy, O. F. M., rector of St. Wenceslaus' Church, Milwaukee, Wis., who died suddenly on the 20th ult.

The Rev. Mother Mary Bernard, of the Order of Mercy, St. John's, Newfoundland; and Sister Mary of the Annunciation, of the Order of the Good Shepherd, Helena, Mont., who passed to their reward some weeks ago.

Mr. Ernest M. Beeson, who met with a sudden death on the 18th ult., at Evansville, Ind.

Mrs. P. McIntyre, of Chicago, Ill., whose happy death took place on the 21st ult.

Mr. Owen Kennedy, Miss Katherine R. Smith, Miss Josephine Pflieghar, Mrs. James J. Reynolds, and Mr. Daniel D. Kelleher,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Anna Cullen, Westville, Conn.; Mr. James Cahill, Passage East, Ireland; Miss Mary V. Daly, Port Richmond, Pa.; Miss Norah McIntyre, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. James McNulty, Mr. John Mulvena, and Mrs. Ellen Brown, Wilmington, Del.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars:

A Priest, \$1; Mr. Lawrence Denny, \$1; A Friend, Akron, Ohio, \$1; O., Green Bay, Wis., 50 cts. The Ursuline Indian Mission, St. Peter, Mont.:

Mr. F. X. Cleur, 50 cts.; Mr. Lawrence Denny, \$1; A Friend, Lake Elmo, Minn., \$1; Mrs. Julia O'Brien, \$1; A. A. v. G., \$3; Mary Seitz, \$5; O., Green Bay, Wis., 50 cts.

The Indian Children's Shrine, San Diego, Cal.:

Mr. Lawrence Denny, \$1.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

In Our Lady's Garden.

BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

THROUGH the sad November hours,
Dearest children, let us stray
In this garden, where the flowers
Ever wear the tints of May;
In this garden where the roses,
With celestial fragrance fraught,
To each listening heart discloses
All the Saviour's love has wrought.

There, while memory fondly lingers
Over mysteries sublime,
One by one, through clasping fingers,
Falling with a silvery chime,
Ring the beads; and fervent pleading
To Our Lady's throne ascends,
Asking her sweet interceding
For our dear departed friends.

Every *Ave*, faith-uplifted,
Turns to roses in her hand,
And their cooling balm is drifted
Softly o'er the suffering band.
E'en as we unto our Mother
Breathe some fondly cherished name,
Lo! her bright rose-petals smother
Purgatory's dreadful flame.

So, through sad November hours,
Dearest children, let us stray
In Our Lady's garden bowers,
There she can not say us "Nay."
She will take the gifts we proffer,
Ransom for our loved and lost;
And her stainless hands will offer
To her Son, for the great host

Of poor suffering souls in prison,
All the sighs and prayers and tears
That from aching hearts have risen
To the bright, celestial spheres.
At her wish the words are spoken:
"Come, ye sufferers, haste to Me!"
Thus the fiery chains are broken,
And Love's prisoners are free.

The Colvilles in Ireland.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

X.



HAPPY memories of the
Green Isle will not be lack-
ing to us, but one of the
pleasantest we can carry
home is that of a Sunday
in Cork,—a sunshiny, Irish
Sunday, with its tranquillity and cheerful-
ness," observed Mr. Colville on Sunday
morning, as he and his children, after
attending Mass at the handsome Church
of SS. Peter and Paul, not far from the
hotel, set out for their first walk about
the town. "Built on the low banks of the
Lee, with its attractive suburbs crowning
the ridge of hills overlooking the river,
the city of St. Finn Barre has for me a
special charm and picturesqueness," he
continued. "A very old account of the
place says: 'Cork has its beginning on
the side of a hill which descendeth easily
into one wide and long streete, the only
principal and chiefe streete of the cittie.

At the entrance there is a castle called Shandon, and over against it a church built of stone; as the castle is a kind of marble, of which that country yieldeth store. The citty hath many houses built of the same stone and covered with slate. But the greatest number are of timber or inudde walls and covered with thatch.' Another ancient visitor describes it as 'inclosed within a circuit of walls in form of an egg, with the river flowing round about and running betweene, not passable through but by bridges.' The general characteristics are the same to-day, as you will see. The 'principal and chiefe' thoroughfare is Patrick's Street, into which we are now turning."

One of the first objects that met their eyes was the fine bronze statue of Father Mathew, which the citizens erected at the entrance to the imposing Patrick's Bridge, in loving remembrance of the life and labors of the Apostle of Temperance among them.

On the bridge our party paused a while, and looked down the river, winding like another highway through the city, thronged with boats, and meeting other water-ways spanned by many bridges and bounded by fine old quays.

"These lagoon-like waters make me think of Venice," said Claire.

"I believe a popular novelist has attempted the same comparison," replied her father, smiling.

"They remind me more of the canals of the Hague or Amsterdam," interposed Alicia; "although one looks in vain for the queer peaked roof and leaning buildings of the Venice of Northern Europe."

On one side of the bridge extends the wide commercial street, this morning, in its Sabbath stillness, presenting a contrast to its usual bustle and activity; on the other, the road leads up a steep ascent.

"This sidewalk is all steps of stairs," Kathleen soon remarked, as they toiled upward, past high garden walls, above

which waved the beautiful green foliage.

Having gained the little terrace at the summit known as Audley Place, they paused by the red stone parapet, and looked abroad over one of the finest views in Cork. From the base of the hill stretches a deep, dell-like meadow, where some boys were playing ball. To the left, in the valley, lies the greater part of the city; but the slopes beyond are dotted with villas, and on a knoll opposite rises a square dark red tower.

"What steeple is that?" asked Joe of a boy who was leaning over the wall, watching the game in the hollow.

"St. Ann's, Shandon," was the answer.

"What! that pepper-caster!" cried Alicia, incredulously.

"Another instance that we can not judge by appearances," added Mr. Colville. "Do we not sometimes meet persons of unprepossessing exterior, from whose hearts emanate sweet and far-reaching influences, lovely as the music of Shandon? The bells once belonged to the church and abbey of the Franciscans, which existed upon this site. The present ugly meeting-house was built of material taken from the ruins of these ancient edifices and of Shandon Castle. Hence two sides of the tower are of greyish white limestone, and two of red sandstone.

After losing themselves in a pretty lane, our friends retraced their steps as far as a turn in the road that wound around the other side of the hill, and ere long found themselves in one of the oldest of "the suburbs," or outlying sections of the town. Later they were to encounter well-dressed throngs of "the quality" and prosperous citizens, going to and returning from church; but the present picture was a very different one. They might indeed have fancied themselves in the city described by the seventeenth-century traveller, as they wandered among the crooked, unpaved thoroughfares, lined with white, cabin-like houses, many of

them having thatched roofs; while the streets, entirely ungraded, presented the appearance of a flight of steps, the top of one house being often on a level with the first-story windows of the next.

The neighborhood swarmed with people, especially women and children. At the thresholds of the picturesque dwellings stood or sat young girls, very comely and intelligent-looking, but poorly clad.

"Oh, what poverty!" cried Claire. "I don't believe one of those girls has ever possessed a pretty gown or hat in her life."

"Their poverty is the effect of enforced idleness," said Mr. Colville. "If they were in regular employment, how trim they would soon become!"

"I feel like standing here in this open space," said Claire, "and calling out to them: 'Dear girls, *do* try to earn enough money to come to America, the land of promise, where you can gain an honest livelihood for yourselves, and in time have comfortable homes of your own.'"

"And yet," said her father, "it is a hard counsel, to bid them leave their own beloved country forever. However," he continued, as she was about to overwhelm him with impulsive arguments, "they do not need any persuasion, my dear; the majority of the young people of Ireland emigrate almost as fast as they grow up. In many districts of the South you will find only the children, the fathers and mothers of families, and the aged left."

Now they reached the cathedral, an impressive Gothic structure with three graceful spires.

"The saintly monk Finn Barre (the fair-haired) founded the city by establishing in this vicinity several great monasteries, that became famous centres of learning and holiness; and around them grew up a flourishing town," said Mr. Colville. "On this site he erected his first church, above the foundations of a Druid temple. For centuries there stood at the eastern corner yonder one of the mysterious round

towers frequently found attached to Irish ecclesiastical institutions. It was called the Watch Tower, and was supposed to have been built by the Danes."

The Sunday-school Mass was just over, and our party stood aside to observe the children as they came out. What a sea of bright, pleasing faces surged through the arched portals! Now the tide of young humanity resolved itself into individual forms. Little, active urchins scampered down the steps; smiling, pretty, gentle little girls came along hand in hand. The poverty of the greater number of these children was, however, only too evident from the manner in which they were clad.

"To think that they should not have something better to wear to church!" sighed Alicia.

Their smooth hair and shining faces proved there had been an effort to make them clean and neat; but in many cases the corduroy trousers and print shirts of the boys were woefully patched; and the little girls' frocks and aprons, although manifestly newly laundered, were sadly faded and pieced. Even in hard times, the children of the poorest laborer in America "would make a better showing of a Sunday."

Reflecting how many distinguished men were once poor Irish emigrants or the children of these brave exiles of Erin, Claire fell to wondering if perchance some brilliant destinies might not be hidden amid this company of shreds and patches; and again came the sadness induced by her father's words. What a pity such youthful promise should so often be driven to seek its development in a strange land, however assured and warm the welcome and recognition awaiting it there!

"Cork is noted for its churches, monasteries, convents and schools, and has more bookstores than any other town of its size I know of," said Mr. Colville, as our ramblers sauntered on by a street that takes one over the crest of another hill.

Here they passed many charming homes embowered in shrubbery, the grounds at first terminated by a high bluff, but beyond sloping down to the river. Farther along, they discovered the old Sunday's Well, which gives its name to the locality, and was once much frequented as a miraculous fountain of healing, but is now closed.

A quiet lane brought them to the river. Its banks were here as shady and green as if in the depths of a rural district. They saw a tiny white house close to the water's edge, and a row-boat was moored to the little wharf before it.

As our friends stood watching the placid current, a frank, mild-mannered young man came out of the cottage.

"Would you wish to go across?" he asked. "The fare is a penny each."

"Halloo! a genuine old-fashioned ferry, children!" exclaimed Mr. Colville.

After some parley, the boatman agreed to take them down the stream a short distance, if they would wait a while. They rested on a bench by the cottage wall therefore; and the ferryman's mother—one of the fairy-godmother-like old women that abound in Ireland—came out and talked with them.

"I had two sons," said she, growing friendly; "but one died. And then this one, who had emigrated to America, came home; and we took this little place, and the ferry brings us in a living, thank God."

A goodly number of pennies were earned during the next half hour. Demure young girls, fresh and pretty as Irish daisies, in their Sunday muslin gowns and gay bonnets; comfortable-looking matrons; fathers with two or three boys or girls; young men and old men, came to be ferried across on their way to church. To and fro went the boat almost without intermission; but at last no other passengers appeared, and the Colvilles took their places in the little craft, and, under the guidance of the stalwart young ferryman, were presently floating down "the pleasant

waters of the River Lee," listening to the music of the bells that rang out from the grey tower of Shandon church,—the bells whose voices still retain something of the sweetness with which in the time of the old Abbey they rang the *Angelus*, or awoke the monks to prayer and praise with their *Matin chime*.

The boatman had a stock of romantic tales to enliven the time, and all too soon they reached the rapids at the bridge, beyond which the boat could not go. Landing, they crossed the fields, emerged upon the Mardyke, a promenade about a mile long, shaded by a double row of superb elms; and thence, by the South Mall and Patrick Street, returned to their hotel.

"Limerick was, Dublin is, but Cork will be
The proudest city of all the three,"

sang Joe, as they went to dinner.

(To be continued.)

Brave Boys.

In a book on the Vendean war there are many interesting anecdotes told concerning the bravery of the boys who fought therein. It is sad to think that the ranks were filled with youths, many of them mere lads, each one some mother's darling. One of the leaders was but twenty when he said to the farmers at his father's home: "Friends, if my father were here you would have confidence. But even if I am only a boy I can lead you, and I will prove it. When I advance, follow me! When I turn my back, cut me down! When I fall, press forward!"

De Langarie was but twelve years old, and the first time that he rode on to the battle-field his pony was killed under him. In an hour he returned, on a fresh horse, to fight for his King. Young Duchaffault was but eleven, and was ordered back to his mother; but he refused to go, and died on the field of Lucan.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XXXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

No. 19.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Though He Slay Me.

BY THE RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D.D.

“**T**HOUGH He slay me, yet in Him will
I trust”;

For He my refuge is and hope,
The only Perfect One, all good and just,
And of my life sole aim and scope.

The thing He does is right and is well done;
He sees the whole, I but the part;
Looks on the end to which the worlds all run,
While I can but behold the start.

He knowledge has, I only can believe;
He dwells in everlasting light,
And sees alive the dead for whom I grieve,
Requicken'd all within His sight.

He is the gladness of my life, the gleam
Of beauty which illumines all;
The Constant One, who guides the ceaseless
stream

Whose waters through the ages fall.

He holds me in His sight; I am content
To be but agent of His will:
To do and bear whatever may be sent,
And trust in Him through good and ill.

I DO not understand how a Christian
does not love the cross, or how he flies
from it. To fly from the cross is to fly
from Him who was fastened to it and died
upon it for love of us.—*The Cure of Ars.*

Catholicism and National Prosperity.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

I.



EARLY every day, and from
all sides, we hear that the Cath-
olic Church, precisely because
of her teachings, is necessarily
hostile to the best tendencies of modern
society, and especially to those tendencies
which promote the prosperity of states.
Catholicism is represented as a mere
mysticism, a near relative of those super-
stitions of the Orient, which direct the
attention of man solely to a region beyond
the grave, bidding him not to concern
himself about nature or humanity. It
is pretended that Catholicism urges its
votaries to do nothing but pray, to aspire
to nothing but God. Since such is the
case, asks the would-be philosopher, how
can the good Catholic be expected to care
one whit about the temporal prosperity
of his country—a thing which is pre-
eminently earthly? And the infidel, the
average Protestant, and the rationalist
insist that history shows that wherever
Catholicism triumphed, progress and in-
dustry were nearly unknown. In proof of
this allegation, we are directed again
and again, until we are nauseated, to the
Middle Age. At that time was not trade
regarded as something vile, labor as

something dishonorable? Was not every dignity, every prize, reserved for the mitre and the sword? Look on Italy and Spain, those countries where Catholicism has enjoyed the fullest sway, where even now it almost holds its own. Are not these lands poor, and their people lazy and unenterprising? Now change the picture, and contemplate Protestant countries. Let England receive your special attention. Is not Protestant Britain the most progressive, the wealthiest nation on earth?

In answer to the sophists who distort Catholic doctrine in order to combat it more easily, who falsify history in order to sustain their calumnies, it must be observed, in the first place, that it is solely to the Catholic religion that labor and industry owe the consideration and esteem which are their present portion in the minds of thinking men. No other institution than the Church has ever proclaimed that every legitimate occupation is capable of being elevated by the *spirit* in which it is exercised. Before the time of Jesus Christ, such an idea had never entered into the human mind. Aristotle, the greatest of ancient philosophers, taught that "citizens ought not to be workingmen; for they need leisure, in order to cultivate virtue and to attend to politics."* Christ talked in other vein, and was a workingman. More than one of the saints canonized by the Church gained his or her bread by the sweat of the brow. At the Council of Nice, one of the most distinguished prelates, who has been raised to the altars of the Church in later days, was Spiridion, who had been a shepherd. Alexander, Bishop of Comana, had been a coal-burner; and Philip, the first Bishop of Berrhoe in Macedonia, had been a slave. These instances, and scores of others among the dignitaries of the early Church, show how Catholicism elevated the laborer whom the brightest lights of paganism despised.

We are asked to believe that there was no real industry, no real prosperity, in the Middle Age. Undoubtedly, since sovereignty then resided in feudality and theocracy, that period was pre-eminently soldierly and sacerdotal. Certainly, the laboring classes made far less stir than they do in our day; merely material interests occupied a secondary place; and questions of political economy, so continually agitated by us moderns with very little profit to ourselves, were almost unknown to men who were absorbed in the things of faith or in military activity. The Middle Age was an epoch of transition: the Roman Empire had been destroyed by barbarian incursions, and society was to be reconstructed. Into this reconstruction, this formation of modern civilization, there entered three elements: what was left of old Roman institutions, the barbarians, and the Catholic Church. The first and second elements furnished very few of the constituents of the new development of society. Indeed, they were obstacles to the full actuation of the Christian principle; for those same feudal institutions, which entail so much reproach on the Middle Age, came from the barbarians; and the debasement of the industrial classes was a legacy from ancient Rome. Catholicism should be blamed for neither of these two evils; but it is to the glory of the Church that to her was due all that was best and most beautiful in the new civilization,—namely, the fusion of the hitherto antagonistic races, the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of woman, and the institution of chivalry.

Probably there has been no period in the history of man in which his condition was more ameliorated than in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries—the Middle Age properly so called. Then the most important industries were founded; public and private wealth increased; the cultivation of the soil, thanks to the Bene-

* "Politica," Bk. VIII., ch. 8.

dictine monks, extended over immense districts which had been deserts in the previous age. Then were humanized Poland and the Scandinavian countries, into which the Roman Eagles had never been carried; Germany, about which the old Romans knew so little; Britain, which had fallen under the yoke of the murderous and lustful Saxons. Then it was that France cast off the trammels of anarchy, and entered upon the career of material progress which she has ever since prosecuted. When Edward III., King of England, landed in Normandy in 1346, he found the country teeming with manufactories; no fortified cities, and no feudal castles frowning upon an unhappy peasantry. When the English landed, the inhabitants, says Froissart, an eye-witness, "were frightened; for they had never seen any men-at-arms, and they knew nothing about war or battle." And this remark of Froissart disposes us to receive the calculations of Dureau-Delamalle, to the effect that in the fourteenth century the population of France was nearly equal to that which it now possesses.*

Such was one of the transformations worked in the Middle Age by the influence of Catholicism. It was in this needlessly pitied period that the Communes, the most successful political bulwark ever conceived during the perennial struggle of the peoples against tyranny, came into existence; also the glorious and happy little republics of Italy. And all these institutions are so many proofs that industry and consequent national prosperity were not unknown quantities during the Middle Age; for the said institutions existed solely by means of commerce, agriculture, and the manufacturing arts. Especially in Italy and Flanders did the Middle Age found a powerful working class, as is too well proved by the contests at Ghent and

Bruges between the weavers and the wealthy middle class; and in Florence by the fact that the laboring men were strong enough to demand from their employers and the moneyed aristocracy a share in the government which the latter had taken out of the hands of the nobles. And of whom were these prosperous communes and republics composed? Of heretics? Of men who feared and hated the Catholic Church? No, but of men to whom the Catholic religion was as their very breath; whose guilds or trade-unions were placed under the patronage of canonized servants of the Church; whose temples of worship were more tasteful and magnificent than any which our Protestant friends can show; whose share in the Crusades—those saviors of civilization—has been sung by a Dante and a Tasso as the title of their greatest glory; in fine, of men who were devoted children of the Catholic Church—simple-minded men, if you wish, but strong-minded, and the material which every proper occasion turns into heroes.

Even a hasty glance at the industrial and economic conditions of society during the Ages of Faith leads necessarily to admiration of those "lazy" monks whom modern philosophasters so persistently misrepresent. These monks, then the most ultra type of Catholicism in action, were the chief incentive, the chief cause of all progress in agriculture and industry between the sixth and eleventh centuries. Manual labor was one of the prime duties of a monk; even intellectual cultivation was not allowed to interfere with it; for, as St. Benedict was wont to say, "they are real monks who live by the labor of their hands."* Wherever the Benedictines

* See the "Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences Morales," Vol. I.

* "Tunc vere monachi sunt, si labore manuum vivunt." Toward the close of the seventeenth century there occurred a controversy between Dom Mabillon, one of the most erudite of that grand Benedictine Congregation of St. Maur, in which all were erudite, and Dom Bouthillier de Rancé, the reformer of the Trappists. In 1691 the former

established themselves—and they specially affected unredeemed land—they brought the axe, spade, and hoe. Where forests were useless, they disappeared; swamps were drained, and fertile farms became common throughout the region. If we consider for a moment the enormous spread of the disciples of St. Benedict, merely in its economic results, we must admit that no more useful institution than the monastic ever blessed Europe. Many of what are now very important cities have grown in the shadows of monasteries; for the first development of prosperity in most of the regions of Northern Europe invariably coincided with the foundation of some famous abbey. We would descant at some length on this point did we not suppose that the reader is either already familiar with "The Monks of the West," by Montalembert, or willing to consult that entrancing work. Especially would we like to dilate upon the record of the Trappists, who even in our day are fain to settle in most unpromising spots, in order to turn them into paradises of beauteous plenty.

And we could say much about the Bridge-Building Friars, founded in 1177 for the purpose indicated by their name, and for the entertainment of the poorer

published his "*Traité des Etudes Monastiques*," in which he showed that the cultivation of scientific and literary tastes, especially where religion could be benefited, was one of the bases of monasticism from its very origin. Rancé attacked this fundamental idea, and contended that prayer and manual labor, not study, formed the first duty of the olden monks; that if sometimes the superiors assigned literary tasks to certain very talented individuals, it was only by way of exception. In this assertion the illustrious Trappist ignored a very large and prominent portion of monastic history. But when he spoke of the necessity of manual labor as one of the constituents of a true monk, he properly adduced as proof innumerable texts of the Fathers of the Church, the primitive rules of the old communities, and the testimony of many saints. Even the early anchorites of the desert worked for a living—weaving mats, etc.; and there are extant records which show that they frequently sent alms to the poor of Alexandria and other cities.

among the travellers who used their constructions. Then, it would be a pleasant task to tell about the Umiliati, or Humble Friars, instituted in the twelfth century by certain Milanese gentlemen, who gave all their wealth to the poor, and, forming a religious order, devoted their lives not only to piety and mortification, but to the introduction of the manufacture of cloths into every city of Lombardy; thus opening up what was to be the chief source of wealth for that province during many centuries. But enough has been said to prove that in the Age of Faith industry was not in a state of utter collapse. That it occupied a secondary place we will not pretend to deny; but the circumstances of that period—one of egress from barbarism in some regions, and from anarchy in others—will account for that fact, without laying the blame, if there be any, at the door of the Church.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Foster-Brothers.*

A TALE OF THE BASTILE.

I.

IT was a pleasure to see Mother Maclon, as she was called in the village, with her two nurslings trotting beside her; both were so fat, so rosy, so full of health and happiness; and both equally loved, though Jean was only a farmer's son, and Gaston was the heir of the Count de Maillevert, who possessed one of the finest properties in Normandy, and represented one of its oldest families.

It was a happy time at Elm Farm, as at Maillevert Castle. The Count was a good master, the Countess an angel of piety and goodness. Besides Gaston, she had a little daughter two years his senior, who already

* Adapted from the French for THE "AVE MARIA," by B. S.

accompanied her in her visits to the poor and sick; and the little Isaure promised to be as lovely and as charitable as her mother.

Good masters make good servants; and Farmer Maclon, up before the dawn, cultivated his fields, cared for his flocks, and brought many a gold piece to his master's purse; while his good wife kept all in order in her domain, with a careful eye to her boys, who fought and boxed and made friends every hour in the day, but could not bear to be separated. But, as we know too well, happiness seldom lasts long on earth, and both Castle and farm had all too soon to learn the sad lesson.

It was a lovely June day, in the year 1740, when the little Gaston was just five years old. Mother Maclon went toward the stable to milk; and her boys, of course, accompanied her, bounding and jumping, and clamoring for a drink of new milk. Scarcely had she filled a mug for each when she saw, through the open door of the stable, a servant in the Castle livery, whose face expressed the utmost consternation. It was a servant in whom the Count placed great confidence. Throwing down her pails, Mrs. Maclon rushed to meet him, and in a few words the man told her the dreadful news. The Countess was dead; she had been ailing slightly the preceding evening, but no danger was apprehended. They found her dead in the morning.

"The Count is like a madman," continued Pierre. "He neither speaks nor weeps; but sits, with a face like marble, beside the corpse. He is overpowered with grief. His brother, the Viscount, has arrived; he sent me for Master Gaston."

In a short time Gaston, all unconscious of his loss, was on his way to the Castle with his foster-mother and Pierre. His innocent prattle brought tears to the eyes of these faithful though humble friends, as he babbled of "mamma and Isaure and papa," and joyously skipped along.

In the large state *salon* of Maillevert Castle the Countess was laid out. The heavy damask curtains were closed; wax-candles, in massive silver candlesticks, stood round the bed. The Count knelt at the foot, the very personification of grief; and little Isaure vainly strove by tears and kisses to rouse him from the stony apathy into which he had sunk.

The Viscount of Maillevert saw to all the necessary arrangements. He was a just and charitable man, worthy of his ancestors, and incapable of a dishonorable action; but weak, easily influenced, and completely under the dominion of his haughty, domineering wife, Beatrice. Tall in stature, harsh and stern in her manner, the Viscountess was feared and hated by her dependents; and the little Isaure trembled and instinctively shrank from the cold, unloving woman, while Gaston showed an unmistakable dislike for his imperious aunt.

The Viscountess de Maillevert hated both children. Envious and ambitious, it enraged her that her husband was not the head of the family; and her childless home but embittered her the more against the domestic happiness of the elder branch.

On learning the death of her sister-in-law, she had arrived at the Castle with her husband; and, finding the Count quite absorbed in his grief, she profited of the occasion to assume supreme control in the household. She dressed the little Isaure in long mourning robes, forbade her to cry, saying, "A noble young lady should know how to restrain her grief;" and even tried to draw her away from her father, for the child had fled to him for refuge. Throwing his arm round her, he mutely signed to his sister-in-law to leave her with him, and she did not venture to insist.

When Gaston arrived, his uncle took him in his arms and carried him in to his father. The child, frightened at the lights and black draperies, advanced timidly and

whispered, "Papa." The Count raised his head, and clasped his little son convulsively to his heart; then drawing Isaure to him, he affectionately embraced both, murmuring: "My poor, poor children!"

It was a heart-rending scene. All who were present wept except the haughty Viscountess, who looked on with dry eyes and ill-concealed contempt at what she considered unpardonable weakness.

Poor Annette Maclon had asked to be allowed to enter the mortuary chamber for a moment, in order to take a last farewell of her beloved mistress. But this permission could only be obtained from the Viscountess, who coldly replied that it was better not to have the lower order witness the weakness with which the Count of Maillevert abandoned himself to grief. Vainly had her husband represented that the Maclons were old and faithful retainers of the family: Beatrice was not to be moved, and Annette was refused the consolation of praying beside her dear lady's remains. The good creature was deeply grieved, and she never forgave the Viscountess the sorrow so harshly and unnecessarily caused.

The days wore on sadly until that of the funeral arrived. All the tenants of Maillevert, who venerated and loved the deceased Countess as an earthly angel, hastened to pay her the last tribute of affection and respect. Their unaffected grief irritated the unfeeling woman, who now held her place, and who walked with an air of cold indifference beside her husband, as, taking his little nephew and niece by the hand, he followed the coffin with uncovered head and every sign of genuine affliction.

The chief mourner was absent. The previous evening the Count had been seized by a violent illness. Delirium set in. The doctors, called in haste, watched by him all night; but the symptoms became every hour more threatening, and it was evident that Count Maurice de

Maillevert would soon rejoin his wife in the family vault.

Annette Maclon sighed as she thought what a fate awaited the orphans if left to the guardianship of their well-meaning but weak uncle, and their harsh, tyrannical aunt; and many a bitter tear fell from the eyes of the warm-hearted woman as, lost in the crowd, she followed her mistress to her early grave.

A few days later the Count of Maillevert breathed his last sigh, without having regained his senses or recognized his children. His remains were interred in the family vault, beside those of the Countess; and the Viscount and Viscountess of Maillevert took up their abode permanently in the Castle, with the guardianship of the Count Gaston and Lady Isaure.

The first act of authority on the part of the Viscountess was to announce to Annette Maclon that Gaston should leave her care. With difficulty the poor nurse obtained permission to say good-bye to her foster-son. But when the little Count understood that his "Mamma Maclon," as he called her, was to leave him, his cries and sobs were so despairing that the good woman begged of the Viscountess to reconsider her determination, and allow the child to be gradually weaned from her care. As may well be imagined, the Lady Beatrice was astonished at her audacity in daring to question her orders; and Gaston was shut up in a dark room, where the petted darling of a fond mother was left in solitude, and kept on bread and water, "to break his temper," as his aunt declared.

On seeing himself thus treated, Gaston at first was stupefied and silent.

"See," said Beatrice, triumphantly, to her husband, who had ventured to remonstrate; "your nephew, small as he is, will learn that his title of Count does not oblige us to submit to his caprices."

She was deceived. The momentary stupor of Gaston was succeeded by a fit

of passion terrible to witness in so young a child. He rushed to the door, and beat and kicked it until he almost broke it. The servants, who detested Lady Beatrice, while they loved the Count's family, were frightened at the screams of their young master; yet, such was their fear of his aunt, that not one dared to interfere.

Isaure went to her uncle, and persuaded him to ask his wife to free Gaston. To his request the Viscountess dryly replied:

"The child is your nephew, my lord; act as you think fit toward him. But if you thus contradict me before your family and servants, the result will not be well for you. The blood that flows in my veins is too noble to brook such an insult."

This was the unfailing threat which always brought the Viscount to his feet when he dared to contradict her, and on this occasion it had its usual effect. Her weak, selfish husband hastened to assure her that he had no intention of offending or opposing her; on the contrary, he left in her hands, with entire confidence, the care of his niece and nephew. He then withdrew, leaving Isaure with her aunt.

Overcoming her natural timidity, the poor child begged with bitter tears for her brother's pardon; but the unfeeling woman turned a deaf ear to her appeal. Suddenly a dead silence succeeded to Gaston's cries and screams, and his aunt felt a vague uneasiness creep over her. Calling for light and followed by Isaure, she proceeded to the room where Gaston was imprisoned, and opened the door. The child lay on the floor in strong convulsions. A murmur of indignation arose from the servants; and the Viscount, who had followed unperceived, advanced with an indignant glance, and taking the child in his arms, carried him to his room. A doctor was hastily summoned. For two days the little Count's life was in serious danger. At last he recovered conscious-

ness, and his first prayer to his uncle was to send him "Mamma Maclon." Notwithstanding the anger of the haughty Viscountess, she was obliged to yield; but she was determined to make the poor woman pay for her triumph. She therefore announced to her that she could see the child, and brought her into his room.

It would be impossible to describe his joy and that of his faithful nurse. But, having dismissed all the attendants, Beatrice turned to Annette and said, in a haughty tone:

"My nephew, the young Count of Maillevert, wishes to return to your care. I shall allow him to do so until he learns that the place of a Maillevert is not with common people like you. But I warn you that this decision being contrary to my will and that of the Viscount, we have resolved to give you no payment for your care of Master Gaston; so that no selfish motives may urge you to encourage the child in sentiments of rebellion against the authority of his guardians."

She looked at Annette; but all that faithful creature understood was that her nursling was given back to her care, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, God bless your ladyship for giving him back to me! That is all I want. May I take him at once?"

Disappointed in her calculations, Lady Beatrice left the room, with an angry permission to do as she liked. And an hour after there was great joy at the farm, where poor Gaston, restored to his dear Jean, his beloved foster-brother, and surrounded by the love and care to which he was accustomed, soon regained his health and spirits.

(To be continued.)

"OUR fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors," says Sir Thomas Browne. Is it not prudent to attend to our own indulgence-gathering?

Traces of Travel.

IN CAMPAGNA.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIX.—A REMINISCENCE.

SUDDENLY, in desperation, we took tickets for Rome, and turned our backs on all the unspeakable, not to say unmentionable, delights of Naples. Of course we looked back. M. began it, for she is a woman and knows how; I followed suit, not unwillingly. And there lay Capri, just over our shoulders, a rose-tinted island swimming in a sapphire sea. M. dropped a big tear in her lap; I sighed like a furnace. The next turn in the road shut us both up, and slid a long spur of the mountains in between us and the delicious, heart-breaking past.

The twilight gathered rapidly. At 6 p. m., through the dusk, I saw the lights in the great convent of Monte Casino twinkle like golden stars on the crest of the mountain. I turned to the window and yearned visibly; then M. said, with some severity: "You shall not go there and make a fool of yourself; I am settled on this point!" So we went to the capital, as we had intended doing from the first. It was 10 p. m. when we rolled into dark, dismal, rainy Rome. There were queer smells in the hotel, and a dull company gathered at a late supper, with scarcely appetite enough to go round.

Then came days as tedious as sleepless nights, and nights as noisy as any day ever dares to be. M. had to be housed to her satisfaction, which she was ultimately. I lounged about after that, dodging my old friends, because Rome was too much for me and always had been. I never liked it; I had returned against my will for M.'s sake, and now I was enduring torments without the small satisfaction of saucing back.

At this moment enter Eugenio, artist, good fellow, and ancient Roman, who knows the ins and outs of the mildewed city, and loves every stone in it. Says Eugenio: "Why don't you take apartments and settle down for the winter?" I scorned to reply, having no earthly reason for not doing exactly as he suggested. With that Eugenio, treating my scorn with spurn, seized me by the arm, led me down the street, across the Piazza Barberini, under the fine spray of the Triton who blows his shell in all weathers, and up the Via Degli Quattro Fontane, to a strange house above the Barberini Palace on the opposite side of the street.

In the uninviting doorway sat the customary cobbler, a hunchback, ill-visaged, unclean—such a one as Victor Hugo would have made a devil of. We passed with the usual greeting, and buried ourselves in a chaos of thick shadows, stone stairs, and the fumes of boiling cabbage. I said nothing. I only thought and suffered. A little more light on the subject at the first landing; two doors, two heavy bell-ropes, and stairs of stone that went up into space. We rang violently. A cheerful but unlovely female screamed at us from a hole in the roof.

Eugenio formed a treaty, and we were admitted without delay to a blue chamber, with a deep orange chamber adjoining, and a garden grown to seed in the distance. I pitied and loved the place at sight. It was unreasonable in every particular. It had secret panels, but partially hiding various lockers of no earthly use. It had a stone balcony over an inner court, where there was nothing to be enjoyed; it had a well under the window, that seemed to invite suicide; a covered passage spanned the court below and connected the blue chamber with the hanging garden. Here there was sunshine and sweet air and a tangle of unkept vines; a grape-arbor made a green cloister on one side of the

garden, and almond-trees clung to the wall on the other; a marble fountain, choked with dust, was half buried in the wild briars that flourished in the midst thereof. Birds haunted this blessed spot—sparrows and swallows hovered about in restless flocks, and rooks sat in a row on the high roof of the Quirinal, just over the quiet street in the rear. Evidently this was the place for me. Without a moment's hesitation I secured it, and that was all the home I knew for the next half year.

Eugenio envied me and coveted my happiness. He had swell apartments in a real palace; but no garden blossomed for his sake, no birds were his pensioners, no balcony hung like a swallow's nest against the wall on one side of a court. And such a court! There was a fresco opposite my window, a landscape with maddening perspective, and a sky that seemed dense enough to actually float my garden.

This was entirely satisfactory; for what can be more delightful than to go over a Bridge of Sighs into a high garden, twenty feet from the street on every side; and to realize that there is a broad strip of very blue sky under you, as any one may see with half an eye who will take the trouble to look from the balcony out of the deep orange chamber, or from the narrow window of the blue room just over the well in the court?

A day passed busily. Behold the transformation! Each article of furniture has been wheeled about and fitted into a nook apparently just made for it. Photographs and trophies of travel adorn the walls; books strew the tables and the bureau; there is a fire in the chimney, and the pen on the writing-desk is still wet. In three words, I had settled myself and begun life anew. Meanwhile the birds sang, the fire crackled; and Gigi, the jovial specimen of feminine angularity already referred to, looked in from time to time to inquire if I wished for anything, which certainly I

didn't at such moments, except it were peace and tranquillity; but these fled at the approach of Gigi, and never returned again until the echo of her footfall had died upon the stairs.

I wrote, dreamed over the *scelte* cigars that are only two *sous* each, and marvelously good at the price; I re-read old letters, crossed the Bridge of Sighs into my hanging garden, and "fluttered the dove cotes" on the adjoining caves. Now and again came the tinkle of a well-worn piano, the reverberations of which sounded not unlike the refined agonies of a bloated music-box buried alive in the wall.

It became evident that the instrument was in the room above, and that the notes leaked through the floor. I paused and listened. It was no light hand that toyed with those antiquated keys. Anon a heavy step shook my ceiling; and, after crossing and recrossing the floor above, a door slammed and the clang of a sabre was heard upon the dark stone stairs. There was silence for a time. Then the piano seemed to start alone and to play itself, and to sound more like a music-box than ever. It was an airy prelude, that quickened the ear of the lodger on the first floor back—myself, you know,—and after that a sad, passionate, world-wearied voice sang a rhapsody in the gloomiest of minors,—a rhapsody that ended in an unmistakable sob. This was too much for me.

No man who is a man can sit calmly and write letters when there is a woman in the room above breaking her heart over something. I rang for Gigi. I asked who sang like a nightingale with her breast against a thorn on the second floor back. Gigi beamed with delight at being able to make herself positively useful at last, and said it was *La Signora Contessa*. Moreover, the Countess was an American, like myself; and at this startling announcement, seeing that I was perfectly dazed, Gigi disappeared. Before I had

recovered I was confronted by two of the sex—Gigi and the nightingale.

"*Ecco! la Contessa,*" said Gigi, and then withdrew; leaving me and my mysterious guest staring at each other in blank amazement.

In a moment I regained that self-possession for which I am justly famous; and, with professional instincts, at once began taking notes. Let me see—Lilliputian lady, neatly clad in black; matchless head; dark hair threaded with grey; thoroughbred nose; refined face, and eyes like Juno's—immense, melancholy, magnetic.

It all flashed upon me in a moment, while she was saying that she had long resided in the house; and that if I wished to communicate more freely with Gigi than I had been doing with the aid of a dictionary, and a pantomime that was having a prolonged but unprofitable run, she, the ox-eyed, was quite at my service as a translator. In the next breath I responded:

"You are from America?"

"Yes," promptly and decisively.

"You have been in California?"

"Oh, yes!" with a flash of the ox-eyes, that now looked less melancholy.

"I believe I know you?"

"Probably, if you are from San Francisco. I am Biscaccianti!"

We ran into the hanging garden, and talked wildly for two hours without stopping; and then we went out to an ideal *trotteria*, which she knew well, and of which I had never dreamed, and there we dined to our hearts' content. That night the orange chamber impressed me as being less bilious than usual; for I heard a voice, that seemed to have grown fresh and young again, rehearsing fragments of operas, that reminded me of the old days when this sad little lady was in her glory, ere ever the dark days had come.

Everything went smoothly after that. Even the balcony assumed a virtue; for it was discovered that, by leaning out from the clumsy structure, I could commune

with the Contessa, who had a window in a convenient angle above. There was nothing prettier in all Rome than "Bisky"—as she chose to call herself—when she appeared at that enticing window, and, shaded from the sunshine by the picturesque awning, cried out to me: "*Bon giorno, signor!*" and I replied, "*Come state, Signora Contessa?*" Whereupon we fell to recounting the days that were no more, and to sighing like "Juliet" and "Romeo," without fear and without foot-lights.

We talked of her early triumphs in California; of her splendid successes in South America, where she was *fêted* from coast to coast; of her later experiences in San Francisco, where misfortunes befell her; and I then learned to think better of her for the charitable spirit she showed toward all. She was philosophical enough to rise superior to the fate that abused her during her last season in that city; and perhaps the sweetest revenge she could possibly have, if she cared for revenge in any shape, was that she thought kindly of her traducers, and was now far beyond their reach. Many a time have I sat in her cozy rooms and talked by the hour with her, until, no longer able to restrain herself, she would fly to the piano and pour out her sorrow in melodious song. At such times I could scarcely believe that it was twenty years ago when she was famous, and that sickness and sorrow and poverty had visited her since then. I could hardly believe that the little lady, who looked almost like a girl, was the mother of Count Giulio, a stalwart soldier, who was as handsome as a picture, as devoted as a lover, musical, poetical, and altogether a delightful fellow, with not more than six words of English at his command.

La Contessa was always busy. It was now a music lesson, anon an hour's conversation in English with some studious Italian, or instructions in that mellifluous tongue

among the foreigners who swarm at Rome in winter. Frequently she sang at the *salons* of the nobility, where she was received with flattering consideration; but the life was slow and monotonous after a career like hers. Young Giulio, whose innocent years had been passed at some convent school in South Italy, knew little of the reverses that were borne so bravely by his mother. He laughed, clanged his sabre, thundered on the piano, and finally caught La Contessa in his arms and skipped about the room with her. It was his antidote for the "blues,"—the "blues" that are nowhere more prevalent or more prostrating than in Italy during the long sieges of the sirocco.

We strove to be gay in the Carnival seasons, and failed; we subsided into Lent, and fasted on the memories of bygone times. Our conversations were frequent and voluminous; we never began where we left off, preferring to seize some floating thought and drift away with it into idle reveries. Perhaps she dwelt upon the early days by Lake Como, where she was for a year the pupil of Mme. Pasta and a member of her household. Every morning she was awakened from her dreams by Pasta, who stood under her window in the garden and trilled like a lark, until the child who was destined to be famous, and to outlive her fame, had risen and saluted that glorious singer. There were recollections of Rossini and a thousand anecdotes of famous folk, related with such gusto that Giulio, who could only laugh in sympathy, would lose all patience with our English and strike his sabre in despair. We all fed those birds, and they learned to know us so well that each morning they sat in rows on the garden walk and did the Pasta business quite successfully. They grew fat and apoplectic before spring. They swung among the almond blossoms and drove the tomcat to despair.

And so quietly, but not unexpectedly, the welcome Easter came. There were frescoed eggs on every plate that morning, and a huge piece of plum-cake, together with thin slices of bologna—the customary Easter offering in all Italian houses. There was a pretty letter of congratulation signed "Bisky," a photograph with compliments of Giulio, a bouquet from Gigi,—in short, we had glorious sport, and made a day of it in the suburbs along with half the town. It was on this joyful occasion that "Bisky" turned to me suddenly and asked, with uncommon enthusiasm—she was still harping on San Francisco: "Do tell me! Is the Oriental Hotel as fashionable as ever?" I blushed a dumb reply, for the Oriental Hotel was known only to students of ancient history.

At Easter we scattered. I went into the Alban Hills to recruit on air-tonics and unadulterated wine; and when I returned to the Quattro Fontane, lo! "Bisky" and Count Giulio had fled. He had been ordered to fresh fields, and she had followed, as she doubtless will follow until one or the other has finished the course.

It is needless to say that I have learned to love Rome with the peculiar love which Rome, more than any other city of which I have knowledge, is sure to beget at last. Just now a letter comes to me—a touch of nature from the pen of that delightful and mysterious author of "Kismet" and "Mirage." Let me close this paper with a brief quotation:

"We have had a week's storm: March winds and snow and hail. To-day is the divinest day of spring. In an hour I am going outside the Popolo, along the Ponte Molle road and to the fields beside the Tiber. I am going there to pick wild white narcissi, and lie on the grass, and look down at the river and away past the blossoming trees at that ineffable line of the mountains. And I shall think of you as I think of you each time I pass your door, where the little cobbler is still sitting and the children selling violets."

Oh, ye immortal gods! what a shame it is that one can not be in two places at once!

(To be continued.)

Three Angels.

BY KATHARINE HINKSON.

THINE Angel Life I praise, because
 He gave me health and peaceful days,
 And work and friends, and Thy sweet laws,
 And sojourn in the country ways.

Thine Angel Love I praise, that he
 Hath given me love of him I love;
 Hath made a place for him and me
 Sweet as the crooning of a dove.

Teach me to know Thine Angel Death,
 Whose vast wings overshadow us.
 I feel and fear his icy breath
 Through our sweet days and piteous.

Lest that he take me first, and leave
 My lonely love without me cold;
 Lest that he leave me last, to grieve
 For my one lover, sad and old.

Oh, but I fear the lonely dead
 And the dark graveyard lone and drear!
 Set Thou a light about his head,
 That I may see and may not fear.

Touch Thou mine eyes and bid me see
 His face, an angel's even as theirs,—
 His face as one that looks on Thee,
 Light through my darkness unawares.

His face, the fairest angel of all,
 To draw us up through grief and sin;
 A star to shine at evenfall,
 And through Thy gates to win us in.

A Requiem Mass at Midnight.

ON a raw day in January, 1793—the day on which Louis XVI. was executed,—an elderly lady, clad in shabby black, might be seen through the darkness entering a dingy house in an old-fashioned quarter of Paris. She had just bought a box of hosts for the celebration of the Holy Mass. Hurrying up the dark stairs, she pushed open a door, and approaching a venerable old man, exclaimed in terror:

"For God's sake hide yourself! Our movements are watched, and the errand of to-night has perhaps betrayed our retreat."

"Why, what has happened?" anxiously inquired another old lady, who was seated by the poor fire.

"The man we noticed loitering about the place all day followed me to-night, and stopped in front of the house."

The two women looked sorrowfully toward their venerable companion, who was clearly the chief object of their anxiety. He, however, was least affected—perhaps because he knew he was most in danger. It was during the Reign of Terror; the old man was a priest, and the two women were nuns, driven out of their cloister by the lawlessness and Godlessness of the Revolution.

"Why lose confidence in God?" replied the priest, calmly. "If He delivered me from the former massacre, it was no doubt for another death, which I must accept without repining."

At the same moment they heard heavy footsteps on the stairs, and all three listened eagerly. In response to the women's repeated entreaty, the priest crept with some difficulty into a kind of press, where some clothes were hastily thrown over him. Hardly was he concealed from sight when the poor women heard a knock that made them quake with terror. While they were still silent and stupefied the intruder lifted the latch and stood before them, and they at once recognized in him the person whom they had suspected of spying on them. However, nothing either in his demeanor or his countenance betokened malice; and for a moment he remained as motionless as the nuns, while he cast a glance round the room. A look of commiseration softened his face as he took in the poverty of the apartment; and in gentle, hesitating tones he addressed the women:

"I am not here as an enemy. I have come to make a request. But if I am

intruding, speak plainly, and I will retire. Be assured, however, I am ready to render you any service in my power."

There was such an unmistakable accent of truth in his words that Sister Agatha offered him a seat. He continued:

"You are sheltering a venerable priest, who miraculously escaped the massacre of the Carmes—"

"But, sir," interrupted Sister Martha, "you see we are alone."

"You ought to be more cautious," observed the visitor gently, taking up a breviary forgotten on the table. He paused on seeing the anguish of the two old women, and then went on: "Be not uneasy; I know your names and that of your guest. I know your distress and your devotion to the venerable Abbé. Had I intended to betray you, I easily could have done so before this."

At these words the priest emerged from his hiding-place.

"I can not believe, Monsieur," he said, "that you are one of our persecutors. How can I comply with the request you mentioned?"

The confidence of the holy priest, the expression of his noble countenance, would have disarmed assassins.

The mysterious visitor, who had witnessed the misery of the surroundings, was visibly affected for a moment. Then he said to the priest:

"Father, I have come to ask you to celebrate a Mass for the repose of the soul of one whose remains, I am told, will never rest in consecrated ground."

The priest shuddered, for he understood to whom the man referred.

"Return at midnight. I shall then be ready to celebrate the divine mysteries, the only acceptable sacrifice in expiation of this day's crime."

The man shuddered, but a gleam of comfort seemed to mingle with the anguish on his countenance; then, bowing respectfully, he departed. Two hours later he

again knocked at the door. It was opened by one of the nuns, who led him into an inner room, where the celebration of Mass was to take place. The Sisters prepared the old worm-eaten clothes-press, which served as an altar, and the great Mystery was begun.

Nothing could be more impressive than this mournful ceremony in the dead of night. The grandeur of the action contrasted strongly with the poverty of the surroundings, and inspired the devout worshippers with a special fervor. At the *Pater Noster* the stranger was so affected that big tears coursed down his cheeks.

At the conclusion of the Mass the celebrant motioned the nuns to retire; and, approaching the man, he said tenderly:

"My son, if you have steeped your hands in the blood of the martyr King, do not despair of pardon. There is no crime beyond God's mercy."

The stranger trembled with remorse; but, mastering his emotion, he replied:

"Father, I feel that I am innocent of the blood shed yesterday."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the priest, earnestly. Then, fearing that the man before him might have been one of the cowardly convention who, to save their own lives, voted the death of the King, he added: "Remember, my son, in order to be innocent of a crime, it is not sufficient not to have participated directly in it. Those whose duty it was to defend the King of France and who failed to do so are not blameless, and one day they shall have to answer for the regicide before the King of Heaven—"

"You believe, then," interrupted the stranger, fearfully, "that an indirect participation in a crime deserves punishment?"

"I do."

"Then the soldiers surrounding the guillotine are guilty for obeying orders?"

"No: the case is entirely different."

The stranger seemed to find in these last words a consoling answer to a cruel doubt.

Without insisting further, he said simply:

"Father, I would blush to offer you a fee for the service you have just performed. So inestimable a benefit can be repaid only by an offering without price. Deign to accept this relic; you will one day understand its value." So saying, he placed in the priest's hand a small box, which the latter took almost unconsciously, so impressed was he by the gravity of the man's words, and the reverence with which he regarded the box.

Passing into the next room, where the nuns awaited them, the stranger said: "You are safer in this house than in any other place in France. Stay where you are. In a year hence I will return."

The mysterious present, so solemnly given, lay on the table. When it was opened it was found to contain a piece of fine cambric, marked by small black spots.

"It is blood," said the priest, gravely.

From that time the poor refugees felt a protecting hand round about them. They were provided with fuel, clothes, and provisions; and, notwithstanding the great famine in Paris, a loaf of white bread was mysteriously left each morning at their door. They looked forward to the next anniversary of the King's death as an opportunity of expressing their gratitude to their generous protector.

The day arrived, and at midnight the heavy step of the strange visitor was heard on the stairs. The altar was already prepared, and this time the nuns opened the door without waiting for a knock, and lighted in their guest. The man saluted them, but said nothing. His coldness made the words of gratitude die upon their lips, and they understood that he wished to remain unknown. He heard Mass and disappeared, after a polite but firm refusal to partake of a frugal collation.

Until the public restoration of Catholic worship in 1801 the Requiem Mass was mysteriously celebrated each anniversary; but as soon as the priest and the nuns

were able to appear in public without danger, they saw no more of the stranger. The Sisters were of high birth; and the Abbé, whose virtues and reputation gave him access to the families of the nobility of the Faubourg Saint Germain, often told of their experiences during the Reign of Terror, and how the hand of God had providentially watched over them. The expiatory Mass was a puzzle as well as a subject of interest to those who heard of it, but the strange visitor who had prayed with them for the King remained apparently a hopeless puzzle.

Who could this man be? The question was answered only a few years ago, when his grandson declared in his "Mémoires" that it was no other than Sanson, the executioner.

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

AROUND A FLOWER.

THE Critic and the Philistine were together, with the Host, when the *Æsthete* stepped in, wearing a huge chrysanthemum. The Philistine had just remarked, in his sympathetic way, that the Critic holds up the highest standard to mankind, with the demand that everybody might reach it except himself.

"In which he shows a proper humility," said the Philistine. "But don't let us continue this argument. The *tu quoques* will soon begin. I saw the Conservative at Vespers this afternoon, but I didn't see the Critic there, for all his transcendental demands on us."

"You should have been occupied with your psalms," observed the Host. "The Critic made his visit in time for Benediction, which is the service he most loves. But if you are going to argue, have it out before the Lady of the House and

her friends come in; for the women always think men are mortal enemies if in the heat of argument they call one another—well—names."

"We have no intention of arguing," said the Philistine. "I should like to say, though, that if I were the *Æsthete*, I should not hide myself behind a chrysanthemum as big as a dinner plate."

"I have heard you," said the *Æsthete*, adjusting his chrysanthemum, "defend the use of artificial flowers on the altars, and even wonder why such fripperies were not driven out of the church. I love flowers, and I am glad that masculine custom permits this indulgence in my love for color. I would rather wear a flower than the Cross of the Legion of Honor. A flower represents at once the greatness and the delicacy of God's creative love. Little flower—but—

"If I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

"Let him keep the flower!" growled the Critic.

"Oh, yes!" said the Philistine. "A huge white flower staring one in the face is better than a deluge of sentiment. When a man works all the week he likes to hear common-sense on Sunday. What I object to in the discussion here is that nobody hammers his moral in. There's always an interruption where the conclusion ought to come. For instance, just as I was about to hammer that Young Philadelphian out flat for his worldly defence of mixed marriages, something happened."

"The supper bell rang," said the Host.

"And just as I was about to quote Vauvenargues in the discussion on reading clubs—"

"Vauven—who?" asked the Philistine.

"Oh, Vauvenargues!—the friend and admirer of Voltaire, who, strange to say, professed himself a Catholic and said some good things," answered the Critic. "I was about to quote him to the effect that a very new and original work would

be one which would inspire love for old truths. There's another bit from this clever fellow that might apply to us: 'A distinctive mark of mediocrity is to be always lukewarm in praise.'"

"It might apply to you," retorted the Philistine.

"Observe," said the Critic, "that I praise seldom; but when I *do* praise wild horses could not stop me. I am quite bewildered by the number of subjects you talk about," he continued. "Now, here is this question of the home reading circle,—why did you break off so suddenly? I thought of a hundred things I might have said on the subject, when it was too late. "I wanted to mention Monsig. Seton's 'Roman Essays'; it is a treasury of knowledge. It is one of those erudite books which ought to be popular. Take the paper on the Jews, for instance. It has always been a comfort to me to know, on the authority of a man like Monsig. Seton, who never quotes blindly, that the Roman Pontiffs were the protectors of the Jews through all the ages when the cry for their destruction sounded through Europe. And yet I don't believe that there are a thousand Catholic households in which that book is used as a reference."

"We don't read old books," said the Philistine,— "we haven't time to read the old ones."

"But why read the new ones? And why not find time to read the old ones?" asked the Conservative.

"Why read so much at all?" asked the Philistine. "We've got to face life with practical facts. Give me the newspaper and a cheque-book."

"If you are in earnest," remarked the Critic, "your mind has become debased by materialism. The newspaper is both bad and good,—it prints whatever happens. It is the village gossip, the herald of fame, the blazon of vice, the reflector of life. We read it with avidity, only to wait with impatience until a new day brings

a new paper. To the young it is a mass of indigestible food. There ought to be in all Christian schools a lecturer on the news of the day. And this lecturer ought to cut out only the valuable parts of the newspaper, and interpret or explain them from large experience and right principle. Oh, you smile!" the Critic went on. "You think it is one of those new things which would encroach on the old-fashioned drill in the laws of the Medes and the Persians. 'We despise the myths of our own country,' says Vauvenargues; 'we teach our children those of other people.' We disdain to illuminate the daily history of our time by the light of fixed principles, but we lay stress on the facts—even the guesses—of the past. A man that has no love for good books," he added solemnly, "is a maimed man. He lacks a safeguard against the temptations of youth and the allurements that appeal to a vacant mind, and his old age will want sweetness and consolation—"

"Why not music?" asked the Æsthete.

"Music is well enough, but it does not appeal to the understanding. Besides, all can not be musicians. Wasn't it the Rev. Dr. Cronin who protested the other day against the usurpation by the piano of the place where the book-case once stood, filled with great books? Fancy 'Oh, Promise Me!' or 'The Liberty Bell March,' and other compositions, filling the place of the noble thoughts the greatest men have loved! And people must begin to love books when they are young. You may produce a millionaire without books, but you can't make a George Washington, a Daniel Webster, an Abraham Lincoln, a Manning, a Newman, or half a dozen epoch-moulders whose names I would mention if they were dead."

"Gentlemen," said the Lady of the House, entering with a pleasant flutter, "do you know that supper is waiting?"

"It's always the way," said the Critic.

"I never get a chance to say anything!"

A Figure of the Virgin-Mother.

HOW much there is calculated to arrest the attention and captivate the imagination in the account handed down to us in the pages of Holy Scripture of the temple King Solomon erected, and the palace he built for himself! The sacred historian is not satisfied with depicting in general terms the ample dimensions, the architectural splendor, the elaborate decoration, of these far-famed edifices: he enters into details of their form and design, giving a minute description of court and shrine, of porch and audience chamber; of the treasures they contained, of the furniture and fittings appertaining to divine worship, to regal pomp. The very materials employed in the fabrication of every part are duly noted. We read with astonished admiration of the polished stones, the boards of cedar and olive wood; the ivory, the gold, the brass, wherewith the hand of the artificer, "full of understanding and skill to work," fashioned and adorned a sanctuary worthy of Israel's God, a dwelling-place worthy of Israel's Monarch.

The interest attaching to these records is not simply of an historical or archaeological nature. Each portion of the structures described, all that they contained, has a symbolical meaning, and expresses a divine secret. Of Solomon's palace it is the more public part alone that is described—the porch of the throne, a kind of long hall or gallery. Long rows of stately pillars cut out of the fragrant cedar, set at measured distances, the capitals carved with wondrous art, supporting square beams, "in all things equal," led up to the royal throne. There the King sat on state occasions, as when granting audiences, receiving homage, or administering justice. It is on this throne, unrivalled by any piece of workmanship to be found in any other country or kingdom, that our

attention centres, in order that we may endeavor, with the eye of faith, to discern its mystic significance.

The use of a chair in a country where the usual custom is to sit upon the ground or recline upon a couch, was of old regarded as a sign of dignity and power. Solomon, seated upon his regal throne, typifies the glorified Redeemer. By reason of the surpassing wisdom which constituted his distinctive characteristic, he is a type of One who was greater than Solomon, Him "in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."* His throne may consequently be called the Seat of Wisdom—*Sedes Sapientiae*. "Mary," Cardinal Newman writes, "has this title in her litany; because the Son of God, who is also called in Scripture the Word and Wisdom of God once dwelt in her; and then, after His birth of her, was carried in her arms and seated on her lap in His first years. Thus being, as it were, the human throne of Him who reigns in heaven, she is called the Seat of Wisdom. In the poet's words:

'His throne, thy bosom blest,
O Mother undefiled!
That Throne, if aught beneath the skies
Beseems the sinless Child.'

Hence it will be seen that the throne erected for Solomon was a figure of the Blessed Mother of God, whom the Great King chose for the resting-place of the Eternal Wisdom when He took upon Himself the nature of man. Of this throne it is said: "There was no such work made in any kingdom."† And we know that of all created things, the works of God's hands, there was not one to compare with the Blessed Virgin in greatness and perfection. Her immaculate conception singled her out from the very first from all the daughters of Adam; on this account we find the term *Thronus Salomonis* applied to her in one of the antiphons of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.

This great throne was, moreover, made

of the purest, most costly materials. It was of ivory, overlaid with the finest gold. Ivory is a beautiful substance, fitted to adorn a king's palace; and in quantities sufficient for the manufacture of a throne, it is extremely rare and precious. By its exquisite whiteness it is intended to suggest to us how transcendent is the loveliness and purity of the Mother of God; just as the fine gold wherewith it was overlaid is meant by its richness, brilliancy and splendor to give us an idea of the graces, virtues, and spiritual excellences which fitted her for her great dignity. The spotless ivory of her perfect innocence, unmarred by any taint of original sin, was overlaid with that which is among virtues what gold is amongst metals—charity, the crowning virtue which surpasses, or rather includes, all others.

The principal feature in a royal throne is its elevation. Solomon's throne was approached by six steps. These steps are said to represent six virtues wherein Mary excelled all other created beings: humility, virginity, poverty, modesty, patience, temperance. "Twelve other little lions standing; upon the steps, on both sides";* the number of these pairs of lions being, perhaps, designed to correspond with that of the twelve tribes of Israel, or more probably of the twelve Apostles. Mary is, however, Queen of Patriarchs as well as Queen of Apostles; and the former as well as the latter may well lead up to the throne whereon the incarnate God is seated.

The throne was furnished with arms, or stays, described by the historian as "two hands on either side holding up the seat." These ornaments are variously interpreted by pious writers. Some see in them the feelings of reverent fear and holy affection with which Mary regarded her Son in His eternal divinity and His sacred humanity; others consider them to

* Col., ii, 3.

† III. Kings, x, 20.

* II. Paral., ix, 19.

be emblems of the active and contemplative life, combined in the Virgin Mother in so admirable a way that her exterior occupations aided rather than hindered her meditation on heavenly things.

We are also told that there was "a footstool of gold" fastened to the throne. Gold, as has been said, here means charity. It is for us dwellers upon earth that our Blessed Lady possesses the gold of charity. God has laid up in her the treasures of His graces and the richness of His love, that they may overflow upon us. The footstool is the connecting link between the throne and those who approach it as suppliants. The charity of Mary emboldens the sinful children of Eve to draw near, with humble confidence, to the feet of the great King who sits upon the seat of judgment, that through her intercession they may find mercy. Solomon's reign was a reign of peace; it shadowed forth the reign of the Prince of Peace, in whom all the tribes of the earth were to be blessed; of whom the Angels proclaimed, when He rested as an infant on His Mother's bosom, that peace was come to earth. The throne of gold which the great King made for Himself, whereon He sat, is our Blessed Mother, the advocate of sinners, chosen to be the resting-place of the Most High.

May we not hope, when images cease and shadows retire, to behold the fulfilment of the glorious vision typified by King Solomon's throne, standing in the porch of judgment,—to behold the throne of the Redeemer in heaven, where His Mother reigns with Him, seated on the highest throne in the universe, above all that is not God?

IF we separate ourselves so much from the interests of those around us that we do not sympathize with them in their sufferings, we shut ourselves out from sharing their happiness, and lose far more than we gain.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

Notes and Remarks.

The hope of our country in this day of bigotry rests in those broad-minded, stout-hearted men who speak fearlessly for the truth where they find it. Such a man is Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, who declares in the *North American Review* that the Catholic schools "have demonstrated Indian education." He certainly does not overstate the truth when he says that these schools are "equal to any on the reservations to-day"; and he specially commends the superior methods and self-sacrifice of the Sisters. Senator Kyle, who lives in one of the missionary districts, knows whereof he speaks; and he "touches bottom" in the statement that "the difference between the missionary teacher and the government employee is that the former is always imbued with the honest belief that an Indian can be both civilized and Christianized." These words of Senator Kyle will have weight with all except the true-blue bigots, who seek not truth but the confirmation of their own prejudices; and whom the late Dr. Holmes likened to the pupil of the eye, because "the more light you pour in upon them, the more they contract."

In studying the inner life of noble souls outside the Church, it seems passing strange that in so many important matters they are with us heart and mind. Tennyson, Longfellow, Edwin Booth, and many another seemed at times to have been upon the very threshold of the Church. The late John Addington Symonds was another "half Catholic." If the man be reflected in his work, his was a singularly lofty character; and nowhere is it more strikingly revealed than in his admirable "Life of Michael Angelo." Throughout the work, his attitude toward his subject and its environment is essentially Catholic; and, while giving a perfect picture of the great Italian, he has extenuated nothing nor set down aught in malice. That Symonds was a believer in the pivotal doctrine of the Real Presence seems evident from the following passage.

Treating of the Sistine frescos, he had expressed regret that nowhere in the Chapel is an adequate representation of Christ the Redeemer. But in the appendix to his monumental work he remarks: "I have alluded in my text to the absence of any representation of the Crucifixion as singular; but I did not think it necessary to publish a suggestion which has often occurred to my own mind—namely, that the crowning act in the drama of man's redemption, the sacrifice of Christ, was continually repeated in the consecration of the Host upon the altar."

Those who have acted upon our suggestion to set up a charity-box in their homes can not make a better disposition of their collections than to send them to the Ursuline nuns in Montana. These devoted religious and the poor Indian children whom they care for are sure to suffer this winter, unless charitably-disposed persons come to their aid. We have explained why the Sisters are so reluctant to send away any of the young girls, though they have more than they can provide for. If people could only realize the good they might do by a little constant self-denial! Let the father of the family and the boys forego one cigar daily; let the mother and daughters deny themselves some current knick-knack, and the children an occasional indulgence, and deposit the amount in the charity-box. The practice would bring blessings to the household and succor to those in sore need.

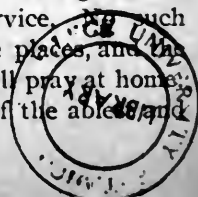
An Apostolic Letter addressed to the rulers and nations of the world some months ago by Pope Leo XIII. is the inspiration of a paper on "Christian Unity," by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in the current number of the *American Catholic Quarterly*. It is full of good thoughts, and we hope it may secure much attention from non-Catholics in this country; the Pope's letter, it would seem, commanded so little. "They who heed the Holy Father's call," says the Cardinal, "will find that in subjecting themselves to the authority of the Roman Catholic Church and her ecclesiastical head, they are not entering, as some would believe, into a

servile and abject condition, unworthy of men endowed with reasoning faculties. The faith which they will receive will rest on grounds which reason itself approves and indeed establishes. There is no blind obedience or unreasonable service required in the Church. Faith given through it is a reasonable faith. Our intellect is ennobled by this faith, which is founded on confidence in Christ and His institutions, on His words and promises. Just as man does not make a better use of his liberty than in devoting himself to the worship of God, his Creator and Father, so the Christian can not employ his faculties in more honorable service than in submitting to the Divine Master's visible representative, especially since this representative bears such indubitable credentials for his right to speak in God's name."

**

We may be allowed to say that this article would have excited greater interest, and probably been more effectual, could it have followed more closely in the wake of the encyclical. It is a long time since that appeared—months ago. Again is emphasized the need of a monthly review for Catholics—a periodical like the *Nineteenth Century*. The day of the quarterly has gone by long since. Let us have the *American Catholic Review* promptly once a month, even if we can not have so much of it.

Kaiser William has expressed the wish that the churches of Germany be left open throughout the day, believing that this course will "cultivate the religious spirit among the masses." The Kaiser, who is genuinely religious, has evidently taken his cue from the Catholic Church; but there is one important consideration which he has entirely overlooked. In real churches God dwells continually in the tabernacle, where all may approach Him, tell Him their needs, and open their hearts for His healing. But it would be hard to show reason why people should go to Protestant meeting-houses except during times of service. If such Presence is claimed for these places, and worshippers might just as well pray at home. Mr. Henry Drummond, one of the ablest and



best-known of Protestant publicists, expresses the difference to a nicety when he says that "the church is the weekly parade of the Christian body." This describes Protestantism perfectly, but can have no reference whatever to the Catholic Church, where the mere assemblage is nothing and the Sacrifice all. As the Apostle of the Gentiles says, "We have an altar."

From out of the smoke of the great forest-fires of Minnesota comes a beautiful story of heroism and Catholic faith. It appears that Engineer Root and Fireman McGowan, the brave men who saved three hundred lives at Hinckley, are Catholics. During the fire the heat was so intense that they had to throw water on each other to escape roasting. Believing that their last hour had come, they knelt together in their engine, sent up a fervent prayer to Heaven, and invoked the intercession of the Blessed Virgin,—the one holding his beads, the other his Scapular. Then, with strong hearts, they pulled open the throttle and flew through the flames, through blinding smoke and falling branches, over melting tracks, until their precious cargo of human life was deposited in a place of safety.

Catastrophes succeed each other so rapidly in our modern life that the public loses interest in them as soon as the news is told; but the story of Engineer Root and Fireman McGowan should be told to the children at every fireside in the land.

We are still under the spell of the edification received from the pastoral letter addressed to the disaffected Poles of the Diocese of Cleveland by Mgr. Horstmann. Its moderation is admirable, and solicitude for souls is manifested in every line. There is no haughty assertion of authority, no threats. It is plain that the writer of this letter, though a man of strength, would be incapable of abusing his power. The virtue of patience is necessary to every Christian, but it is indispensable in those clothed with authority. It is consoling and edifying to know that our clergy recognize in their vocation a high responsibility, not a mere dignity. Not until the millennium

will disorder and disobedience perish from the earth, and he is a true leader who can be firm without severity and strong without haughtiness.

Speculation is now rife as to the probable effect of the death of the Czar on the peace of Europe. Alexander III. was a strong man and, as rulers go, a good man. He had a hatred of dishonesty, and, it is said, of religious intolerance also; though it is hard to reconcile this statement with his expulsion of the Jews and the persecution of Catholics in many parts of the Empire. Where power is so absolute as the Czar's, it is easily abused; and it must be remembered that much of the Russian persecution originated with the government underlings and schismatic bishops rather than with Alexander III. His one idea was for the maintenance of peace in Europe; his great merit, that he abhorred shedding human blood. For more than twenty years he staved off what threatened to be one of the most dreadful wars in history. Like his father, the new Czar, Nicholas II., claims absolute sway over 120,000,000 human beings. He has already addressed to his subjects a letter full of hope and promise; and as he holds the balance of power in Europe, the prayer of all good men is that he may use that power at least as wisely as his father.

We have always held that the rise and spread of the A. P. A. would be attended with good results, a number of which are already manifest. This new Knownothingism has proved the usefulness, or rather the necessity, of a vigorous Catholic press. If the spread of bigotry has been checked of late in many quarters, it is due in great measure to the energy and enterprise of papers like the *Catholic Citizen*, the *Western Watchman*, the *Catholic Union and Times*, and the *Colorado Catholic*. The editors of these journals have been at no little expense and pains to drag the bigots into the light, to expose their villainies, and to hold them up to deserved scorn. The Catholic public was never under greater obligations to its press than at present; and we may add that the Catholic press, as a whole, was never more deserving of generous support.

Notable New Books.

EXPLANATION OF DEHARBE'S CATECHISM.

By James Canon Schmitt, D. D. B. Herder.

Every teacher of catechism should possess a copy of this admirable book. It is an extensive commentary on Deharbe's well-known manual, but is equally suited to any other text-book of Christian doctrine.

The great merit of this work lies in its intensely practical character. The author has that rare gift, a thorough understanding of the child-mind; and his explanations of doctrine are within the grasp of almost any boy or girl who has learned to read. There is not an abstract phrase in the whole book. Every statement is couched in the simplest language, and there is explanation and illustration in abundance.

The translation, which is from the seventh German edition of Dr. Schmitt's work, is marked by rare ease and fidelity. We feel that we can not recommend it too highly, and trust it will enjoy a wide circulation in this country.

PURGATORY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE LIVES AND LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS. By the Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S. J. Translated from the French. Benziger Brothers.

The Council of Trent teaches that "the Catholic Church, instructed by the Holy Ghost, has, from the sacred writings and the ancient tradition of the Fathers, taught in sacred councils that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls there detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but principally by the acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar." In Father Schouppe's treatise we have this doctrine fully and clearly explained; in addition to which there is a part devoted to indulgences and other means of assisting the suffering souls.

We called the attention of our readers to this really admirable work not long ago; but, in view of its excellence and of the return of November, the month especially dedicated to the memory of the souls in Purgatory, we again bring it to notice. It is a book of great learning and of deep interest. The part of Purgatory in the divine economy,

its province as a mystery of justice as well as of mercy, are clearly set forth, and are made impressive by many authenticated proofs taken from the lives of the saints.

The manner of aiding the holy souls can not but inspire one with a desire to help these servants of God, who cry out to us: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." We earnestly recommend this book on Purgatory to all, religious and laity; and to none more heartily than to those who hold in doubt the revelations and teachings of devout souls regarding the abode of the Church suffering. For spiritual reading in religious communities it is admirably suitable.

ST. THOMAS' PRIORY; OR, THE STORY OF ST. AUSTIN'S, STAFFORD. By Joseph Gillow. Burns & Oates.

This book, its author tells us, lays no claim to the dignity of history; but consists simply of jottings arranged in a chronological order, relating to the sufferings of English Catholics in Stafford in their heroic efforts to keep the faith. The earliest record given dates as far back as 1586, and recounts the story of a priest, the Rev. Robert Parton, who for years suffered all the horrors of a Stafford prison, at length laying down his life for the crime of being a Catholic priest. Then follow harrowing accounts of sufferings endured by imprisoned families—the seizure of their estates, and the imposition of heavy fines for non-conformity; this oppression and persecution of the Church being but a type of that prevalent at that time. Bringing his story down to recent years, the author, happily, is able to show the gradual lifting of the dark clouds, until to-day there is breaking over England the bright dawn of a return to the ancient faith.

LILLIAN MORRIS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. With Illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett. Little, Brown & Co.

Henryk Sienkiewicz is a writer who possesses both strength and delicacy. His strength is evident in his marvellous treatment of the themes of "The Deluge" and "With Fire and Sword"; and his delicacy, in the tender story of "Yanko the Musician."

In the little volume before us his satirical and pathetic side impresses us. There is even, as in "Sachem," a touch of cynicism. "Lillian Morris," the longest tale in the book, has a touch of the sentimentalism of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. In it Sienkiewicz makes use of his American experiences and of stories gathered from American pioneers; and we can not help regretting this. There are so many who can write in our own language and of our own clime, but there is only one Sienkiewicz for Poland! "Yamyol" (Angel) has a deep pathos; it is a pathos which ends in horror. It takes us out of ourselves; it moves our hearts, only to throw us back, depressed and despondent. Surely the constant gloom of all the great European novelists must produce a reaction; it certainly shows a wretchedly unhealthy state of feeling. Why, for instance, should Sienkiewicz use his power over us to interest us in the fate of Marysia left an orphan in the hands of the drinking old women; and, after much stress has been laid on the existence of her Guardian Angel, end by sacrificing her to a wolf? Marysia, neglected by the drunken driver, stumbles through the snow; she is sure that her "Yamyol" will protect her. "In her mother's cottage there was one painted, with a shield in his hands and with wings. He would come surely. Somehow, the thawing ice begins to sound louder. Maybe that is the noise of his wings, scattering drops more abundantly. Stop! Some one is coming really. The snow, though soft, sounds clearly. Steps are coming, and coming quietly but quickly. The child raises her sleepy eyes with confidence. What is that? Looking at the little girl is a grey, three-cornered face, with ears standing upright—ugly, terrible!"

Here the sketch ends. "Sachem," a contrast to this, is a very clever example of anti-climax. One could dispense with some of the fine art of these stories if they were a little more cheerful.

SHERBORNE; OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS. By E. H. Deering. The Art & Book Company. Benziger Brothers.

Like "The Ban of Maplethorpe," by the same author, this story turns upon the fact that certain English estates were lost to their Catholic owner through his loyalty to

the faith, becoming the possession of two apostatizing members of the family. The recital of the unhappiness, misfortune and remorse that, like avenging Fates, clouded the life of the chief sinner, forms the bulk of the story. The chief interest of the book centres upon the writer's method of bringing about the restoration of the property to the descendant of the rightful owner. Through several chapters the reader is led to believe that this heir is a certain gentleman who hides his English birth under the foreign title, Count de Bergerac. However, when the crisis is reached, it turns out that the real heir is the prepossessing young Catholic gentleman whose acquaintance was made in the opening chapter. Accounts of dinner parties, religious controversies, and county elections form the minor details of this pleasant story.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. John Moore, of San Francisco, Cal., whose happy death took place on the 4th of September.

Mr. John A. Kernan, of New York city, who passed away on the Feast of All Saints.

Mr. Patrick Russell, who died a holy death on the 17th ult., at Cresco, Minn.

Mr. Thomas Murray, of Philadelphia, who met with a sudden death on the 21st ult.

Miss Margaret E. Donnelly, whose life closed peacefully on the 16th of September, in Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. Rose Nolan, of Toronto, Ont., who was called to the reward of her fervent Christian life on the 20th ult.

Mr. Joseph R. Wiley, of Portland, Oregon; Mr. John Coughlan, Mt. Morris, N. Y.; Mr. John Cullahan, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Margaret J. Gallagher, Philadelphia; Mrs. Catherine Benigan, Saratoga, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary McGuire, Mrs. Jane McManus, Mrs. Thomas Connelly, Mrs. B. Heffernan, Mr. James McCafferty, Mrs. William Burns, and Mrs. Samuel Hockins,—all of Galena, Ill.; Miss Grace O'Neill, South Boston, Mass.; Margaret Fletcher and Daniel J. McNeerney, Toronto, Ont.; and Mrs. James Maher, Troy, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Jo and Ernestina.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

JO was a chatterbox; Ernestina was "the President of the Angels." These two found their desks placed side by side one morning in school. Jo, seeing that her desk was at the very end of the row, said out loud, at the same time heaving a big sigh:

"It might have been worse. I might have been between two good ones, like the jam in a sandwich."

"Hush, Josephine!" said Sister Francis, while everybody was trying not to laugh; nor was the face of the gentle nun herself quite free from a tendency to smile.

Jo Brannigan was a gay little Irish girl, of the type that looks almost Spanish. She was like some merry sister of the Spanish boys in Murillo's pictures, her hair was so black, her eyes and eyebrows so dark, and her even little teeth so white. We saw a glimpse of those pearly teeth often; for Jo was alive to the fun of everything, and could not help laughing with a ringing, rippling, Irish laugh, that set us all laughing too.

Ernestina Wyse was just the opposite—always serious; took the highest place in everything; swept up all the prizes of her class, and carried them off on her arm. When the bad marks were read out, she never had one against her name. She had

come to school determined never to be "in penance," and she never was. Everyone was so used to hearing her name read out at the end of the month—"Ernestina Wyse, no bad marks!"—that the children of the Holy Angles voted for her to be President. As for Jo, she was not even an aspirant yet. She was not serious about anything; it was "too hard work" trying to be an angel.

One terrible day there was a new nun in charge of the Third Class, instead of Sister Francis, who knew everybody. At the recreation, after dinner, this new nun took a French grammar away from Ernestina. It was the French examination that afternoon. Ernestina was asked the very verb that she had been studying when the book was taken away.

The examination was over, and the afternoon sewing began. Jo asked her:

"You did not miss at all, Ernestina, did you? You never do."

"Yes," said Ernestina, looking vexed. "I missed in *vouloir*. I always read up what we are going to be asked; I don't care for recreation compared to getting all my marks. And, there, to-day that Sister took away my grammar, because it was playtime! As if I wanted 'Puss in the corner' and all that rubbish! I must say I never knew before it was wrong to study—"

"Silence, if you please!" said the new Sister, looking toward them.

Jo Brannigan's needle went just an inch farther on her afternoon tea-cloth. Then she said:

"The most comfortable way is to try to be last instead of first. It is very jolly, and there is no anxiety."

"But I have lost the French prize now," fretted Ernestina.

"If you were poor me," Jo consoled her,— "never getting a prize at all!"

"But I always have," began Ernestina. "Everyone at home expects it of me. My governess used to say I had a talent for everything, and so—"

The nun at the high desk suddenly raised her head from her reading, and said, in a very distinct voice:

"Will you please take your chair and your work over there near the door, where you will have no one to talk to?"

Ernestina's heart beat fast and she flushed red. Had this actually been said to *her*?

Jo, being used to such troubles, jumped up with her sewing in her hand.

"Not you," said the Sister. "I mean the girl next you,—I don't know her name."

After this there was no mistake about it. Ernestina gazed straight at the nun. Perhaps the new authority would think it enough to threaten. It would be a hair-breadth escape, but a penance it should not be. Her clear record at school should not be broken. Why, she would not be able to think again that she had never been in penance and never had a bad mark!

"You are to take your sewing over there," said the nun, pointing to the open space near the door.

Ernestina stood up, angry, helpless, despairing, still hesitating—just wanting to keep her proud record clear. It flashed through her mind that all this came of having her desk placed next a chatterbox like Jo Brannigan.

"I did not begin it," she said,— "I was not the only one who was talking."

The girls stared in surprise. To blame a companion was a meanness contrary to all our notions of generosity.

"I was talking too!" cried Jo, seizing upon two chairs, trotting across the room, and planting them both side by side, and herself on one of them. "I deserve to sit over here too, Sister. There is room for both of us."

This was very naughty of the mischievous Jo, and it set the whole class laughing.

The Sister looked worried and provoked, sent Jo to her place, and ordered Ernestina to do as she was told.

"Excuse me," said Ernestina, crossing the room with her head erect, hot, nervous, and with tears of wounded pride brimming in her eyes. Her voice trembled with rage. "Excuse me, I—I do not think this fair—not just. I prefer to speak to Reverend Mother."

With that the President of the Angels stepped out into the corridor, banging the door behind her.

For a moment it took everyone's breath away. The girls looked at one another. Probably they enjoyed it; such a scene was a novelty. Jo Brannigan alone was sorry. If Sister had only let her go and sit on that chair by the door all this bother would have been avoided. She would much rather have done penance herself; she was used to it. But she pitied the wounded feelings of the fallen "angel," and wiped away a tear with a convenient corner of the unfinished tea-cloth.

The President of the Angels was sulky for the rest of the day. The Reverend Mother was with visitors in the parlor, and Ernestina made no attempt afterward to see her. For the present the new Sister did not enforce her authority.

At the afternoon recreation Ernestina returned to the others. She walked about with a book, and said she had "a slight headache" and could not play. At supper, when everyone was allowed to talk, the President of the Angels was so sullen that Jo Brannigan tried to brighten the feast by playing "Punch and Judy" with two *serviettes*. But the show came to a

sudden end. She got marks against politeness for misusing and playing with the articles on the table. Poor Jo was always allowed an extra space after her name in the mark book, and she had a wonderful variety when the bad notes were read out.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Colvilles in Ireland.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XI.

Upon a breezy hill in the north suburb of Cork stands the fine college of the Christian Brothers. Taking their way thither, the Colvilles strolled up the winding avenue, shaded by lofty trees. From the open space before the entrance to the building a beautiful lawn extends to the foot of the gentle slope; and below lies the city, with its canals and quays, its monastery towers and many church spires.

It was not for the charming view, however, nor yet solely to visit this celebrated school that they had come. Passing the spacious edifice, they followed a secluded path, leading down the other side of the lawn to the garden where the Brothers are wont to take their recreation. A stone's-throw beyond it is the little cemetery of the community: a few graves enclosed by iron palings, and marked each with a white wooden cross, on which is recorded the name in religion of him who there "sleeps in his narrow cell."

The young people went from mound to mound, reading the inscriptions above them. Suddenly they stopped short before a grave differing from the others only in that perchance one might fancy the ivy grew greener and thicker here, and in addition to the white cross was a small marble tablet bearing a name dear to every lover of Irish romance—the charmed name of Gerald Griffin.

"The brilliant essayist, poet, and novelist of world-wide fame sought only to rest here, in humility and obscurity, among his brothers in Christ," said Mr. Colville. "But the affection of the people, whose joys and sorrows he so well depicted, insisted upon erecting at least this simple memorial. After all, where could be found a fairer tomb than in this monastic garden on the sunny hillside, sheltered from fierce winds, but swept by the balmy breezes from the south; the trees above filled with the songs of birds; the butterflies flitting by; the community coming hither for their light-hearted relaxation; their daily prayer for the departed ones, still linked with them by the bonds of charity; the never-forgotten *Requiescat* of some Brother who, when the cares of the day are over, paces the quiet walk saying his rosary?"

The following morning our friends visited the Dominican monastery and chapel on Pope's Quay, the site of Shandon Castle; and there saw the miraculous carved ivory statue of Our Lady, cast up by the sea at Youghal, and long guarded by the Dominicans there.

The event of the day, however, was a call at the Presentation Convent. As they waited in the parlor, Mr. Colville said:

"The foundress of this Order was the noble Nano Nagle, daughter of a wealthy gentleman of Cork. She was born in 1728, and was sent to Paris when quite young to be educated. On her return, her heart was touched by the miserable and ignorant condition of the poor Irish Catholic children, debarred under the penal laws from all chances of education. Beginning on a small scale, she quietly established schools for them, principally at her own expense. Among them, and in the cabins of the poor, she labored daily, teaching, counselling and sympathizing with the people in their poverty and deprivations. Through her efforts, four or five Ursuline nuns came to Cork from France, and opened a school, of which the present

Academy at Black Rock is the outgrowth. Nano, however, wished to devote herself entirely to the children of the poor. She was joined by other ladies of the same aim, and thus a small community was gradually formed. In 1791 it was formally approved by Pope Pius VI., and in 1805 fully organized as an order; its defined object being to instruct little girls in the faith, the rudiments of secular knowledge and industrial work, and to visit sick women in hospitals. As the old enactments against Catholics and religious still remained in force, the first Sisters of the Presentation wore secular attire. There are now nearly a hundred Presentation convents, the majority in Ireland, but several in England, and a number in America and Australia."

As he concluded, one of the Sisters entered. After greeting the party cordially, she said in response to their inquiries:

"Yes, this was the family home of our dear foundress. It was left to her by her father at his death. I will show you some souvenirs of her."

With reverent interest, as objects belonging to one who is esteemed a saint, they regarded these treasures; being particularly fascinated by a faded miniature of Nano, representing her in the plain dress she had adopted, with two poor little children standing at her knee.

The good Sister then led them down a narrow stairway into the school, a large addition to the original building, now just sufficiently mellowed by age to be picturesque. How pleasant it was to go through those sunny class-rooms; to note the exquisite neatness pervading all; to be welcomed with words of true Irish kindness by the Sisters, with smiles by the children; to remark the cheeriness of the teachers, the intelligence and "tidiness" of the pupils! What rows and rows of happy, ruddy young faces!

The visitors were next conducted to the old garden, a retired enclosure encircled

by a high wall, and having many flower-beds gay with autumn blooms. How lovely it was to walk here, where Nano Nagle walked as a young girl, weaving sweet, unselfish day-dreams of what her life should be,—dreams that, by indomitable courage and perseverance, she made grand realities! How beautiful to pause near the upper end of the garden, at the spot about which centres its sunshine and gladness and peace—the tomb of this holy and illustrious daughter of Erin!

The excursion to Blarney, although made by rail, was, in fact, similar to a carriage drive; since the tram-car-like train ascends the Lee by way of lovely country roads, the route affording charming prospects of rural scenery.

Shortly after leaving the station, the attention of our travellers was attracted by a magnificent pile of grey stone buildings situated upon the southern bank of the stream.

"That is Queen's College," said Mr. Colville. "It is built upon the site of the venerable Abbey of Gill."

On they sped, across green meadows, between wooded heights, and amid bosky lanes, where ever and anon they heard the sound of rippling water, and had glimpses of bright little brooks that seemed to catch all the rays of sunlight in the vicinity, and of the river flowing placidly through thicket and glade. Two or three old castles with musical Irish names were passed also, and they learned from a fellow-passenger of several more in the neighborhood.

"Truly, hereabouts every man's home appears to have been literally a castle in the good old times," declared Joe.

A ride of less than an hour brought them to the village of Blarney.

"What a pretty, thrifty-looking place!" said Claire. "Why are not all Irish villages like this?"

"The prosperity of this little hamlet

is due to the woollen factories here, which provide employment for the cottagers," rejoined Mr. Colville.

They strolled around the green, past the rows of white, sloping-roofed cottages. Every window was bright with growing plants and flowers, and the open doorways revealed various simple comforts.

Crossing the railway, the Colvilles passed through a rustic gate into a meadow of emerald turf, of an exquisitely vivid hue, found nowhere save in that dear land at this season. At its farther edge lie the fair groves whose beauties have been sung the world over; and above them rises the square, ivy-clad tower of Blarney Castle.

Before many minutes had elapsed, our visitors were beneath the shade of the trees, climbing the rough, zigzag path to the old grey fortress. Having gained the eminence whereon it stands, they found the custodian of the ruin, an aged dame well versed in the history of its departed glories.

"I can tell you all about the Castle,—who better?" said she. "It was built in the fifteenth century by Cormac MacCarthy the Strong, a descendant of the kings of Munster, and one of the most powerful of the Irish chiefs left after the Sassenach conquest. There are many accounts of the way the Blarney Stone came by its fame. You've heard, I suppose, how the Lord of Blarney got the better of the ministers of Queen Elizabeth by his clever tongue?"

Joe nodded.

"Well, here's another tale. Prince Cormac, who was as noble-hearted as brave, one day saved an old woman from drowning. As a reward, she offered to endow him with a golden tongue, whose eloquence should persuade both friends and foes to do his will. She told him to mount the keep at daybreak, and kiss a certain triangular stone in the wall, five feet below the gallery at the summit. He obeyed, and acquired the promised irresistible power of persuasion; and since

then it has passed into a tradition that the like charm may be gained by whosoever touches his lips to the Blarney Stone."

What a climb it was to the parapet! What a stumbling up the uneven stone steps of the dark, old spiral stairs, which seemed as if they would lead on and on forever, and only a ray of light be vouchsafed now and then! On the way the young people peered into shadowy little cells, that may have been donjons, but were perhaps only living rooms; again they looked down over the inner walls into the roofless armor, or banquet hall; or peeped out at the old moat through the small windows, built just wide enough to permit the garrison to aim their arrows or point their arquebuses through them at the besieging foe.

At last they reached the walk leading around the top, whither Cormac directed his steps on the occasion so momentous in the annals of Blarney. For the time being, however, the girls forgot the main object of the ascent in their delight at the view from their lofty position. On one side their gaze roved over the handsome park surrounding the mansion of the present proprietor of these lordly acres; while turning about they looked down upon the lovely thickets of the famed Rock Close.

But Joe speedily discovered the famous stone, and called the others to it. He was rather disappointed at not being allowed to salute it by hanging, head-downward, over the wall, holding on by the heels,—a foolhardy escapade, oftener talked about than really attempted. The usual method is sufficiently perilous. To reach the celebrated block of granite it is necessary to step down upon two or three iron bars that extend across a breach in the wall; then, stooping or kneeling there at a great height from the ground, with no other support than the iron grating, one may kiss the inner side of the stone.

Having accomplished the feat amid

much merriment, our party descended the tortuous stairs again. They looked into the blackness of the cave beneath the tower, "where no daylight enters," and where Joe disturbed several bats by throwing a pebble in among them; but there was not to be seen even the ghost of one of the badgers anciently reputed to dwell there too.

Rambling onward, from the grove at the foot of the hill they looked back at the Castle above them.

"At this point it appears like a great grey boulder,—

'Nothing at all but a stone
And a small little twist of ould ivy,'"

said Claire. "How densely this most poetic of vines clusters about the ruin, as if its tendrils were thousands of elfin hands holding up the old walls to prevent them from crumbling to pieces!"

Now they entered the "sweet Rock Close," an enchanting little rocky dell, shaded by stately trees and a tangle of wild wood, where the ground is all covered with ivy growing as thick as the blades of grass in other places; where limpid brooks flow tranquilly, making sweetest music; where one would almost be content to wander until the end of time, as in a sylvan paradise.

At the end of this enchanting solitude they came upon the Witches' Stairs, a flight of rude stone steps; and, descending these, discovered a clear stream flowing through a delightful bit of greensward, and near by a curious mass of rock thought to be a Cromlech, or Druid altar. Thence they went on to Blarney Lake, a charming spot, environed by a scene of pastoral beauty.

"According to the folk-lore of the neighborhood, the wealth of the hereditary chiefs of Blarney lies buried within these depths," said Mr. Colville. "The exact location of the treasure is, the legend states, known to only three MacCarthys in each generation; but it will be recovered

when one of the name again enters into possession of the domain of his ancestors."

"Those are fine-looking cattle in the pastures," observed Joe.

"Are you sure that they are not very extraordinary cattle?"

The boy, astonished by the question, stared blankly at his father.

"Because," continued the latter, laughing, "the stories say enchanted cows are sometimes seen browsing here, especially by the light of the midsummer moon; and fairy rings may be found on the sward from May-day to the last of the harvest."

(To be continued.)

A Knight of the Round Table.

It is no new thing for the gifted child of a large family to be misunderstood and misjudged by the others. As long ago as the days of King Arthur it is related that a cowherd went to the King and said:

"I pray you, my liege, make my son a knight."

"Which one?" asked the King, knowing that the man had many.

"The good-for-nothing one."

"Is this your request or his?"

"'Tis his, my gracious sovereign. For my part, I think he should do like his twelve brothers, who will labor at whatever I put them; but this fellow goes about in a dream, throwing darts, and thinking he sees battles, and talking of knights and tournaments. He says he will never be a cowherd, so I beg you to let him be one of your knights, and I shall think I am well rid of the idler."

The King ordered the thirteen sons to be sent for. The twelve were simple and uncouth peasants, shaped like their father; but the discontented lad was tall and beautiful. So King Arthur made him a knight, and he fought valiantly with the others of the Round Table.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48

VOL. XXXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

No. 20.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

In November.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

COULD we the clanking chain and fetters
see
That hold some wretch in dungeon dark and
low

A prisoner, nor long to strike a blow
From iron bonds to set that captive free?
Could we behold a friend beloved dree
The greatest mortal agony, and know
Our impotence to soothe one anguished throe,
Nor deem our helplessness worst misery?

And yet this hour in purgatorial flames,
Longing for heaven, trusting earth for aid,
Are captives bound till their last debt be paid.
Their suffering the tenderest pity claims;
And we deny the alms, the Mass, the prayer,
That God accepts in lieu of anguish there.

Catholicism and National Prosperity.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

LET us now examine into the truth of the assertion that Protestant countries enjoy economic conditions which are superior to those prevailing in Catholic lands. Let us also inquire whether this superiority, if it has any real existence in

one isolated case, is a thing for that nation to extol. And let us see, finally, whether Catholicism is the cause of the decadence (not half so pronounced as some believe it to be) of Italy and Spain. In treating of the first question, we naturally think at once of France, that glorious nation—Eldest Daughter of the Church—whose sons styled her, not very long ago, and with just and pardonable pride, the first among the greatest. Now France, despite the efforts of the Freemasons and of others of that ilk in every corner of her soil, and despite the iniquities of the recent governments which her sins have caused Heaven to tolerate, remains to-day, as to the immense majority of her citizens—the less noisy ones, of whom therefore little is heard—Catholic to the core. We adduce France, for this reason, as the first contradiction of the theory which we combat.

Does any state in continental Europe rival France in commerce, industry, or any of the sources of temporal wealth and prosperity? There is no need of dilating upon this point, for one argument alone serves to indicate the extraordinary prosperity of *la grande nation*: that is the celerity with which, phoenix-like, she rose from the ashes of the war of '70 and from the hellish caldron of the Commune; the marvellous readiness with which she paid the exorbitant indemnity entailed by her defeat. Look now upon the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the most heterogene-

ous conglomeration of nationalities ever witnessed since the fall of ancient Rome. Nevertheless, its people are prosperous; and if statesmen reason correctly when they proclaim that constantly increasing and a proportionately large population indicate national well-being, then we are glad to note that this Empire, in spite of its heterogeneousness, has five times more subjects to the square mile than extravagantly lauded Protestant Prussia can present for the edification of a statistician. And let the reader remember that the most populous provinces of the Prussian monarchy are the Catholic Rhenish provinces.

Now throw a glance on little Belgium, one of the most Catholic nations on earth. For all the elements of real prosperity, she could claim pre-eminence over any Protestant nation, until the recent triumph of the Brethren of the Three Points disturbed the serenity of her ways. The Belgian population to the square mile is nearly double that of Protestant Holland, which possesses a similar climate. Consider also unfortunate Poland, the land of the canonized King Casimir, of St. Stanislaus Kostka, and of Sobieski. Her proportionate population is greater than that of schismatic Russia; greater even than that of the Czar's central provinces, where the climate is no more rigorous than that of the obliterated kingdom. Finally, we would ask whether Catholic Tyrol and Catholic Bavaria are poorer and less happy than Protestant Hanover and Saxony.

At this stage of our argument our ears are dinned by the seemingly triumphant cry: "But what about Catholic Mexico and the equally Catholic countries of South America?" Well, Mexico and some of the Southern republics are somewhat backward in the race of temporal progress; and we are not disposed to assign their climate as a reason for the presumed melancholy fact. But let us remember that scarcely one-eighth of the inhabitants

of the Latin-American States are of pure Spanish or Portuguese blood; that at least one-half of the remainder are of pure Indian stock. The Indian race everywhere, and the Negro race in the Southern republics, do not take kindly to progressive innovations. But, after all, are Ecuador, Chili, and Argentina, for instance, so very backward in the struggle for the enjoyment of nineteenth century advantages? And our Protestant critics forget that if the Catholic Spaniards and Portuguese had imitated the policy of the Protestant Anglo-Saxon race in regard to the Indians who once dwelt in the lands now occupied by these United States,—if they had swept the Southern aborigines from the face of the earth, instead of Christianizing, civilizing, and intermarrying with them; then the picture now presented by the Latin republics would furnish features more pleasing to the worshippers of Mammon and of whatever is bad in modern economics. Nor ought it be forgotten that most of the misfortunes, nearly all that we of the more practical North condemn in those countries, owe their birth and their maturity to transgression of the precepts of the Catholic Church, and especially to the baneful influence of the Square and Triangle.

Without any diffidence, we now venture to contemplate the economic conditions enjoyed by the colossus among nations. England is pre-eminently the great one among Protestant countries; and certainly her comparatively immense population and her vast wealth convey a first impression that her economic situation is more covetable than that of Italy or of Spain. London occupies the position which Seville shared with Lisbon in the sixteenth century. At the latter period, the manufactures of Seville and Segovia were more famous than those of Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham are to-day. Rome was the centre of credit at that time; now London is the banker of the world.

Then Spain was the chief colonizer of the New World which an Italian had recently discovered; now England takes the lead in all matters of exploration and commercial reclamation in hitherto useless lands. The navies of Spain and Portugal are comparatively weak in our day, but the Union Jack flutters in almost every nook of the earth's surface. We are informed that the decadence of Spain and Italy is due to the mummifying influence of Catholicism. We admit at once, and with no fear of the consequences, that it is to Protestantism that Great Britain owes, very considerably, her national wealth and power. But this fact evokes from us no meed of praise for that negation which is termed Protestantism. Nay, the very means by which this fact was actuated furnish reasons for a stronger contempt of the Lutheran idea, and for an indulgent pity toward its victims. England has had, for three centuries, one sole rule of policy—the acquirement of riches; every sacrifice has been made for the attainment of that one object. Justice, honor, faith,—all have been thrust inexorably into the insatiable maw of Mammon. The wealth of England and what she dignifies by the name of patriotism—things which are at once her power and her disgrace—are merely the result of the marriage of national selfishness with a certain laxity of morals. Style the fruit of this union “public spirit,” if you will; but the Catholic Church will never tolerate in her children either the monstrosity itself or the combination which produces it.

It is more than probable that if Henry VIII. had not placed the bed of his concubine between England and Rome; if the majority of the English people, with all their national pride, did not still crouch behind that token of adultery's revolt against the Catholic Church, the whilom Isle of Saints would not be to-day on so towering a height of commercial and manufacturing wealth. But there would

be a compensation. To say nothing—for we now speak of purely material matters—of the greater probability of salvation for her children, England would not groan under her present incubus—a legion of abject paupers. She would not be forced to confine so many thousands of her hungry population in those prisons which she disguises as workhouses, institutions of which she had no conception in her Catholic days. Truly, a wonderful spectacle is furnished to Catholic lands by this Protestant England, which so loudly and brazenly vaunts a pretended superiority in governmental economics. In exact proportion to the increase of wealth among her capitalists, the poverty of her masses has increased. And let us note an eloquent fact, which must astound him who believes that enormous commercial preponderance is a salve for all social sores. While the riches of England have been developing during the last twenty decades or so, the productions of Italy and Spain have continued in an average sameness, if they have not gradually diminished. Nevertheless, the condition of the working classes in these Catholic countries has always remained, to say the least, very pleasantly tolerable.

It is true that Italy and Spain have fallen behind England in the career of worldly prosperity; but is this decadence attributable to Catholicism? A negative answer will be returned by those who remember that Catholic institutions were productive, during many centuries, of the greatest glories and felicity of these countries. The careful student of history discerns reasons for the noted decadence which have no connection with Catholicism. In their argumentation to the effect that Italy and Spain would have retained their commercial and industrial primacy if they had accompanied Germany and England into the vortex of the Reformation, certain Protestant polemics throw logic to the winds. *Post hoc* does not

imply *propter hoc*. There were many causes wherefore Italy fell prostrate when the discovery of the New World by one of her own sons turned commerce away from her marts. "The destruction of her small republics; the mania of Italians for fighting no longer for their country and their rights, but for the pretensions of princes; the revival in Europe of ambition for foreign conquests, one of the sores of pagan Rome which had been healed by feudalism; the consequent invasion of Italy by the foreigner, and the general adoption of standing armies by the intruders; the revival of classic studies, which substituted a veneration of force such as the pagan state demanded, instead of Christian justice,—these and others were the causes." Such is the judgment of Cesare Cantù, the prince of modern historians, who then proceeds to comment on the Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the 'Thirty Years' War.

The consequence of this treaty was that "Germany lost that primacy which she had enjoyed during the Middle Age. Hence the Germans, who had been drawn into the Reformation by their envy of the more brilliant sun of Italy, of its more harmonious language, of its more polite manners, of its more liberal institutions, and of its more advanced civilization, encountered their own ruin through their hatred of Italy. They feared the pre-eminence of the Latin race, and therefore they warred against Spain; that country was Catholic, and therefore they warred against Catholicism. And all this resulted merely in the consolidation of the House of Austria, which thenceforth retained the German Crown and the dominion of Italy. Instead of abolishing the Empire, the Germans abolished the Pope; instead of acquiring civil and municipal liberty, they obtained freedom from going to Mass and from confessing their sins, and the right to sing their hymns in German. But Italy suffered much more than Germany

suffered. Her fruitful partition into small states disappeared before the Austro-Spanish supremacy, which was no longer counterbalanced by France, and was held within some sort of bounds only by the republics of Venice and Genoa." * So much for the decadence of Italy, whose peoples, nevertheless, until the triumph of Cavour, Mazzini and the Masonic lodges, were in much better economic conditions than those of England.

As to the deterioration of Spain since the sixteenth century, that country makes in modern times a much better showing than is made by England. Before the accession of Isabella II. in 1833, from which time Spain has been almost continually the prey of the votaries of the Dark Lantern, and for some time after that accession, the indigents in the peninsula numbered only one in thirty of the population; whereas in England, at the same period, the indigents were one in six. † The attentive student of Spanish history must have observed that after the first rounding of the Cape of Good Hope in 1486, which diverted to other nations much of the commerce of Spain, the causes of diminished prosperity in that country were, firstly, the absolutism of its monarchs from the time of Charles V. until the early years of this century; secondly, the deplorable administration of the national finances in nearly every reign; and, finally, an unceasing succession of wars. And with the advent of the nineteenth century came the Napoleonic usurpation of the Spanish throne, and its attendant horrors; and ever since that time Masonry has been rampant in the peninsula. These facts explain the comparatively unfortunate economical condition of Spain, without any prating about clerical privileges, monastic influences, or the soporific tendencies of Catholic doctrine.

* "Gli Eretici d'Italia," Disc. 48. Turin, 1866.

† Villeneuve-Bargemont: "Economie Politique Chrétienne," Paris, 1834.

What we have said of Spain may be applied, with a few modifications, to other Catholic countries during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Then the Church had lost much of her olden influence over the temporal governments of those lands, notably in France and Austria. Monarchical supremacy was the order of the day; even the ecclesiastical power had too often to hold itself in abeyance. The superficial observer notes the wealth and honors then showered, as in the halcyon days of old, upon the upper clergy; and he fails to realize that these trumperies—for they had become such—were no compensation for curtailed freedom. "Openly assailed by the Protestant sects, insidiously attacked by the blind ambition of princes, the Catholic Church was obliged to allow the world to follow its inclinations. *She waited patiently for better days, when, after many disappointments, the world would again hearken to her voice*; and she confined herself to her principal function, the preservation of dogmatic truth. *She had abdicated as the director of Christian states*. Therefore, men should not blame her for the evils they suffered during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is not difficult to point out the culprit whom men should blame. That culprit was absolute monarchy."* And absolute monarchy, as experienced in Christian states, was the legitimate and fondly-coddled child of Protestantism. It were needless to treat the moral side of the question which we have discussed, since every candid and benevolent mind must necessarily regard it from the Catholic point of view when circumstances or inclination prompt him to give attention to the matter.† We have

wished merely to show that Catholicism is not the born enemy of national prosperity; but that, on the contrary, the Church is an ally of true economic science. It is only proper to conclude with what must appear to every Catholic as a truism—namely, the advice of our Divine Saviour: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be added unto you."

The Foster-Brothers.

A TALE OF THE BASTILLE.

II.

FORTUNATELY for Isaure, Lady Beatrice sent her to a convent, to be brought up with other young girls of her rank and age; so that she escaped the tyranny of domestic life with her aunt.

When Gaston was eight years old Annette tried to make him understand that he must return to the castle and be educated, so as to become as true a nobleman as his father had been. Very intelligent and serious beyond his age, the child yielded to her persuasions, and bravely declared to his uncle that he was willing to leave the farm. Beatrice had spitefully told him that he was a dependent on his nurse's bounty, and the sensitive little Count blushed at the thought of being a burden to his humble friends. Not that they had ever felt him so, but times had sadly changed for them since Count Maurice's death. Their rent was raised by the contrivance of Lady Beatrice; and a bad harvest having placed them in a temporary difficulty, she had exacted the

* Fergueray: "Le Christianisme; Est-il Hostile à l'Industrie?" Paris, 1844.

† We have abstained from any detailed account of the debt of gratitude which is due to the monastic orders for their industrial and other economic lessons to our ancestors; but it may be well to direct attention to some observations on this matter,

made by an authority not burdened with prejudice in favor of Catholic institutions. Messrs. Yves Guyot and Sigismund Lacroix, authors of a work much esteemed by European radicals, "Histoire des Prolétaires," which begins with the very un-Catholic dictum that man descends from a monkey, and which is filled with imprecations against Christianity

full payment of their rent when she knew they had not money to meet it. Annette was obliged to sell the nice furniture the deceased Count had presented to her; and even the wedding clothes, so dear to the French peasant, and hitherto so carefully preserved.

All this was carefully concealed from Gaston by the good farmer and his wife, so that the boy had no idea of the want and suffering he had unwittingly brought on his foster-parents. But he did not forgive his aunt for not paying a pension for his maintenance; and in the look he gave her when he announced his resolve of returning to the castle, she clearly saw that his father's spirit dwelt in the young Count, and that she would never be able to break it.

Loving and expansive by nature, his life at the castle was a cruel apprenticeship for Gaston, with his haughty, inimical aunt, and indolent, though not unkind, guardian. With a rare power of mind for one so young, the boy understood that study alone offered a resource in his lonely life; he applied to it therefore with a zeal that won the heart of the good priest to whom his education had been confided. And as his mind developed and his character became formed under his preceptor's enlightened care, he ceased to pay attention to the petty spite of Lady Beatrice.

Once or twice a week Gaston went

with his tutor to Elm Farm, and his visits were always the occasion of happiness and joy. Having plenty of pocket-money, he spent all he did not give in alms in buying toys and little presents for his foster-brothers and sisters, above all for his favorite Jean. Generous to a fault, money was never long in his possession, and he often wished he could render some real service to the latter. Accident made known to him how to do so.

One of his greatest pleasures was to put a book in his pocket, and, when tired of walking, sit down under a tree and lose himself in one of his favorite volumes. He was passionately fond of reading. Jean Maclon often came behind him, and looked with an envious eye on the pages which the young Count turned so quickly. Once Gaston read to him the passage where Corneille describes the fight of the Cid with the Moors, and he was astonished at Jean's enthusiastic delight.

"Would you like me to teach you to read?" he asked, suddenly struck by the thought that this would be a real service to Jean.

"Oh, you are laughing at me!" said the little peasant, coloring deeply.

"No," continued Gaston, "I am quite serious; and if you wish I shall teach you to read and write."

Jean's delight was unbounded. The tutor heartily approved, and at the end of a month the young professor was astonished at the rapid progress of his pupil. The lessons were given in the open air or at the farm; for none of the Maclon family dared to enter the castle precincts. When Jean could read alone, and really possessed a book of his own, he had no words to express his gratitude to Gaston, and only longed to be grown up in order to be able to render him some service. The young Count, on his part, was happy to have discovered a way of giving pleasure to Jean, and was very proud of his progress.

However, one day the clouds were dark

in every form, thus descants upon the Benedictines: "A Benedictine monastery is a barrack, in which the soldiers *labor* and pray. A monastery is a veritable insurance company. It is also an industrial and agricultural company. Certain enterprises can be undertaken only by a concentration of energy. At this time [the period of the Merovingian dynasty, A. D. 447-714] such a thing as credit did not exist; shares were unknown; but the monks formed societies based upon that principle. There was plenty of land, plenty of elements to be utilized; but man shunned the desert, the swamp, and the forest. He felt that their reclamation was beyond his power; but the monks came, selected propitious localities, felled the forests, drained the swamps, and founded agricultural colonies. Association had been the *desideratum*, and these monks furnished it."

and lowering, and Jean was not waiting at the appointed place. Gaston, thinking he might have expected him at the farm, as it threatened rain, went there, and arrived at a most piteous moment. Jean and his three sisters were crying as if their hearts would break, with their arms round Blanchet, the white lamb that since its birth had been the pet and plaything of all four; while one of the farm servants, with a strong rope in his hand, vainly tried to get possession of the poor animal. At the door of the farm-house stood Nurse Maclon, holding her youngest child in her arms, while she talked earnestly to a man whom Gaston had often seen buying cattle at the farm.

"What is the matter?" asked the Count.

"Ah! my young Lord," exclaimed Annette, "the good God has sent you to me to help me to make these children have sense. Our affairs are going on so badly that I was obliged, much against my will, to sell their lamb in order to get some money; and they, unkind children that they are, add to my grief instead of consoling me. Tell them not to tease their mother by their tears, when she can not help what she is doing."

Jean came over at these words, and, wiping his eyes furtively with the back of his sleeve, said:

"I would let Blanchet be sold, since it must be: I am no longer a child"—and he drew himself up proudly,—“but I can not see my little sisters in such grief without sharing it.” And he pointed to Lisa, who, with her apron to her eyes, was sobbing convulsively.

"Mamma Maclon," cried Gaston, at the same time fumbling in his pocket, "how much do you want?"

"Alas! my dear child," she answered, "this good man advanced me the money a month ago; and the lamb must go, for it is his."

The young Count remained an instant

undecided; the little ones stopped crying, and looked at him with an air of piteous entreaty; then he turned to the man.

"If you get back your money, will you give up the lamb?" he asked.

"Certainly, Count," replied the cattle-dealer, civilly.

Gaston at once began to count his money. Alas! he had not half the sum required. On perceiving this, he made Nurse Maclon accept all he had; then, addressing the children, he said:

"I give you my word—the word of a Maillevert—that your lamb will be given back to you; so now stop crying."

He inspired them with such confidence that they allowed the dealer to carry off the lamb without further protest, on his promise not to kill it if paid before next evening.

Returning quickly to the castle, Gaston sought his uncle. The latter, who minded him very little, though really fond and proud of him, was greatly surprised at his serious air.

"What is the matter, nephew?" he said, jovially. "You are as grave as if your beard were grey."

"Uncle," answered Gaston, resolutely, "I have a favor to ask of you,—of you personally, not of my aunt."

"Ho! ho! There is question, then, of something that would not meet her approval."

"You are as good a judge as she is," replied the boy, quickly. "I respect you as my father; and if you think he would have disapproved of my project, I promise to give it up. But I am sure of your approval, and wish to have your word that no one else shall know of it."

"Very well, I promise," answered the Viscount, amused at the child's gravity. Then Gaston related the scene he had witnessed at the farm, and asked his uncle to advance, on his future pocket money, the sum he required to ransom the lamb.

"Do you know, my dear nephew, that you will be a whole month without a farthing in your purse, if I consent to your request?"

"I don't mind, if I can console my poor Jean and dry Lisa's tears. Try me, uncle, and you will see that I shall not once ask you for money during the month."

"Agreed, then. I wish to see if Gaston de Maillevert has as much firmness of character as he pretends to possess, and if he can keep a resolution."

Once in possession of the money, Gaston flew rather than walked to the village, where the dealer gave up the lamb on receiving the sum owed him.

"Let us go to the farm at once, Father," said Gaston to his tutor; "they will be so happy, I am longing to tell them."

The good priest was quite willing to encourage his pupil, whose generous nature he understood and admired; and so, with Gaston leading the lamb, they returned to Elm Farm.

"Here is Blanchet!" exclaimed the young Count as he entered the large kitchen of the farm-house, where the whole family was assembled. A cry of joy arose from the children as they rushed to caress the lamb; but Jean followed his foster-brother, who retired quickly to avoid the profuse thanks of Maclon and his wife.

"My Lord," he began gravely, "this morning you said a Maillevert never broke his word, and you have proved it; you will see that Jean Maclon, peasant as he is, also knows how to keep a promise. Henceforth I am yours in life or death; and if you ever need any one to lay down his life for you, I shall be there to do so gladly."

These words in the mouth of a child of ten sounded strange and touching; but the intelligent, resolute air of Jean showed there was in him the making of a loyal, trustworthy man. Gaston affectionately embraced him—that was his only answer; but the two lads never forgot that moment.

The Viscount closely watched his nephew during the ensuing month, but the latter neither asked for money nor complained of the privation.

"Beatrice is quite right," he murmured: "the boy has inherited his father's indomitable spirit."

III.

Years passed. The young Count of Maillevert grew up an accomplished gentleman—brave, loyal and warm-hearted, with an education beyond his years. Jean Maclon, thanks to his foster-brother, was very superior to the peasants around him, but still he was generally beloved; for, far from affecting to look down on them, he was ready to oblige everyone. Love for his parents and devoted affection for the young Count of Maillevert were his two ruling passions, and he had become almost indispensable to the latter.

As time went on, Lady Beatrice's detestation for her nephew grew into a kind of monomania, and their relations became more strained as Gaston approached his majority. Isaure was all in all to her brother. Gentle, amiable and pious, she exercised an unbounded influence over his impetuous disposition; while she looked to him for the protection upon which, notwithstanding his youth, she felt she could rely.

For some inscrutable motive, while Lady Beatrice hated Gaston, she was jealous of his love for Isaure and of her influence over him, and she determined to separate them.

One fine morning in the spring of 1754, Isaure, who was embroidering in the embrasure of the window of the large *salon*, was disturbed by the entrance of her brother, pale, his eyes sparkling with rage, and evidently a prey to violent anger.

"What has happened? For Heaven's sake be calm, Gaston, and tell me what is the matter."

"By what right does this woman domineer over us in such a manner? What is

she but an alien, envious of our rank and fortune, and our most bitter enemy?" was the impetuous answer.

No need to name the person to whom he alluded: Isaure knew at once that Lady Beatrice was meant.

"But what has she done, little brother?"

"Done! She wants to separate us, Isaure. I must go, and leave you to bear the brunt of her malice all alone."

"Gaston, are you sure of this?"

"Oh, very sure indeed! Listen. A few moments ago the Viscount, docile to the teachings of our sweet aunt, announced to me that I should be ready in eight days to join the frigate *Espérance*, to which his Majesty has graciously nominated me third lieutenant."

"Then you will have to fight?" cried Isaure, trembling.

"That is the only consolation I have in the matter, and I trust I shall not prove unworthy of the name I bear. It is for you I am uneasy, Isaure. I spoke to our uncle, and he assured me of his protection; but added that Lady Beatrice loved you as her own child. So you may fancy how far he is to be relied on."

"But, Gaston, don't fret for me. Sometimes aunt is very kind to me."

"Oh, yes, very kind! I am well aware of it," rejoined her brother, bitterly. "And I am deeply indebted to this Marquis of Villegonthier, who has obtained the lieutenantancy for me."

"Villegonthier?" Isaure repeated, and she colored violently. "Did Nurse Maclon never speak of him to you, Gaston?"

"Never."

"Then I must acquaint you with a circumstance which I have concealed up to the present, not to make you uneasy. About a year ago the Viscountess was unusually amiable and quite affectionate. She asked me to take a walk with her, and during the entire time she descanted on the merits and brilliant position of the Marquis of Villegonthier. Finally she said

that if that gentleman became a suitor for my hand, she would be delighted.

"Your hand!" exclaimed Gaston. "Why, he is past fifty; and, notwithstanding his influence at court, he enjoys a very bad reputation."

"I know all that, but hear the rest. Next morning I met Nurse Maclon, and related to her what my aunt had said. She was indignant beyond measure, and declared it was an evident plot between Lady Beatrice and the Marquis. She then made known to me that the latter had been a former suitor of our mother's; and, in consequence of her rejection, had nourished an implacable hatred, of which he gave many proofs, against our parents."

"And this man dares to aspire to your hand!" cried Gaston. "But all this must be unknown to the Viscountess."

Isaure shook her head.

"Far from being ignorant of it, she more than once aided the Marquis of Villegonthier in his odious machinations. The plain truth is, Gaston, Lady Beatrice detested mamma; and she encouraged the Marquis only because he was her enemy."

"I will not go to sea under these circumstances," said the Count, resolutely. "I shall not be under the shadow of an obligation to my father's enemy."

As he was speaking Lady Beatrice entered the room. Feigning not to perceive the emotion of the young people, she said coldly:

"The Marquis of Villegonthier will be our guest this evening. Gaston, I expect you will thank him for the kind interest he has taken in you."

"Lady Beatrice," replied her nephew, "I refuse the lieutenantancy offered to me, and decline to accept any favor from the enemy of my parents."

"What is the meaning of this?" said the Viscountess, turning to Isaure as if to ask for an explanation. "Who has dared to relate those foolish tales to you? Know, my fair nephew, that the Marquis of

Villegonthier is one of your best friends. However, I don't intend to exercise the least constraint over you. Your refusal of his Majesty's nomination may give rise to the suspicion that the heir of Maillevret is endowed with rare—*prudence*, since he declines the dangerous honor of fighting for his King and country. But if you are at all afraid, my dear Gaston, we shall drop the subject."

Exasperated at this insult, the young man almost lost his reason for a moment. He advanced toward the Viscountess with a threatening gesture. Isaure threw herself between them with a cry of fright.

"What!" sneered Lady Beatrice. "Would you strike me? It would be a noble proof of courage."

Gaston, brought to his senses by this taunt, colored to the temples; and, folding his arms, faced his enemy in silence.

"Well," continued his implacable aunt, "shall I tell the Marquis of Villegonthier that you refuse to enter the King's service from motives of prudence?"

"I shall be on board the *Espérance* in eight days," was the calm reply.

"So much the better. Since you accept the Marquis' good offices, I suppose you will have the politeness to thank him." And Lady Beatrice swept insolently from the room.

Then Gaston's self-control gave way, and for a time all Isaure's efforts to calm him were unavailing. At last she succeeded, having given him a solemn promise never, under any circumstances, to marry the Marquis of Villegonthier.

(To be continued.)

OUR own anger indeed does us more harm than the thing which makes us angry; and we suffer much more from the anger and vexation which we allow acts to rouse in us, than we do from the acts themselves at which we are angry or vexed.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

A Persian Idyl.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

LIKE the hectic flush of the autumn leaves,
The sunset red illumines the bay;
Each sombre cloud in the gloaming weaves
A shroud for the dying day,

When lo! in that mystical, solemn hour
A Voice rings out, like a bell, on high:
'Tis God, from His own celestial tow'r,
Who summons the stars to the sky!

He calls them by name. Then anear and afar
They glide thro' the hovering shadows by,
Where the echoes resound to the voice of
each star:

"'Tis I, great Lord—'tis I!"

Traces of Travel.

IN CAMPAGNA.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XX.—THE ROMANS AT PLAY.

THE summer heat is fierce in Rome. We are driven frequently to the booths near the fountains, where delicious ices are to be obtained at all hours of the day and night. And the open-air theatres attract us; for we must be amused, no matter what the temperature. The aristocratic Apollo Theatre is closed for the season, but we may still hear good music and see excellent acting elsewhere.

Over the Tiber, on the edge of the town, there is a great summer-house sacred to song and cigars; it is called the Politiana Romana. By six o'clock of a summer's evening the house is sure to be pretty well filled. The glass roof of the barn-like structure is partly uncovered; windows and doors are wide open; the populace may hear the opera about as well from without as if they were seated within the

theatre. The best seats in the orchestra are but forty cents each. One may sit there in whatever dress he chooses to wear, and smoke throughout the performance if so disposed. No lady objects, no gentleman hesitates. It is a kind of refined liberty hall.

On Sundays and saints' days the place is thronged; and such old favorites as "Il Trovatore," "La Favorita," "Don Pasquale," and the like, alternate with the revival of very ancient Italian operas, or the latest works of the young masters. I heard "Ruy Blas" one evening, given by a troupe of singers new to Rome. The audience was large, and, as usual with Italian audiences, quite critical. The unlucky tenor didn't suit the public, the *prima-donna* was hardly a success, and the performance was most unsatisfactory.

There was an admirable opportunity for the study of Italian character: it let itself loose that evening. We all fanned ourselves violently with little paper fans, sold in the house for one or two cents each. We took Neapolitan ices at intervals; we drank beer or lemonade, and smoked cigars or cigarettes till all the air was blue. Between the acts—the waits were very long—we wandered in a garden overhanging the Tiber; a garden filled with small tables, where more ices and lemonades were served in a semi-operatic fashion. All this time the Tiber gurgled below us, and the dusk came slowly on. The summer theatres open early, and the twilights are much prolonged.

The curtain at the Politiama Romana rose in season to give us two acts of the opera by daylight. The effect was singularly depressing to the unaccustomed eye: the tawdry tinsel, the faded scenery, the palpable paint on the weary faces of the singers. It was more like a rehearsal than anything else.

Probably most of the listeners could have taken up an interrupted strain of "Ruy Blas" and completed it according to the original score. Not only was it

necessary that the music should be correctly rendered, but good voices only could hope to be tolerated in those familiar airs. Popularity is a dangerous thing, and the Italian public is merciless.

The tenor had scarcely concluded his first solo when it was discovered that he was not equal to the occasion. Time and again the music had been better sung in Rome. The *prima-donna* was scarcely an improvement on the tenor, and her efforts to please were coldly received by the entire house. Poor little woman! how hard she strove to get one kindly round of applause from that unsympathetic audience! During the first and second acts there was some hissing and hooting by the dissatisfied people. The stage was at last lighted, and the house partially; but we sat in a kind of twilight, with the big stars looking through the roof, and the cool evening air stealing in upon us.

In the third act there is a brilliant and passionate duet, the refrain of which is on the lips of every Roman. The exquisite *morceau* is hinted at from the hour of the overture; again and again the orchestra touches upon it, and it is traceable in the beautiful accompaniments to some of the airs in the first and second acts. It seems as if the composer, in love with his inspiration, could not wait for the happy moment when, in the third act, he is at last to give his triumph to the world.

The tenor and the *prima-donna* had no sooner blended their voices in the harmonious ecstasy of this duet than the house became suddenly silent. This was evidently the final test of the evening. If the gem of the opera were sung acceptably, all else might be forgiven. It failed,—failed miserably. The final bars of the duet were sung in chorus by all present—I alone excepted,—and the last note was a shriek of derision, that continued until the discomfited singers had ignominiously retreated from the stage. The greatest confusion followed.

In the fourth act the worst singers were loudly applauded, while the tenor was barked at dog-fashion—indeed they were curs that did it. Cries of “Stop! stop!” “Go on!” “Repeat!” etc., fairly drowned the orchestra, and everybody smoked harder than ever.

Pandemonium reigned for a time. The great public beat the air madly with its cheap fans, and laughed and talked and disputed until the curtain fell at the close of the last act, when we all went into the cool, fresh air, to find the evening brilliant as an aurora, and the hour of our relief but nine. Such is opera in Italy when it doesn't quite suit its auditors.

The tiny theatre of the plebeians is only a few steps from the ancient Theatre of Marcellus. It stands in the shadow of the Tarpeian Rock—or rather in the shadow of that insignificant mound which may or may not have been known as the Tarpeian Rock in the good old days when the superfluous Romans used to pitch themselves from the brow of it. This theatre, known as the Prandi, looks about the size of a dry-goods box; it is in reality so small that the six members of the orchestra loom like *colossi*, and a blast from the big brass horn is almost enough to lift the roof of the house.

There are two performances each evening at the Prandi: one at six and one at nine o'clock. I went to the latter, and was admitted to the distinguished seats in the dress circle for the trifling consideration of six cents. I could probably have engaged a private box just big enough to turn around in for about a quarter of a dollar.

We were twenty-three souls all told. I fear it was not a paying house, yet the robustious six in the orchestra made up for all deficiencies. Under their combined forces the little theatre trembled to its foundations; and I felt certain that nothing would be left undone, notwithstanding the discouraging slimness of the audience.

The music was very filling. When it ceased the four footlights suddenly flared over the tops of their smoky chimneys; the curtain was dragged up in a very awkward and lop-sided fashion, and the play began. It was a dismal tragedy of a purloined pocket-book. The leading lady wept copiously; the First-old-man was precipitated upon the brink of the grave; the lover was in despair; and the villain, with an utter absence of any human sentiment, smiled and was a villain still through five fearful and tearful acts. In the end that pocket-book turned up, and the happiness of everybody was complete. It was a very thin pocket-book, and I wonder that its loss could so unhinge the entire community, as it were; but a little thing like that goes a long way in Italy.

Fortunately, the five acts were brief acts and to the point; and at the close of the drama “Pulcinella” dropped abruptly in upon the scene, like a clown in a pantomime, and the audience screamed with delight. Pulcinella is a buffoon in a white blouse and loose white trousers. He is as old as the hills, and is the pet of the Italian public. He is a privileged character; he may be as impudent as he likes, and it is all voted most excellent fun.

The evening at the Prandi would have ended joyously but for a little episode not set down in the bills. A youth in the upper gallery—admission one cent—held some audible, but not laudable, conversation with the trombone player during a wait in the second act; and, although that player might easily have stood on his chair and knocked the insolent youth in the gallery over the head with his elongated instrument, he refrained, remarking at the same time that the matter would be settled immediately after the performance. When the hour arrived the orchestra shouldered its brass and rushed from the house in a body. There was heard at the same moment the ominous clatter of boots on the gallery stairs.

I was the last to leave the house; for the doors were blockaded by the two and twenty who had been sitting out the drama with me, and who now hastened to the supplementary entertainment to be given in front of the theatre. The street was almost dark, for it is a poor quarter of the town over there in the Via Tarpæia. Small lamps hung motionless before pictures of the Madonna set in the bare walls of desolate-looking houses; there were flickering lights and noisy voices in the neighboring wine-shops; but these were nothing in comparison with the confusion close at hand. Each musician had his brass instrument in one hand, and an infuriated young Italian in the other. There was civil war for the space of ten minutes, and at first it looked sanguinary; but when I saw that no one did anything but waltz with his partner in the liveliest manner, to the accompaniment of much vociferous profanity, I was satisfied to stand by, a patient spectator, till peace should be restored. Having grown weary of the dance, all parties adjourned to the wine-shop, and the health of everybody was drunk with enthusiasm.

The traditional stiletto seems not to have been at hand. Not a drop of blood was spilled; and yet the spectacle was more entertaining than that within the house, for which I had paid my sixpence, and sat two solemn hours on a board as hard as the veritable Tarpeian Rock.

When the Emperor Augustus built his family sepulchre, crowned it with cypresses, and surrounded it with a park, he probably little suspected that in the nineteenth century the populace would career around the roof of the establishment, and that the voice of the comedian would echo through the deserted mortuary chambers hidden beneath the stage of the most popular open-air theatre in Rome.

At six o'clock one afternoon I climbed to the roof of the mausoleum of Augustus, and found the enclosure well filled with

people. We were on the flat roof of the mausoleum, which was quite uncovered; a high wall surrounded us, and formed an amphitheatre capable of seating some hundreds of spectators. On one side was the stage, facing the east; back of it was a very high wall, erected for the purpose of shading the boxes that encircled the theatre; but at least half of them were untenable, because of the glowing sunshine that flooded them. Nearly everybody sat in the straw-seated chairs close to the orchestra, and smoked throughout the entertainment.

The price of admission was one *lira*—twenty cents,—and a capital company played with great spirit and naturalness, as most Italian professionals know so well how to do. The applause was frequent and hearty. We were all in the best of spirits and thoroughly enjoyed everything, especially the absurdity of one or two situations, when the play was for some moments interrupted by the deafening clang of a multitude of church bells that suddenly broke loose in chorus. Was it a plot grounded upon the old feud between Church and Stage? The lover on his knees was obliged to postpone his proposal until the bells had ceased ringing. Meanwhile the audience, growing weary of laughing at the comical predicament of the actors, began hissing the bells for their pertinacity.

While we sat enjoying the play evening drew on. The foot-lights were turned up for the last scene only, yet I had scarcely missed them before they made their appearance. It was delightful—the pretty scenery, the clever actors, the good music, the gathering coolness, and the tender gloaming. Swallows skimmed just over our heads; bats fluttered in and out of the empty boxes—some of these boxes were a little mildewed, which added materially to their picturesqueness. Gnats hovered about us as we tipped back in our chairs and kicked the gravel under-foot in a very

free-and-easy fashion. Then the curtain fell. The bells had ceased ringing, for the *Ave Maria* was over. No one seemed in haste to leave, the hour was so grateful, the situation unique; and before I strolled away the curtain had again been rung up on the empty stage, with half the scenery turned wrong-side out. The actors came down among us in citizens' dress, and the last illusion was dispelled.

The bats and swallows having skimmed about till it was so dark we could no longer tell which was which, their object seemed to have been accomplished and they disappeared. There being nothing left for us to do, we climbed down into the dusky streets—which at this season are enjoyable only after sunset,—and there I lounged till bedtime, trying to comprehend that strange anomaly, Modern Rome.

(To be continued.)

The Tales that Tim Told Us.

IV.—DARBY THE MISER.

"THIS is St. John's Day, children," said Tim, as we gathered round him on the evening of the 24th of June.

"That's why we came," said Rebecca. "Papa told us at dinner that this was a great feast-day in Ireland, and he thought you might be thinking of old times. So we came down to have a little talk with you, so you wouldn't be lonesome."

"Bless the dolly darling's heart!" said Tim, taking her on his lap, and assuming that reflective air which we all knew betokened a story. "They do have fires on the hills round about on the eve of St. John's. 'Twas a heathen custom once; but St. Patrick was a wise man, and he was for changing the reasons of the celebrations instead of doing away with them. So they transferred them to the saints' days when they gave up their heathen gods.

"I mind well a story of a man that thought more of his hay than he did of the day, and a sorry case for him it turned out to be. By the same token, I never knew any good to come of working on a Sunday, unless there was ample rhyme and reason for it,—that is to say, unless the harvest would happen to be late and the rains threatening."

"Was that how the man you knew happened to work on a holyday?" asked Hugh.

"The man I knew!" laughed Tim. "Will ye hear the creature! Faith I never knew him nor any of his people, for he died hundreds of years before I was born. But many and many a time I passed adjacent to the bog that swallowed him. Indeed, 'twas meself that cut many a fine sod of turf from the edge of it, and I a garsoon like Neddie there. That's how I know the story so well; for, as you are all aware, I came from Tipperary, and that's where the extraordinary miracle occurred."

After having taken a long, reminiscent whiff from his pipe, Tim resumed:

"'Twas of a St. John's Day, a long, long, long time ago. The flowers were bright and perfuminous—for it had been a sunny year,—and all things grown in abundance. The birds were singing most melodious in the branches of the green trees; and not a man or woman on the farm lands round about but had been to Mass in the morning and were making holiday in the afternoon, saving and excepting one Darby Devlin, whom they called 'Darby the miser.' He had had some trouble with the priest—and that means ill-luck always—about a year before, and since that time he had never darkened the door of the chapel. On the day before St. John's he called his men and women servants together, for he was well to do, and had a fine stretch of meadow-land in grass; and says he:

"Boys and girls, although there's not

a sign of a cloud in the sky, at this season the weather is most uncertain; and I've my mind made up to cut and stack the hay to-morrow, for fear of the rain that's sure to be here soon without wind or warning.'

"'Is it to-morrow, master—St. John's Day?' says they.

"'Faith it is,' says he. 'Haven't ye all two ears, and didn't ye hear what I said?'

"'There'll be no luck in that hay,' says one. 'Twill mould, or the lightning from heaven will strike and burn it, maybe.'

"'Oh, then, it's not / that'll engage in any such desecration of St. John's Day!' says another.

"'Not if I lose my place by it,' says another.

"'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' says the rest, in one voice.

"'The Lord between us and harm, Darby!' says his wife. 'Don't tempt the Almighty too far entirely.'

"'Don't be criticising me, Peggy,' says he; 'and keep a still tongue in your head, or it will be the worse for you.'

"'Not a foot'll one of us stir to cut the hay to-morrow,' says one of the men; and, turning on his heel, he left the master, the others following.

"Whether he discharged them, or, through the dint of not wanting to lose them, proffered to do the work himself, the story doesn't tell. But the next morning the neighbors, passing on the way to church, saw old Darby in the meadow alone, with a lot of hay cut; for he'd been up since before dawn. They prophesied this and that; and some of them begged him for the love of God to leave it alone, and come and make his peace with the priest; but 'twas of no use. He laughed and jeered till his throat was sore, and at long last he began to sing:

'St. John's Day,

Yea or nay,

I'll cut and stack my own hay,

Nor care what St. John himself may say.

At that the neighbors left him; for they were all decent, honest, respectable, God-fearing people, and the words sent a cold chill of terror through their hearts.

"After that he continued at his work till noon, and a fine job he made of it. When he went for the team and the wagon to draw the hay he met his wife coming over the fields from Mass. Says she:

"'Darby, in the name of God, give over the work this day, and come with me to the pattern. If you do that, maybe the Lord'll forgive you the deed of the morning.'

"'Be off with you,' says he, 'to your pattern! But my hay I'll stack this night, if I rest in the bottomless pit for it.'

"'Oyeh! oyeh!' cried the poor woman, throwing up her two hands and running away from him. 'If God gives me time between here and there, I'll away back to the chapel for the holy water I forgot this morning. I haven't a drop in the house, and I'd be afeared to stop under the same roof with you without it.'

"Off she went like the wind, Darby looking after her with a grin; and he screeching loud so she could hear him:

'St. John's Day,

Yea or nay,

I'll cut and stack my own hay,

Nor care what the devil himself may say.'

"So away he drove to the field again, and he laughing to himself at the way the neighbors would look on the morrow to see his hay nicely stacked, and no harm come of it. But 'twas his time of reckoning that was in it. All at once, as he was pitching the long trusses of hay into the cart, the ground commenced to heave and tremble, and the little haycocks tumbled about as if they were having a game of leap-frog all to themselves. It wasn't long before the earth gave a tremendous swell, and the spot where he was turned into a high hill, and he in the wagon on the very tip of it, with the country for miles spread before his eyes.

He could see the people running out of their cottages, stricken at the sight; his wife, half-way between the village and the chapel, on her knees beseeching him. He could see the chapel itself, that he hadn't troubled for so long; and the priest, with tears streaming from his eyes, at the door, praying with hands uplifted to heaven. But the devil had a good hold of him, by reason of his jeering and blaspheming; and though he heard a voice distinct in his ear—the voice of his Guardian Angel—whispering, 'Darby, call on the name of God, and He'll protect you,' all he did was to stand up in the wagon and screech out at the top of his lungs:

'St. John's Day
I've cut my hay,
And I'll stack it whether God will or nay—'

"But he'd barely said the last word when the ground trembled worse than ever, and the hill that had been raised out of the big meadow began to sink very slowly. Down, down it went, in the sight of all the people; and when it had sunk below the level of the soil, making a great gap in the ground, the water began to fill up, and little by little filled it to the brim. 'Twas a while before the neighbors had the courage to creep over and look in; but when they did, not a trace could they see of old Darby or the horse and wagon. 'Twasn't a rash judgment in them to believe, after all that had passed, he'd gone indeed that night to whatever rest he'd be able to get in the bottomless pit.

"As time wore on, the lake dried up and turned into a bog; but there's little black pools on the edge of it yet, and the old people say—though I never heard it meself, nor saw one that did—that if one would drop a stone into the water, the echo of it sounds like a hollow laugh—on one day in the year, St. John's Day."

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE FIRST SNOW.

"THE first snow is still in the air," said the Philistine, who always felt it his duty to comment on the weather; "and what will poor robin do now?"

"The robin, somehow or other, manages to take care of himself," said the Lady of the House. "But the little children, who have no feathers, and who must be clothed or perish, and to whom the first snow means shivering and pain and often the germ of death, make one fear."

"Oh!" said the Philistine, "I have really not much sympathy with rude, robust, common poverty. Everybody looks out for that. But take the genteel poor—people who have known better days, who can not beg, who must strive to keep up a good appearance at all hazards. These are the people whom nobody reaches, whom nobody cares for."

"And think of the starvation of the mind, of the heart, that poverty brings to the refined poor. Indeed, I sometimes think," said the Æsthete, whose chrysanthemum was larger and yellower than usual, "that if we could spread culture more, increase the delights of life, make poor people love flowers and books, and be in love with simple things, a great problem would be solved."

"A loaf of bread is a very simple thing," said the Philistine, "but sometimes hard to get. You can not interest people in flowers or æsthetics or even in sermons when their stomachs are empty."

"Yes," said the Conservative, with a laugh; "the Romans cried out for the games, but I think they put bread first."

"I know how you people who go in for culture look on me," said the Philistine. "I don't care whether my teacup is

—•—

BLESSED is the heart that is pliable, for it shall never break.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

thick or thin, so the tea's hot. And a red band about my cigar doesn't count, if it is a Henry Clay. Moreover, I'm not too fond of books, and I do not always quite understand the high-class modern view of things. But I know this: you must help poor people to help themselves before you begin to make them good or refined. A pair of shoes for his four or five chilly children will make a man more inclined to religion than all the aspirations you could print for him, or all the tracts you could deliver at his front door. Is it St. Teresa or that other sensible Saint, Francis of Sales, who says that to pray well one must be comfortable? You keep your people comfortable, and you will not have the despair that leads to anarchy. You do not find rabid socialists where every man owns his own house. I have just been reading Judge Gibbons' 'Tenure and Toil,' and I find it admirable. If you can keep the taxes within reasonable limits, and a man can have a house of his own—"

"Oh, come," said the Critic, "drop that! We're talking of the people who haven't a loaf of bread. If they had only their taxes to think of, they'd feel rich."

"There are no people in this country who need to be in such extreme want," said the Philistine. "There is enough work for everybody, if the people weren't too 'æsthetic' to do it. Everybody can have a house and lot, if he works for it."

"When you lose your temper, you become almost idiotic," said the Critic, fixing his eyes on the Delphian Sibyl over the book-case, to show how calm he was. "You're illogical, and an illogical man is idiotic; an illogical woman is only interesting. Don't interrupt me. I see where this talk is going to drift. You are going to discuss the George theory and quote Judge Gibbons' book. Leave that for another time. As my honored leader has said several times, it's a condition we have to confront, not a theory. The first snow

storms drives theories out of my head. I'd like to make the homes of poor people more æsthetic, and see the works of Marcus Aurelius in every family. As for culture, I dote on it. There's the washerwoman over across the meadows. She might prop up Emerson over her tub, and decorate her walls with golden-rod and maple leaves; that would suit the Æsthete, but the Philistine might find fault with the quality of the washing. However, you can't please everybody. I agree with the Lady of the House: the first snow-storm always brings ugly facts to our consciousness."

"I do not care whether Mr. George's theories are right or wrong," said the Lady of the House, as she gave the Critic a fourth cup of tea as a reward of merit; "but I *do* know that the washerwoman's children can not go to Mass, because their shoes let in the water and they have no rubbers—"

"She means galoshes," murmured the Æsthete.

"You make jokes about Emerson and æsthetics, but it's cruel when one thinks of what is behind it."

"True," said the Editor, who had not spoken.

"That washerwoman has four children. She has to keep the two younger ones in a little room under her eyes, and this little room is full of steam and the odors of boiling clothes and of the dinner. The opening and shutting of the doors make draughts, and the little children are always having colds. The mother is busy from morning to night. If she pays her debts by the hardest kind of labor, she is grateful. Where, I ask, is her house and lot to come from? She wants only simple things, and a loaf of bread is one of them."

"The laws of demand and supply—" began the Philistine.

"Bosh!" said the Critic.

"People must suffer under laws that are inexorable. But at the same time,"

said the Philistine, "there may be exceptional compensations. The son of this washerwoman may be an Abraham Lincoln."

"If the little fellow does not die of pneumonia from that draught," said the Lady of the House. "And what comfort will it be to the mother to tell her that her son may be an Abraham Lincoln? She doesn't care; she'd probably tell you that she does not want her son to be shot."

"What terrible ignorance and lack of patriotism!" murmured the Æsthete.

"Not at all!" answered the Lady of the House, warmly. "A woman is least ignorant when she knows how to take care of her children, and most patriotic when she sees that they are warmly clothed for church and school."

"True," said the Editor, with whom the woes of little children counted for more than all theories.

"If that woman had brains, she would learn to do something that would bring her up to a higher level," began the Æsthete.

"If all women had 'brains,'" observed the Editor, "there would be no washerwomen—probably."

"I'm sick of it all," said the Æsthete, burying his face in his chrysanthemum. "I sympathize with Maurice de Guérin and his white lilac. Nature is the only consoler. 'Mother Nature, thou art my goddess!'"

"In the meantime the washerwoman goes on in her dreary work,—hopeless, driven, yet doing her best. I have found a solution for the problem," said the Lady of the House. "It is this."

The company looked anxiously toward the little tea-table.

"It is this: that you will see that a storm-door is put on the little house, to prevent draughts; and—"

"And?" repeated the Philistine, anxiously.

"And I will raise her wages."

"This is wrong, utterly wrong!" said the Philistine. "It is against all economic theories. Give her what you will, but never let her earn more than the market rate. Only a woman would have thought of anything so irrational—"

"True," replied the Editor; "but the washerwoman will be more comfortable."

"The principle is wrong," said the Philistine,—"*utterly wrong!*"

Look to the Lambs.

THE number of young men in our large cities who, though born and brought up Catholics, neglect the practice of their religion is deplorably great, and we are assured that in some places their ranks are swelling year by year. Doubtless there are many reasons that might be assigned for this sad defection or indifference. Let us take one. Parents are disposed to leave entirely to Sunday-school teachers the religious instruction of their children; thinking it quite enough to set them the example of a good Christian life, without clinching it with moral teaching. Considering the environment of young people in our country, the need of a thorough religious education is all the more imperative; and we are convinced that irreligion among young men is attributable in great measure to the obtuseness of parents, particularly fathers.

The minds of young people are as different as their faces. Some are quick to comprehend, others slow, though not perhaps dull. Certain children seem to require individual teaching: general instruction is lost on them. Others are incapable of centering their minds at will, and are often least attentive when attention is most demanded. Young people's understanding of much of what is taught to them is often so imperfect as to astonish and discourage their teachers. It is plain,

therefore, that instruction in the Sunday-school ought to be supplemented by more direct and particular teaching at home. A mother's knee is the best place to learn to pray. A conscientious teacher may do his best to inculcate that lying, for instance, is sinful; but if a truthful father only tells his boy that God hates liars, the child at once conceives a horror for the vice of slaves that will endure throughout life. Parents get nearer to the child-mind than it is possible for others to get, and their instruction is always more effective.

The chief result of much preaching on grown-up people is to inspire good dispositions. They may return from hearing a sermon with a practical resolution to amend their lives, though they can not tell what was the subject of the discourse, or quote one sentence from it. With children the case is altogether different. They do not understand the obligations of the Christian life, the malice of sin, etc. They are fatigued, puzzled, dispirited by sermons, which always seem long to them, and which are generally over their heads. So with catechetical instructions, which, whatever they may be in reality, seem cold, dry, and harsh to the average child. To his unfledged faculties they are like the bewildering rules and exceptions of his grammar.

The infinite tenderness of the Good Shepherd provided meat for men and "milk for babes," and surely it is for those who have the first responsibility toward children to see that their spiritual food is digestible and digested. No priest however priestly, no teacher however religious, can take the place of a parent; and no mother, however good, can supply for the negligence of a father. Only from well-ordered Christian families can we expect a generation of practical Catholics. Look to it! The lambs of Christ's flock are neglected, no wonder that the sheep go astray.

Notes and Remarks.

Devotion to the Mother of God is so perfectly congenial to a single-minded, pure-hearted disciple of her Divine Son, that it often blooms unseen amid the most unpropitious surroundings. Many a Protestant, accepting in good faith the tenets of his sect on other points, feels an instinctive repulsion to the minimizing of the Blessed Virgin's rôle in the work of man's redemption, and refuses his interior assent to the doctrine that she is powerless to aid and comfort those who seek her protection. Far more common than is generally believed is the experience of the native East Indian girl, who, reared in Protestantism, recently became a Catholic, and entered a religious community. "During the past five years," she declared, "despite all the bitter attacks of our ministers on the evil of devotion to the Virgin Mary, I prayed to her in secret every day."

It is pleasant to observe that the custom of tolling the *De Profundis* bell is rapidly becoming common in this country. Archbishop Elder has directed that the bell be rung about an hour after the evening Angelus, and requests his people to learn the *De Profundis* and recite it every evening for the relief of the suffering souls. This admirable practice is a relic of the medieval curfew, at the sound of which the watchman cried:

"Put out your fires and go to bed,
And don't forget to pray for the dead."

In Ireland exists the beautiful custom of reciting the *De Profundis* after each Low Mass. The practice had its origin in Reformation times, when the persecutors burned the records containing the names of those who had bequeathed money for Masses. The clergy and people then chose this way—the only possible one—of discharging their obligations to the poor souls.

If those who sneer at Mr. Gladstone as an "amateur theologian" could be made to feel the sense of responsibility as keenly as he does, there would be less infidelity in the world and fewer duties neglected. At a time when it is deemed fashionable and

advanced to be "agnostic"; when Protestantism is proving to be "a creed outworn," and the spirit of doubt broods over the sanctuary, Gladstone has stood as a witness to Christianity, speaking strong words in behalf of its divinity. The numerous letters sent from all quarters of the globe inquiring about his religious belief show how large is the school that calls him master. He reaches thousands who might never come under the influence of Catholic teachers, and his words are always clear and confident. To one who wrote recently asking what he considered to be the brightest hope for the future of mankind, he answered: "I should say a maintenance of faith in the Invisible. This is the great hope of the future, the mainstay of civilization. And by that I mean a living faith in a personal God. I do not hold with a 'stream of tendency.' After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever to this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience, of the reality and the nearness, and personality of God."

At a recent meeting in France of the Commercial Geographical Society, an interesting address on Oceania was delivered by M. de Varigny, ex-plenipotentiary minister to the Hawaiian Islands. M. de Varigny's eloquent tribute to the memory of Father Damien, the heroic apostle of the lepers, was received with generous plaudits; and the applause was redoubled when he said in conclusion: "I am a Protestant, but, nevertheless, I affirm that to refuse protection to French Catholic missionaries is a crime, is treason to our country. And I fail to understand how men who boast of subordinating party dissension to the interest of France can neglect, bother, yes, even persecute, the most active agents of French colonization."

The testimony of such a witness—a man of recognized authority and impartiality, a Protestant who has had practical experience of the inappreciable services rendered in the Sandwich Islands by our devoted missionaries—is as gratifying as it is significant.

The experiences of the late Terrien de Lacouperie, the eminent Catholic Orientalist, recall the career of many another noble soul

fighting a losing battle against poverty and misfortune. His was a life of romance and of pathos—a story of "genius in a garret." While still young he had built up a profitable trade in silks at Hong-Kong, but his property was suddenly destroyed by one of those terrible typhoons that visit the Chinese seas. This misfortune was the first of a series of reverses that met him throughout life, and always at the moment when the goal seemed in sight. It determined his career, however; for Lacouperie remained in China to study the language, in which he soon became very proficient. His long experience among the Celestials bore fruit in his greatest work, published a few months ago, entitled "Western Origin of the Early Chinese Civilization," in which he proves that the Empire of China is not by any means so ancient as the chronicles would have it, and that the civilization and method of writing used by the Chinese were really imported from Western Asia. Dr. Casartelli, writing in the *London Tablet*, pronounces this one of the most important discoveries in the domain of ancient history; and before his death, Lacouperie had the pleasure of knowing that the results of his studies were accepted by all the most eminent authorities. His life was a devout one, and his death full of consolation. *R. I. P.*

A well-known French novelist, writing of the United States, publishes this portion of an interview with Bishop Keane:

"All that we have done," said he to me, "we have done through liberty. We have no connection with the State, and we are perfectly satisfied. We are paid by the congregation, and we like that." And, foreseeing an objection, he added: "If they find that we are too severe, and they wish to make us feel it, we bear it without murmuring. We like that also—to be without luxury or representation. When I was Bishop of Richmond I had a very poor diocese. I occupied two small rooms, and I was happy. What we do not like is that the ministers of the Church should maintain the state of princes, that they should form a nobility. Such vanities are not becoming in the disciples of the Divine Master."

One of the most beautiful features of American life is the mutual relationship and dependence that exist between our priests and their people. The clergy are near to the hearts of their flocks, sharing alike

their good and their evil fortune; and there could be no more serious menace to the Church than the introduction of a spirit that smacked of exclusiveness or aristocracy.

M. Spuller, who recently contributed to the *Revue de Paris* a study of the encyclical in which Leo XIII. denounces the power and the perverted spirit of Freemasonry, was considered, some years ago, to possess sufficient judgment to warrant his appointment to a ministerial portfolio in the French Government. But M. Spuller's judgment has become sadly deteriorated if he imagines the French people to be sufficiently credulous to accept as fact his statement that "Freemasonry, as seen and as presented by the Roman papacy to Catholic princes and peoples, is a mere fiction." The contention so plausibly set forth by this ex-minister, that Freemasonry is a society organized for purely recreative and benevolent purposes, will be laughed at by well-informed people. Leo XIII. is blessed with fully as much perspicacity as is M. Spuller; and when the Sovereign Pontiff denounces Freemasonry, he anathematizes not a fiction, but an evil unfortunately too real for the welfare of society. In the encyclical referred to he demonstrates that Masonry is the enemy of God, of the Church, and of the nations. He desires the faithful to combat it with all the means that are in their power, and which reason, conscience and faith place in their hands. As a remedy he advises the formation of Catholic societies for mutual help, the maintenance of religious schools, and the diffusion of moral books.

The services rendered to the Church by the lamented Signor de Rossi through his researches in the catacombs are of the kind which "culminate as they recede." The discoveries which made Pius IX. weep for joy have kindled the fire of faith in many a soul benumbed; while to thousands of others they have come as angels of light, lifting the mists, dissipating old prejudices, dispelling illusions, and proving the identity of the Catholic Church of to-day with the Christianity of the first century. How great this influence has been upon men of good lives

and strong prejudices may be seen from a lecture by Canon Farrar on the "History and Development of Christian Art from the Days of the Catacombs to Our Own Times." The distinguished Anglican divine declares that "a history of the paintings of the Madonna would be in itself a history of the art of Christendom."

Mr. Matthew Bridges, the popular hymn-writer, whose life has been so long, and his later years so secluded that many doubted whether he was still among the living, died in England on the 6th ult., at the venerable age of ninety-four. His was a singularly beautiful and blameless life. Born in Anglicanism, his keen, logical mind forced upon him convictions which his courage enabled him to embrace, and in 1847 he was received into the Church. For twenty years following this he proved a zealous and most efficient champion of the faith, enforcing her doctrine by the example of his own upright life. His latter years were given up wholly to prayer and works of piety, and his last hours were most happy. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. John Pierce, of Roselle, N. J., who departed this life on the 15th ult.

Mr. John Doyle, who passed away on the 19th ult., at Mahoney City, Pa.

Mrs. John E. Martin, of Perth Amboy, N. J., whose death occurred some weeks ago.

Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, whose life closed peacefully on the 30th ult., at Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. B. Brown, of Davenport, Iowa, who died on the Feast of All Saints.

Mr. John Cole, of Cedar Point, Va.; Mr. Edwin Maher, Mr. Timothy F. Ford and Mr. Edward F. Brady, New Haven, Conn.; Katherine Deery, Henry Clay, Del.; Mrs. Agnes Tornes and Mrs. Lewis Goebel, Marietta, Ohio; Mrs. Michael Fitzgerald, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. E. F. Greene and Mrs. Anna McCabe, Charlestown, Mass.; Margaret Murray, Westville, Conn.; Mr. John F. McNerney, Southington, Conn.; Mr. Martin Kain and Mrs. Barbara Fleckenstein, Huntington, W. Va.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

At Our Lady's Throne.

COME, children, Our Lady is waiting
In the beautiful heavens above;
She is holding her court to receive you
And to hear your petitions of love.

As ambassadors lowly draw near her,
While you offer from hearts young and pure
Earnest pleadings for dear ones in suffering,
That release from their pain she'll secure.

Oh, entreat her, this sweet Queen of Mercy,
From their bondage to free them this hour!
For the King to His Mother has given
The key to His love and His power.

And she loves it—this pleading of children,
And will answer the prayers of your heart,
Bidding angels lead forth the poor captives,
In heaven's bright joys to have part.

Jo and Ernestina.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

NEXT day Ernestina Wyse failed with all her lessons.

"I could not study," she said, carelessly. "I had a headache."

Sister Francis was on duty again that morning. The cold, defiant tone startled her. There is no disproving a headache. But was the excuse true? Well, it was nobody's business but

Ernestina's and the nun's. Still, if there was a headache, everybody knew the cause of it.

The President of the Angels would not speak to Jo Brannigan.

"I'll never speak to you again," she said; and Jo felt terribly bad—poor little thing!—though she hardly knew why.

In the afternoon a message came that Reverend Mother wanted to see Ernestina Wyse.

There was a general feeling of "I shouldn't like to be in her place." Ernestina went, hardening her heart, or getting up her courage, with the sullen look still on her face, and her head held high in air.

To her great surprise, the nun made her sit down and looked at her pleasantly. Our Reverend Mother often seemed to us girls to have sunshine about her, there was such a cheering power in her smile and in her voice and ways. No child at St. Mary's understood what that wise nun's heart was until she had felt the tenderness of her help and the strength of her authority in some hour of school-girl weakness and trouble.

Ernestina Wyse sat in the Reverend Mother's room, cold, reserved, resentful. The "good girl of the school," as children had called her—or, more accurately, the girl whose faults were all within,—had suffered her first slip, her first humiliation, about the most trifling thing; and because of that trifle all her principles were in danger of going to pieces.

"Do you know why I have sent for you?" asked the nun, in her kindest tones.

Ernestina was silent. At last she condescended to say:

"I suppose so."

"I don't think you do," said the nun, with her irresistible smile. "I have sent for you to tell you a story."

Ernestina's sullen face relaxed a little. There seemed to be no need of courage. Presently she forgot her defiance so far as to smile.

"The story is that there was once a dervish who lived in the desert," began the Reverend Mother, in her chatty, amusing way. "He was a very good man, very holy—at least people thought so. He had five hundred rules of conduct, and he kept the whole five hundred for nearly fifty years. Well, on the last day of the fifty years he thought he would go to town again, to see what the world was like. He became tired and hungry, and a man in the town offered to share his bread with him. 'Very good,' said the dervish, and thanked him kindly. So they said grace and sat down. The man offered the bread to the holy pilgrim, and he took it and ate a morsel. Then he sprang up from the table, tearing his hair. 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' said he; 'I have broken one of my commandments. I have always observed the rule of never being the first to taste bread if I ate with another.'—'But what does it matter?' said the charitable man.—'Oh! it does,' answered the dervish; 'because all my life I had kept unbroken my five hundred rules of conduct, or commandments, and now I have broken one.' And do you know what happened after that? Why, he went right off and broke the other four hundred and ninety-nine; and he ended as the greatest rascal in that part of the country."

Ernestina began to laugh. The nun laughed too.

"Now, Ernestina, I wonder can you tell me what was the matter with the dervish? It was very foolish of him, of course, to go to the bad like that; but

don't you think there must have been something going wrong before?"

"I don't know," replied the girl, still smiling and quite good-humored. "He was too proud of keeping all his rules, I suppose."

"That was it," said the Reverend Mother, with a funny smile, and a straight look at Ernestina. "He thought himself perfect, but he was an abominably proud old fellow. Then, you see, he was not good for the right motive. He was evidently keeping a clear record, because it was so nice to think of those five hundred rules never broken; and as soon as he failed once he gave up altogether. I wonder, Ernestina, have you ever known anybody who was inclined to be like that dervish?"

Their eyes met. Ernestina, in spite of all the faults that had risen up since yesterday, had truth in the depths of her heart. She felt convicted. Yesterday for the first time her clear record at school was broken, and at once she had accumulated faults that would have shocked her before—pride, disobedience, ill-temper, unkindness, laziness, and lastly the falsehood of an excuse. It was no wonder that she turned away from the kind, questioning gaze, and tears began to trickle down her face.

Ernestina in after years told of that wonderful interview and its end,—how in the midst of her helplessness and confusion she suddenly found the Reverend Mother saying to her:

"Let us begin together, you and I, to-day, in the path of humiliation. I have begun again so many times; you—poor child!—are beginning again for the first time. We are to be surprised and thankful when we do well, and grateful to those who tell us when we do badly."

Ernestina told of that interview years after, when the chapel of St. Mary's was still fragrant with the incense of the *Requiem*, and when the children of former days who had come back for it to the old

convent were comparing notes, revealing and learning how beautiful was the soul of her who had loved us and helped us through the trials and troubles of our school-days.

As for Ernestina, however, she fortunately came victorious from the crisis of her first trouble. That day we understood why she had apologized long ago to the new Sister with such sudden good-will; why she had begged not to be President of the Angels any more after the holidays, but to be one of the ordinary ones. Jo Brannigan had said at the time: "Yes, I understand,—you want to be only a plain sort of angel."

And as for Jo Brannigan. Ah! we all knew on that dark day of the future why Jo Brannigan and Ernestina Wyse had been fast friends at school. It was because Reverend Mother wished it. And so they had shared a corner of the garden, and the feeding of a tame robin and their books at school, and their pleasures in the holidays. It was not an exclusive companionship—that would not have been allowed; but it was a friendship that had its reason and its meaning. The first suggestion of it was the placing of their desks together; and the final result was that our bright Jo Brannigan learned to study and to be serious sometimes; and our too grave Ernestina, after the day of the crisis, learned from Jo to laugh and play and enjoy recreation. Ernestina from that time became more frank and candid, and perhaps got a few bad marks for the faults she did not conceal. She had fewer prizes, because her attention became a little diverted by Jo to the games. But she had begun a simpler, humbler and brighter life; and looked back gratefully ever after to the day of her first "scrape," and the story of the dervish.

The Colvilles in Ireland.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XII.

Our young people were eager to visit the quaint seaport of Youghal, the birth-place of Grandmother Colville. They were very happy, therefore, when one bright morning they found themselves riding in a jaunting-car over the road leading from the railway station, along the bluff, to the heart of the little town at the farther side of the hill.

On the left of this road stretches a precipitous steep, like a second bluff above the first, on the top of which are perched several summer cottages; for Youghal is a famous resort. On the right the highway is bounded by a grey stone parapet, and below lies the strand, whereon the waves break with a musical sound; while beyond the beautiful bay, that opens widely to the sea between beetling headlands, rolls the broad ocean.

On this day the bright ripples danced in the sunshine, as if all the elves and fairies reputed to dwell in the neighborhood were enjoying a morning frolic in the surf, tossing up their white-caps in merry sport, or chasing one another in gleeful companies along the shore.

"How lovely it all is!" exclaimed Claire. "That ruin on the promontory jutting out from the mainland must be the medieval convent tower, where, in the long ago, the good nuns used to burn torches at night to guide belated fishermen home, and warn vessels off the rocks, or light them into a safe harbor amid the darkness and the storms."

"Oh, to think that grandmother played on this beach when she was a little girl!" cried Kathleen, clapping her hands in delight.

"And here is the sea-wall of which she spoke so often," interposed Alicia.

THE rolling stone can gather no moss,
Take care that a change is not also a loss.

They were all in the best of spirits; yet, as they turned their smiling faces toward one another, each saw in the eyes of the others the glitter of tears, like a dash of the salt sea spray,—tears of sweet remembrance of dear grandmother, now dead and gone, but whose words and teaching and example still lived, not only in the lives of her descendants, but of others who had known and loved her.

"So powerful and far-reaching is the influence of a good woman," murmured Mr. Colville to himself, as there crowded upon him affectionate memories of his mother and his boyhood. He had been here once before; but, he reflected, with a touch of the first poignant regret, his mother had died ere he could return to tell her of his visit.

The jaunting-car rattled on. Now they passed the handsome Convent of the Presentation Sisters. Then a turn in the road brought them beyond the new hotel, built upon the rocks just above the sea, into the old market-place, where they saw opposite to them the sign of the Devonshire Arms, a noted hostelry in the days of grandmother's childhood.

Traversing the square, they entered the historic Main Street, drove beneath the archway of that ancient fortified tower, the hoary Clock Gate; and proceeded along the winding way, glancing at its curious stone edifices, one and two stories in height, the most modern of which have stood there a century or two; while others, with rudely sculptured inscriptions or traceries over the lintels, are easily recognized as of still greater age.

"Youghal is of remote antiquity, and was a town of strength and importance," remarked Mr. Colville. "In 1209 King John granted it a charter, which is still preserved at Lismore Castle. The place suffered much in the wars between the Celts and Normans, and later in those between the Norman Irish and the English. The inhabitants being of the different

racés, sometimes one faction and again another obtained the ascendancy. In 1579 the Earl of Desmond, who had been proclaimed a traitor by the government, retaliated by plundering Youghal, and carrying off the booty to his castles of Strancally on the Blackwater, and Lisfinny in Waterford, a county then occupied by the Spaniards. The mayor, Coppinger, had refused an English garrison, promising to protect the town without it. Having failed to do so, on the return of the dominant party to power he was hanged before his own door. A few years later the forces of the seneschal of Imokilly surprised the town and scaled the walls, but were repulsed by the garrison; which again, in 1645, withstood an assault from Lord Castlehaven. In the period of strife that followed the native Irish were expelled and their property seized. The remainder of the people having declared for the Parliament, Cromwell made Youghal his headquarters, hanged the mayor because a boat was not awaiting his arrival at the ferry, and eventually embarked from this port for England, after the siege of Clonmel. In 1690 it was forced to surrender to the army of William III.

"The archives of Youghal record some curious customs. For instance, it is there written that if any person but a Protestant freeman attend the mayor's feast, he shall be fined five shillings or be put in the stocks. In 1680 a cook and a barber were made freemen on condition that the former should cook the mayor's feast, and the latter shave the corporation without charge. A charter of Henry VII. granted the corporation a mess of herrings from every fishing boat."

From the sombre street, paved as it were with tragic associations, our sight-seers caught inviting glimpses of picturesque, ladder-like lanes with moss-grown stone steps, and little, one-story dwellings, of the style Kathleen called picture-book houses; of stone also, and painted in the

soft tints of yellow and rose, with dark green doors and shutters, all mellowed by time, the sunshine, and the warm sea mists and rains.

Now the car whirled round a corner; and the driver, a rosy-faced lad, urged his horse up an incline leading to a pretty street along the crest of the hill, whither all the narrow lanes climb. Here the first object to greet their eyes was the old collegiate Church of St. Mary, standing upon a grassy knoll, and surrounded by beautiful trees, whose shadows fall on several crumbling tombs.

"This must be the desecrated church that was a ruin when grandmother was a child," began Alicia. "Here is the beautiful eastern window about which the ivy twined, making it look, she said, as if built by angel hands."

From the churchyard they turned toward a garden inclosed by a high hedge, above which rise the gables of an ancient mansion.

"Do not tell us!" protested Joe, as their guide was about to speak. "We want to recognize everything for ourselves. This was the warden's house, where Sir Walter Raleigh afterward lived."

Passing through the gateway, they beheld a charming manor, its grey walls almost covered with ivy and the vines of the yellow jasmine and climbing rose. Amid the greenery the girls noted the pomegranate and other rare shrubs; and the square, box-bordered plots were gay with flowers.

Mr. Colville had a letter to the family of the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, to whom the property now belongs; and our visitors were received in a romantic little parlor by one of the ladies, who kindly consented to show them the house. They gladly followed her up the antique stair and through the wainscoted chambers.

"It is like walking through the pages of a sixteenth-century romance," declared Alicia. "Actually the whole interior is

lined with rich Irish oak, black with age."

Now the little party paused in the Tudor drawing-room.

"What a charming oriel-window! Just the place for day-dreaming," cried Claire. "And see this superbly carved chimney-piece reaching from floor to ceiling."

"This is Sir Walter's chair, that his writing-table, and there the shelf where he kept his books," repeated Joe, after their hostess.

They also looked into the knight's sleeping-room, interesting mainly because of its secret panel that conceals a recess between the walls, where more than once, after the place passed to other owners, priests, obliged to flee from the persecution of the Elizabethan and penal laws, were safely hidden.

Finally, the lady led her guests into the garden, to the yew-trees under whose spreading branches Raleigh was sitting enjoying his new-found luxury of "a smoke," and rejoicing in having discovered tobacco, when a maid-servant, thinking he was on fire, dashed upon him the water from a pail she was carrying.

"Not far from here," said the hostess, "he planted the far more valuable root he brought home from one of his adventurous voyages to America—the potato, for more than a century afterward the costliest and daintiest dish served at the banquets of princes."

But the rovers had come to Youghal to see the place where grandmother was born, and where she dwelt in her childhood. During his former visit Mr. Colville had searched long in vain for some one that had known this young girl, who, more than fifty years before, tearfully bade farewell to old associates and the old country for a home of her own beyond the seas. He was about to abandon the quest as useless, when by a happy accident he discovered one of her early schoolmates.

Was this dear friend of grandmother's youthful days still alive? This was the

question the children were eager to ask of everyone. They found her at last in a neat little house beside a blooming garden,—a diminutive old lady, with cheeks like a peach and large dark eyes. She had seen better days, and, they learned with surprise, had even been to Paris.

"How pretty she must have been in her youth!" whispered Alicia to Claire.

She welcomed them warmly, and said, in answer to their many inquiries:

"Ah! yes, indeed, well I mind me of sweet Kitty Bawn, as your grandmother was called when a girl, my dears. A fine-appearing *colleen* she was, and always self-respecting; kind and pleasant with everyone, but in nowise familiar."

The girls smiled at one another. It was a picture of grandmother, which they recognized.

The old lady insisted upon going with them, to point out the place where grandmother had lived, a motherless child from her early years, but idolized by an indulgent father. The house no longer existed, but at "the college" opposite (long a private residence) they obtained permission to wander in the old garden that extends down the sunny slope of the hill to the precipice overlooking the street below. Grandmother had described it to them so often they seemed to know every nook and corner of it already. How delighted they were to pace the very gravelled walks, where she had run about as a child!

The gardener, a sexagenarian, whom they came upon among his vegetables and old-fashioned flowers, roused to interest by the enthusiasm of the young people, dug up a root of the ivy mantling the mouldering wall and gave it to Claire.

"With care it will grow," he said. "And you will be glad to have it in your garden at home, remembering it came from this spot."

Thence they went to the Catholic "chapel," as it is designated; a substantial

edifice of grey granite, recently remodelled. The interior is much the same, however, as in the early part of the century. With feelings of tender emotion our friends crossed the sunken old stone floor, worn by the tread of many generations, over which the childish feet of little Kitty Bawn had so often passed. Within these walls she was baptized, here first assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, here received her First Communion.

Kneeling where she knelt so often in those youthful years, they were deeply moved; and Mr. Colville, noting the fervor of his children, and thinking of the influences of his own childhood, renewed his daily act of thanksgiving for the faith impressed upon the heart of this little girl of Youghal in that humble chapel, and transmitted to them as their most precious heritage.

At the door they took leave of grandmother's early companion with a gentle affectionateness, half meant for grandmother herself; and from here made a pilgrimage to a field on the outskirts of the town, where, gathered about the ruins of an ancient abbey, rest generations of the Catholic population of Youghal, in grass-grown, neglected graves; for in many instances the families have either died out, or those whose loving duty it would be to tend these nearly obliterated mounds are far away. Then, rambling to the shore, they lingered on its silver sands till after the twilight faded, and the light from the headland, where stands the white, nun's tower, cast its pale radiance upon the waters.

(To be continued.)

"So your brother is dead?" said the Marquis Spinola one day to a friend. "Pray of what did he die?"—"Of having nothing to do," was the answer.—"'Tis no wonder he died," said the General. "Nothing to do kills more people than bullets do."

The True Fairy Story.

A writer tells us how his father used to begin a certain story, "More than a hundred years ago," and then the children knew that what they called "The True Fairy Story" was coming. The story ran much like this:

More than a hundred years ago there was a worthy couple in Pennsylvania who were blessed with ten children. The youngest they called Benjamin, just because he was the most youthful,—a fact which well-instructed boys and girls will guess. The mother's name was Sarah, and the father's John. The family name was West, so the little lad was Benjamin West,—rather a plain name for one who afterward became so noted all over the world. John West kept a tavern; he also had a shop, and was, as you will imagine, a very busy man.

Benjamin used to think it great fun to talk with all the numerous persons who went to the inn for entertainment or to the shop for wares. His especial favorites were members of a tribe of Delaware Indians, who were often to be seen there. The inside of their skin robes was covered with rudely-drawn pictures, and their weapons were stained in the same manner. Now, the boy, too, was fond of drawing and painting in a rude, crude way, being quite untaught. He had made pictures ever since he could remember,—pictures of flowers and animals and birds.

The drawing was an easy matter, but the coloring—ah! that was quite another thing. He had no colors, no nice paint box with oblong bits of red and blue and yellow, and nice brushes of various sizes lying in a convenient row. But he was not discouraged. He mixed chalk with the juice of fruits, and it is wonderful to think how many different tints he produced. Blue he got from his mother's indigo bag. His greatest need was a brush.

A happy thought struck our young hero. The family cat could furnish the brush, if she only thought so. So, one by one, poor puss surrendered bits of her fur to her friend. She grew to be a very curious-looking animal, and Mrs. West wondered what disorder had attacked her; but she never resented the inroads made upon her warm covering.

It was then that the Indians became useful in a quiet way. They loved to watch the young artist at his work, and at last grew so interested that they showed him how to make paints of various sorts of earths, as they had done for many years.

After a while the talent of the boy became known to his family in an odd way. They had been too busy to take much notice of his pictures of birds and flowers, and he determined to try something else at the first chance.

One day he was left in charge of his sister's baby, which lay fast asleep in a rude wooden cradle. Benjamin had been told to keep the flies from its face, and found it very stupid business. He wanted to be out in the sunshine with the birds and flowers. Then the little one smiled, and the artist's soul was awakened.

"She would make a grand picture," he said, "if I knew enough to paint it."

He took some red ink from his father's desk, a goose-quill pen, and set to work. When his mother came in she caught up the paper.

"Why, Benjamin has made a picture of the baby!"

Then she kissed her proud six-year-old. Benjamin always said that his mother's kiss was the making of him as an artist. As for the baby, she slept through it all.

If Mrs. West had scolded the youngster for wasting the pen and ink, which were so hard to obtain in those days, he would, no doubt, have been discouraged; but her kindness made him resolve to do something that would render him an honor to such a mother.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

VOL. XXXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

No. 21.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

One Little Song.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

♪ PRAY you tell!—

From iciest depths to conjure sighs,
Bringing hot tears to world-worn eyes,
Till heart and spirit yield;

To hold entranced the careless throng,
In the sweet measures of a song,
What magic lies concealed?

The tender thought, the tuneful strain,
The feast of joy, the throb of pain,
The soul that is revealed,—
That is the spell!

Our Lady's Relic of the True Cross.

ALTHOUGH the veneration paid to the Cross may be said to date, as to its universality, from the year 326, when the Empress Helena discovered the veritable wood to which our Divine Lord was nailed, it is quite certain that long before her time the faithful placed this sacred sign in their houses and churches and on their altars. St. Ignatius of Antioch, the disciple of St. John the Evangelist, testifies to the prevalence of this custom even in the first century. "At every step and movement," writes Tertullian, "when we

go in or out, when we dress or put on our shoes, at the bath, at the table, when lights are brought, when we go to bed, when we sit down—whatever it is which occupies us, we mark the forehead with the Sign of the Cross."* In his time, indeed, the devotion to that saving sign had become so great that Christians were called worshippers of the Cross.

The Portuguese in their conquest of the Indies found at Meliapore the ruins of a temple dating back to the apostolate of St. Thomas in those regions. The cross appeared among the ruins on every hand, either as a distinct sculpture or engraved on the stones. At Goa they found an iron cross bearing the figure of Christ, the origin of which, it is stated, also dates from St. Thomas' apostolate. This latter fact, narrated by Massæus,† would seem to controvert the generally received opinion that crucifixes, properly so called, were unknown during the first four or five centuries.

An incident related by St. Athanasius also proves the existence of the crucifix even in the first years of the Christian era. "The Jews," he writes,‡ "were at that time very numerous in Beyrout. A Christian who lived near their synagogue had a crucifix attached to the wall near his bed. His dwelling being too small for

* Tertull., De Coron. 3.

† Hist. Indica, lib. iv et viii.

‡ Sermo B. Patris Athanasii, Concil. Nicæn, II.

his use, he sold it to a Jew. The latter, some time afterward, invited a number of his friends to dine. One of them noticing the image of Our Saviour which had been forgotten by the late proprietor of the house, reprimanded his host severely, and went to lay a complaint against him before the chief priests. Followed by a large mob, the priests and elders proceeded to the house in question, seized the crucifix and exclaimed: 'Our fathers loaded Christ with insults: let us follow their example.' They spat upon it and renewed all the outrages of the Passion. When they pierced the side of the graven Christ, however, blood and water flowed therefrom. Catching the liquid in a basin, they said among themselves: 'The followers of Christ assert that He performed all sorts of prodigies. Now, let us take this basin into our synagogue and sprinkle the sick with the blood. If what is said of Christ be true, they will be cured.' Accordingly they carried the dish into their synagogue, where very many miracles were wrought on paralytics, lepers, the blind, and the afflicted of every kind. At sight of these wonders, the Jews asked pardon for their fault, and were all converted to the Lord. The synagogue was transformed into a church and consecrated to the Divine Redeemer."

Inquiries were instituted to determine the origin of this miraculous image, and it was found that it had been made by the Senator Nicodemus, who, with Joseph of Arimathea, had rendered the last services to our Saviour; and that it had successively belonged to Gamaliel, St. Paul, St. James, etc. The Abbé Durand states that this same crucifix was brought about the twelfth century to Umana, a village near Ancona, Italy, where it is still preserved.

It is certain, then, that devotion to the Cross flourished long before the days of St. Helena, and it is more than probable that genuine crucifixes existed even in the first century. What is still more surpris-

ing to most readers, perhaps, is that there exists a veritable relic of the True Cross which was worn by the Blessed Virgin herself, and was venerated during the three centuries that preceded the Finding of the Cross in 326.

That the practice of carrying about the person fragments of the True Cross, enclosed in reliquaries, may be traced back to the days of St. Helena is incontestable. St. Gregory of Nyssa recounts that while preparations were being made for the burial of his sister Macrina, there was discovered on her breast an iron cross with a ring enclosing a bit of the True Cross. Nor is this an isolated instance of the use of portable reliquaries. St. John Chrysostom makes frequent mention of the pious practice. Two of these reliquaries, to which Christian archæology has given the name of *encolpia*, were found in the tombs of the old Vatican cemetery; and another, in the form of a pectoral cross, on the breast of a skeleton among the rubbish of the Basilica of St. Lawrence-Outside-the-Walls. In these *encolpia* were deposited relics dear to Christian piety, and more especially particles of the sacred Tree of Golgotha.

It seems evident that the respect and love for the instrument of our salvation which thus manifested itself after the Finding of the Cross would have manifested itself from the very first, if any genuine relics were extant before the beginning of the fourth century; and it can surely not be questioned that the veneration of the Cross entertained by the ordinary faithful but feebly represented the sentiments with which the "shameful wood made glorious" was regarded by the Mother of the Crucified.

To show that Mary could have easily procured a fragment of the True Cross bedewed with the Precious Blood of Jesus, is almost equivalent to a demonstration of the fact that she did so, and that she ever preserved it with affectionate and

reverent care. Nothing, it seems to us, can be more probable.

Let us picture to ourselves for a moment the sorrowful scene on Calvary. The deicide accomplished, the crowd has dispersed little by little through the streets of Jerusalem. Golgotha was already comparatively abandoned when Longinus transpierced with his lance the Sacred Heart. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea present themselves, and show to the few soldiers who still linger around the Cross Pilate's authorization of their disposal of the body of Jesus. At sight of the official document bearing Pilate's seal, the rage of the soldiers, however great we may suppose it to have been, naturally subsided; and it is easy to believe that, with the aid of a few gold pieces, the two disciples readily secured other favors. What these were may be gathered from the following commentary of Malloni on a work of Paléoti, Archbishop of Boulogne:

"The author of the 'Supplement of the Chronicles' states expressly in Book VIII. that Nicodemus preserved with great care the nails, the lance, the cloths, and the different instruments of the Passion of Our Lord. Upon the model of the image of Jesus Christ, left upon the winding-sheet of the tomb, he engraved upon wood a figure of the Saviour; placing in it a phial full of the Precious Blood, with some fragments of the instruments of the Passion."*

If Nicodemus obtained from the soldiers the nails and the lance, could he not also have secured some portions of the Cross itself? It was the true throne upon which Jesus had inaugurated His endless reign upon earth; and, in the estimation of the disciple, less precious far the diamonds and costly gems that sparkle round the thrones of earthly princes than one splinter of the wood all incarnadined with the Blood of God. And it must have been so easy to procure such

splinters. In taking down the Cross, in detaching therefrom the body of Our Lord, in withdrawing the nails, fragments of the wood would naturally be separated from the main body; and it is not extravagant to suppose that some of these fragments were taken up by the Blessed Virgin herself or by some disciple. Such a hypothesis commends itself to the reason, while to the heart it is repugnant to suppose otherwise.

As a matter of fact, the Church of St. Servais, Maestricht, has for centuries gloried in the possession of a relic consisting of a piece of the wood of the True Cross, which was borne during her later years on earth by Our Lady herself. The history of the relic is intimately connected with that of St. Servais, of whom it will be necessary to make some mention. Servais was a native of the frontiers of Persia, and a venerable tradition says that he belonged to the family of St. Ann, mother of the Blessed Virgin. In the north of Germany, St. Servais is always represented as one of the relatives of Mary. Chapeauville, canon of Liège, on the authority of numerous authors whom he cites, states that this Saint was miraculously led from Jerusalem to Tongres (in Belgium); that, although speaking only one language, he was understood by people of all nations; and that all the sick and afflicted who merely touched him or ate of the crumbs from his table were cured. Miraculously designated as the successor of St. Valentine as Bishop of the see of Tongres, he ruled his diocese with eminent success for some years, and died at Maestricht in 383. In the course of centuries his body was more than once translated; and during one of these translations, solemnly made by St. Hubert in 733, the relic of which we have spoken was discovered.

A manuscript of the Royal Library at Brussels has this to say of the Saint and the relic:

* *Jesu Christi Crucifixi Stigmata*, Cap II.

"Blessed Servais brought with him from the church of Jerusalem a ciborium. In the middle, under a crystal, is a little cross made in memory of the Passion of the Redeemer by St. Luke the Evangelist. The Blessed Virgin carried it on her bosom after the glorious death of her Son. After the Assumption of Mary, St. John the Evangelist caused the said cross to be enshrined in this reliquary. It was afterward given by the patriarch of Jerusalem to St. Servais. He bore it during his life, and after his death it was placed upon his breast in his coffin, where it remained during three hundred and fifty years, until the solemn translation of his body."

For hundreds of years the church of Maestricht has proclaimed that, according to authentic tradition, Mary wore this cross found on the bosom of St. Servais; the parchments whereon were registered the different relics from time immemorial also mention it; and generation after generation have knelt to venerate it; so that, in default of other titles graven on brass or stone, the relic's claim to genuineness survives in the mouth of an ancient church and the hearts of a whole people.

The Foster-Brothers.

A TALE OF THE BASTILE.

IV.

WHEN Jean heard that his young master was going to embark on one of the King's frigates, he declared he would follow him; but Gaston would not consent. He told Jean that Nurse Maclon could not do without her eldest son, poor and sickly as she was; and that he could rely on no other to inform him of what took place in the castle, and to watch over the Lady Isaure.

"In that case I shall remain," replied Jean Maclon. "Rely on me, Count. I repeat

to you now what I have so often told you: I am yours in life and death."

"Jean, I trust you as I do myself," said Gaston, stretching out his hand to his foster-brother. Jean clasped it, and neither of the young men felt ashamed of the tears that dimmed his eyes at this first separation.

Gaston departed; and Jean, in order to keep his promise and yet learn the rude trade of a sailor, took service with some fishermen not far from the castle. With them he soon became a brave and hardy sailor; while his frequent visits to the farm contented his mother, and enabled him to keep the promised guard on the castle, without exciting the suspicions of Lady Beatrice.

The latter astutely feigned a great increase of affection for Isaure after her brother's departure, but the Marquis of Villegonthier became a constant guest at the castle. Tall, thin, and remarkably ugly, Raoul de Villegonthier increased the repulsiveness of his appearance by the expression of cunning and cynical disdain which habitually dwelt round his thin lips and sparkled in his deep-set eyes. A less likely suitor for the Lady Isaure de Maillevert, in the fresh springtime of her youth and beauty, could scarcely be imagined; still, Lady Beatrice thought the yielding disposition of the young girl would enable her to compass this ill-assorted union. Great was her rage, therefore, when a formal proffer of the Marquis' hand was met by a firm though polite refusal, and threats were as vain as entreaties to move Isaure from her resolve. In questions where the honor of her family or duty were involved, the young girl showed the energy and high spirit of her race; and to the solicitations of her weak-minded though affectionate uncle she replied:

"Uncle, I love and respect you as a second father. Swear to me, on your honor as a gentleman, that you believe my father

would have approved of this marriage, and I shall become the Marquis of Villegonthier's wife. If you can not give me this assurance, how can you urge me to such an alliance?"

The Viscount desisted, and not all the fury of his imperious wife could induce him to speak to Isaure again on that subject.

For a long time Isaure concealed, even from Nurse Maclon, the persecution to which she was subjected; and Gaston, finding her letters contained no ill news, gave himself up to the pleasures of his new career with all the joyous impulsiveness of his age. Brave even to rashness, he soon attracted the attention of his superiors, and marks of favor due to his own merits were showered on him.

But Lady Beatrice, despairing of conquering what she called the obstinacy of Isaure, conceived the stupid idea of calling on Gaston to use his influence over his sister. She flattered herself that the three years' absence must have made a change in the young man, and that he would be sensible of the advantages offered to Isaure by this marriage with a man so high in the King's favor.

His aunt's missive was a thunderbolt for the Count. He guessed all Isaure must have endured; and, having obtained leave of absence, he set out at once for the castle. Three years of active service had wonderfully matured him. His bronzed complexion, the mustache that darkened his upper lip, and the steady, commanding gaze of his large dark eyes gave him a martial air, notwithstanding his youth. The Viscountess on beholding him saw that the Count of Maillevert re-entered his castle as its master, and was one who would act as such. Isaure felt that henceforth she would have a protector, who had no fear of the Marquis of Villegonthier, and whose love for her was unchanged; hence she gave herself up fully to the joy of reunion with her dearly-loved brother.

But the evil genius of the family could not allow even the first evening of Gaston's return to pass quietly.

"I am much obliged to you, my dear nephew," she began, "for answering my letter so promptly."

"You owe me no thanks, Madam," replied Gaston, resolutely. "My object in coming here is to declare that my sister neither can nor shall accept the marriage you propose for her."

"May I ask your reasons?" sneered the Viscountess, growing pale with anger.

"My reasons are, in the first place, the well-known enmity of which the Marquis of Villegonthier gave my parents so many proofs; in the second place, his life and actions, unworthy of a gentleman, and for which I thoroughly despise him."

"You despise him!" screamed Lady Beatrice, in a paroxysm of rage. "A boy of your age dares to speak in this manner of a man like the Marquis! Retract your words this instant, or I shall repeat them to the Marquis of Villegonthier, whose carriage I see just coming in at the gate."

Gaston remained silent. An instant's delay, and the door was thrown open by the servant to announce the Marquis of Villegonthier. He came forward smiling, with extended hand, to the Count.

"Ah, my young friend, how glad I am to see you!"

"I regret I can not share your pleasure, my Lord, although I came here on your account," was the haughty answer. "I beg to inform you that, as head of the eldest branch of the house of Maillevert, I formally oppose my sister's accepting the alliance you proffer."

"Bah!" said the Marquis, in a tone of frivolity, that contrasted strangely with Gaston's earnestness and the expression of his own darkly-gleaming eyes. "Why so, friend?"

"Gaston, I forbid you to answer!" interposed Beatrice, vehemently.

"What, Lady Beatrice! You threatened, not five minutes ago, to repeat my words to the Marquis of Villegonthier, and now you will not have him listen to them! Know, my Lord," he added, turning sternly toward the latter, "that I refuse you my sister's hand, because you have been the bitter enemy of my parents, and because what I know of your life renders you unworthy of such a wife. If my words offend you, I am ready to give you satisfaction."

At this unforeseen attack the face of the consummate courtier assumed a livid hue, but that was the only sign of emotion he evinced. Assuming an air of indifference, he seized Gaston's hand ere the latter could prevent him, and said good-naturedly:

"My dear boy, God forbid I should take offence at the words of a noble heart, even though they spring from an unjust misconception! The day will come when your mind will be cleared from these unfair prepossessions against your best friend. Until then I withdraw my request, without, however, renouncing a hope so dear to my heart. Say what you will of me, you can never anger me; for I feel sure your affection for me will yet far exceed the dislike now inspired by odious calumnies."

Bowing gracefully to Isaure, the Marquis took the arm of the Viscount, who had been a silent looker-on at this scene, and drew him into his study. Lady Beatrice followed, and Isaure and Gaston were left alone.

Nothing could have been more disconcerting to the young sailor than the perfect self-control of his enemy, but he was not deceived by his feigned indifference. The Marquis of Villegonthier was well known to be as vindictive as he was ambitious. Though the brother and sister tried to encourage each other and to hide their fears, a presentiment of evil banished sleep from the pillow of Gaston on his first

night's visit to his ancestral home; and Isaure remained a long time in prayer at the feet of Our Lady's statue in her oratory, for the safety of her beloved brother.

V.

Lady Beatrice appeared to have quite forgotten the stormy discussion of the preceding evening. She treated Gaston with unusual affability, and did not again allude to the subject of Isaure's marriage. The Marquis of Villegonthier left the castle on the following day, but said he would soon return. Gaston, feeling that he was menaced with some secret danger, but unable to take precautions against an unseen peril, decided on writing to Lord Wilson, an old friend of his father's, and asking him to invite Isaure to spend some time with Lady Wilson in England. If the Viscountess refused her consent, Jean Maclon offered to bring the brother and sister safely to England, where they had numerous and powerful friends. Although Gaston wanted only a few months of his majority, the duties of his profession would prevent his remaining with Isaure; and she could not live alone in the castle, even if his uncle and aunt consented to leave it, which they seemed to have no intention of doing.

About ten days before Gaston's leave of absence expired the Marquis of Villegonthier returned to the castle. He had several long conversations with Lady Beatrice, and the latter had a gleam of triumph in her eyes that boded ill for her nephew. A few days later Gaston and Isaure were walking toward Elm Farm when they met Jean, out of breath, and agitated.

"My Lord," he said hastily, "an officer, with four soldiers escorting a closed carriage, has just arrived in the village. One of the men said they were going to take you prisoner, and I ran to warn you while they are baiting their horses. This is some trick of the Marquis of Villegonthier's. Will you fly?"

"Certainly not," answered the young nobleman. "What have I to fear? I have done no wrong. Remember, Jean, in case of misfortune, I confide the Lady Isaure to your care."

At this moment one of the castle servants came to tell the Count he was wanted at the castle.

"Remain here, Isaure," he said. "Jean, you also had better await my return, and see what this means."

About a quarter of an hour later he returned, very pale, but calm.

"I am invited to go to Paris,—why I do not know," he said, with feigned cheerfulness; "perhaps on naval business. In any case, there is no remedy but to obey, as there is an order from the King."

"Gaston," faltered his sister, "the Marquis of Villegonthier is all-powerful at court, and *lettres de cachet* can be procured so easily. You are going to the Bastile!"

"Upon my honor as a gentleman, Isaure, the officer has told me nothing but what I have repeated to you; and he has given me two hours to prepare for the journey, on my promise not to seek to elude this gracious invitation of his Majesty."

"My Lord," said Jean, gravely, "this journey looks very suspicious to me."

"Ah! nonsense, man!" replied the Count, affecting an indifference he did not feel; for he saw that Isaure was much frightened. "Even if I am imprisoned by a *lettre de cachet*, I shall not be kept long in the Bastile: our friends will soon have me set at liberty. Good-bye, my darling Isaure! I hope to return to you very soon. If my absence should be prolonged and you are unhappy here, Jean will bring you to Lord Wilson, and you will find a safe asylum in his house until I am able to rejoin you."

He embraced her tenderly, and then, tearing himself away, strode rapidly toward the castle, followed by Jean. Isaure

remained motionless until a turn of the road hid the tall form of her brother from her sight; then she directed her steps toward a little chapel, where she found consolation and strength at the foot of the altar.

Gaston did not conceal from his foster-brother the grave apprehensions to which his arrest gave rise; but, with the sanguine spirit of his age, he added that, however influential the Marquis of Villegonthier might be, Lord Wilson would certainly procure his release.

"But suppose," said Jean, "that the Marquis persuades Lady Isaure to marry him by promising to release you on those conditions?"

Gaston started; that idea was as plausible as new.

"Wait!" he said. "We are just at the castle; and while you pack my things I shall write to my sister to warn her to let no threat, no inducement persuade her to marry our dastardly enemy. You will give her my letter, Jean; and as soon as she receives an answer from Lord Wilson, bring her to him. I shall not feel at ease until I know her to be under his protection."

A quarter of an hour later the young Count of Maillevert was on his road to Paris. When he reached that city, instead of being granted a royal audience or confronted with his accusers, he was driven straight to the Bastile, and imprisoned in virtue of a *lettre de cachet* procured by the vindictive and influential Marquis.

(To be continued.)

THE Church does not stop with opposing to the errors of the age or nation the truth that condemns them; but embodies that truth in institutions, and founds in its honor and for its preservation feasts, confraternities, associations, which render it practical, and cause it to enter into the daily life of the faithful.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Traces of Travel.

IN CAMPAGNA.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(CONCLUSION.)

XXI.—DOWN THE TIBER.

ONLY to think of steaming down the classic Tiber in a little tub that has seen its best days; only to dream of going to sea in a bowl,—that is what it really amounted to,—nothing more, nothing less. The boat in question was once upon a time one of those slim, swift iron Thames boats, that whiz under the great Victoria Embankment like vicious water-wasps. This particular wasp having grown grey and decrepit, was banished from the Thames and sent into exile; and now she steams up and down the “golden Tiber” at very uncertain intervals, and it always seems little short of a miracle when she gets back to port again without let or hinderance. Her voyages are voted holidays of the first class; not to have survived at least one of them is to have lived in vain.

On a certain occasion about two hundred of us—landsmen all, with a sprinkling of wives in summer dress, and of children in something a little short of that—gathered on the narrow deck of the wingless and stringless *Wasp*, bound for Porto d’Anzio, at the mouth of the Tiber. There was something very jolly in the anticipation of our two hours’ voyage between the narrow banks of the winding stream, followed by a brief cruise in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, and a return to the Porto of hoary memories. We were quite content to stand for six or eight hours, under the circumstances—there were not seats enough to go half way round. We were quite content, I repeat, under the circumstances; for the Italian dawn is a delicious revelation, and

we were to set forth soon after sunrise.

Down under the river-bank, in the lower edge of Rome, the *Wasp*, laden to the water’s edge, fumed and fretted with a vigor worthy of her youthful days. Everybody was in the best of spirits; everybody always is—to begin with. Sea-going friends shook wine-flasks and ominous and almost edible-looking packages in the faces of stay-at-home friends who came to say a fond farewell upon the deck. A little colony of stranger idlers watched us in silence from the opposite shore. The Tiber is so narrow at that point we might have held a conversation with them, had we been so disposed; some few enthusiasts could hardly refrain from so doing, the excitement of a new departure so intoxicates a fellow. But blame them not; they merely wished to share their gayety with the whole wide world.

A fleet of barges, each with one great sail closely furled, and a long, slim ribbon-like streamer at the masthead meandering in the breeze, added much to the picturesqueness of the scene; it must be confessed we were not picturesque ourselves. Yet it was a dead and alive picture, after all; the Tiber is so excessively ugly to look upon; its waters as sluggish and as muddy as those of a California river, but with no gold-dust mingling with them; narrow, tortuous, flowing always between low, flat banks; full of strange, mysterious currents, and dimpled with a thousand little whirlpools; it is almost of a color with its banks; it looks not unlike lava, or a mud-flow boiling and borrowing its dreary way to the sea. He who cried, “Help me, Cassius, or I sink!” must have been a poor swimmer, or the river was flooded at the time; for there are plenty of modern Romans who swim it twice or thrice every summer’s day and make no note of it.

Off at last! The shore-line was cast off; everybody cried “*Addio!*” The *Wasp*

drifted out into the stream, swung slowly round; and when her bow was pointed right between the two yellow banks, the wheels began to whirl, the boat to quiver and rock gently in the tide; and, aided by the current, we passed rapidly beyond a bend in the river, and straightway forgot all about old Rome.

On either side of us the muddy banks were thinly shaded with trees. Now and again a country house, with its grey, prison-like walls, was visible. Peasants drove antique-looking cattle with marvelously wide horns. Sometimes we passed a yoke of Roman buffaloes,—the most uncouth-looking beasts imaginable; they were lazily dragging great loads of fragrant new-mown hay. The scent of it came to us like a breath of honey, mingled with a fair proportion of dust as white as lime.

The banks of the river grew lower and more barren. We could look for miles across the level campagna, already burnt brown in the summer sun. A family of goats or a wolfish-looking sheep-dog sometimes strayed down to the shore to stare at us. The trees were gone; even the low brush that flourishes in some parts of the great prairie land of Italy was wanting here. There was nothing visible but the short sweep of the river ahead of us and behind us, cut off at both ends by a sharp and sudden turn. Beyond us there was no mysterious country, no hidden vale lying within the shadow of a bluff; no rocks, no ruins,—in short, no surprise of any sort in store for us poor voyagers. Even the sea we were so rapidly approaching gave no token; and the solitary watch-towers, those solemn monuments of the past that stand by the river-bank above the Roman walls,—even these were wanting here. The gay youths who disported themselves so conspicuously at the beginning of the cruise and seemed so like old travellers, began to wilt under the thin, fluttering awning and the fervid

sun; and the blustering fellow who, when he leaped upon the low bulwarks and swung his legs overboard with a very decided air, impressed us as one having been born at sea, and rocked in the cradle of the deep for the greater part of his life, and nowhere so much at home as in the teeth of the tempest,—even this brave and *nonchalant* individual drew in his extremities; for the sun was scorching his shins. We all grew hot and uneasy and silent, or a little peevish, while the world went by in two seemingly interminable slices of utterly uninteresting landscape—one on each side of us.

Thus passed two mortal hours,—two mortal hours that, to a certain extent, have become immortal; for we shall never, never forget them. But at the expiration of these two hours, with one accord, we sniffed the salt fragrance of the neighboring sea. We had, somehow, lost interest in the classic stream: we were thirsting for a sight of the blue waters into which we were shortly to be plunged. The sun was hotter than ever: it was a living flame overhead; the wind—the oppressive sirocco—was rising; a blast from a furnace, and with it we all proceeded to wither as the flowers of the field. This weird African visitor—the bane of Italy, that carries with it a kind of blinding light that burns one's eyeballs, as if it were freighted with desert dust; this nerve-killer, this consumer of the blood, that crosses the sea with such fiendish energy that it sweeps clouds of small African quail into the waves, and even deposits some of them on the Italian coast,—this was our unwelcome companion.

When we came at last to the mouth of the Tiber one thing was evident: the *Wasp* would have a tough time of it wrestling with such waves as had come up to buffet the sirocco; but we had paid for a passage to Porto d'Anzio, so the captain held the bow of the little craft to wind

and wave, and we literally pitched in. It was a *festa* day; we were bent on having a good time at Porto d'Anzio, just around the corner from the mouth of the Tiber. The Porto is rather seldom visited; our advent was likely to go down to posterity with the local history. Meanwhile the sea heaved, and the *Wasp* heaved with it, but not always in season to escape a small deluge that was making the flush deck uncomfortably damp. Women grew pale and miserable; children cried aloud; men looked hopelessly about and wondered whither we were bound.

The Golden Tiber shoots its muddy flood into the sapphire depths of the Mediterranean, and, with a reserve worthy of so great a celebrity, refuses to mingle its "gold" with any such a sea,—or is it the sea that eschews the Tiber, preferring to keep its pellucid waters salt and clear? At any rate, there is a spot in the sea where the amber wall of the river lies against the crystal wall of the sea, and not one drop seems to mingle with another.

Man is not a fly; no more is woman. When the *Wasp* stood on her head—as she did at intervals—we, the unlucky two hundred, sifted like sand down into the bows of her. When she was reversed, we sought a change, and in so doing stood not upon the order of our going, but went in every which way. Peas in an agitated bladder, corn in a hot corn-popper,—indeed, many things in this varied life resemble the predicament we were in.

But why linger upon this point? A wail of despair went up from various quarters of the vessel. The captain delivered a brief and spirited address. He said it was evidently unwise to go any farther to sea than could be helped; he would therefore refund two-thirds of the passage money, and at once endeavor to return. He held himself responsible for our lives, and consequently he would "b'out ship" and seek safety in retreat. This spirit of benevolence impressed us favorably, as we

wobbled about in the tumultuous wave, expecting every moment to founder. We turned as soon as possible and headed for the shore. Any port in a storm, you know, even if it isn't D'Anzio.

Once more we sought the classic Tiber, but when about to enter it we turned too short a corner. A sea struck us amid-ships, the sirocco scooped up our flighty awning, we went over on our beam-ends, and the last hour was at hand. From beneath a cart-load of men, women, and children, where I had sought shelter from the elements, I saw our captain wringing his hands and tearing his hair. He wildly implored us to return to our places and retain them, as we hoped for safety. But we *didn't* hope for safety—we were quite beyond that,—and so we didn't return to our places; we simply lay in the lee-scuppers as if it were a pleasant and a proper thing to do, while our poor lopsided *Wasp* winged its unhappy way back to smooth water, looking as forlorn and discomfited as if all the sting had gone out of it.

The steamer came to a halt at Fiermicino, a spot desolate beyond expression. Here there was a halt of four hours,—the captain insisted that the boat "needed rest." In the heat and the wind two hundred souls bemoaned a fate that merely prolonged their agony. Ostia was but two miles distant,—ancient Ostia, which was once a port of great importance; where the Apostles themselves are believed to have established a church; where St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustin, died. This was too much for me: I left the one hundred and ninety-nine to return at their pleasure, as sought the sketchy ruins of Ostia.

How little there is to be seen in these ruins, even the best of them! Sunshine kills them; without *faith* they are "nothing to nobody." The memories of the dreary spot are many. It was hither that Æneas hastened, charmed by the loveli-

ness of the land. He "descried a spacious grove, through which Tiberinus, the god of the pleasant river Tiber, with rapid whirls and quantities of sand, discolored, bursts forward into the sea. All around and overhead various birds, accustomed to the banks and channel of the river, charmed the skies with their songs and fluttered up and down the grove."

O Virgil! If you could only see it now, would the fine frenzy of your rolling eye conjure up such poetic pictures as you were wont to paint? Alas, no birds now! No river-god, no groves; nothing but beggars and bull-frogs.

St. Augustin first landed here, in Italy, with his sainted mother. It was here also that St. Ignatius, the disciple of St. John, debarked when he came from Antioch to be massacred in the Florian Amphitheatre. To Ostia Marius fled when overcome by the troops of Scylla. Ostia was the summer watering-place of Roman emperors. On this same Tiber they moored their splendid barges; and when they sailed, the whole country was decked for their delight.

It is but two miles to Castle Fusano, in the midst of its forest of pine. From the desolation of Ostia to the solemn beauty of this spot the transition is almost heavenly. Here was the site of Pliny's Laurentine villa, now covered by a more modern castle that looks as if it might be enchanted. Surely one should sleep a century in such a place. There is a moan as of far-away seas in the tree tops, and plentiful shade and seclusion. Shall I end with a page out of one of these old note-books,—an impression penned on the spot? Here it is:

I am in no haste to quit Castle Fusano. Why should I be? I have taken my oath to quit Rome, and I must first wean myself from it. Here I shall stay until I see my path clear to some new shrine, even though I am in danger of being devoured by *ennui* and mosquitos. Beyond this pine-wood there are long, low sand-hills lying between it and the sea; they stretch

southward even to the Pontine marshes, and all the music of the water is blown over them, and all the glimmer of the wave is hid from view. Imagine a moonlight night in a place like this! There is a sighing in the air so vague one knows not whether it be voice of wave or wood; it is the two in harmony. In every breath you breathe the incense of the sea; and while you meditate your thoughts recur to the still-flowing Tiber; and the royal spirits of the past, throned in their cloud-like barges, drift slowly in solemn procession down the current of the sacred stream.

To My Sister.*

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

LOOK not for deeds of martial glory,
Or fabled tales of old:
'Tis but the tender, simple story
A sister's love has told.

She makes her lost ones live again
The well-remembered years;
She paints the pleasure and the pain,
The laughter and the tears.

She tells of ties that naught may rend,
Though life's last link is riven,
Of happy hearts where sweetly blend
The loves of home and heaven.

The heart's true gold without alloy
These gentle sisters show,—
The love that doubles all their joy,
And lightens all their woe.

No wonder that these pages move
My heart; for I have known
A sister's sweet, unselfish love,
My Marianne, in your own.

And as I read, from France and Rome
My wayward fancy flies
Back to a simple English home,
'Neath colder Northern skies.

* Written in a copy of "A Sister's Story," by Mme. Craven.

I see our lost one live again,
 Our Charlie brave and bright;
 I see the lingering years of pain
 A sister's love made light;

The courage steadfast to the end,
 The tender service given,
 And happy hearts where sweetly blend
 The loves of home and heaven.

The Cradle of Mexican Liberty.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

TWENTY-ONE years after the establishment of the earliest Mexican episcopate at Puebla in 1519, Bishop Quiroya, one of the pioneer prelates of the neighboring republic, founded at Patzcuaro a college, which he dedicated to his patron, St. Nicholas. Eighteen years subsequently this college was transferred to the city of Valladolid, and there it has survived to the present day. In 1868 its buildings underwent general renovation; and now the institution, which is supported by the state, is one of the most efficient in all Mexico, ranking as a university, and having its classical, medical, law and scientific schools, which are attended by many hundreds of students.

A member of the faculty of this college, toward the close of the last century, was Padre Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, a clergyman who was not more distinguished for his profound erudition than for devotion to duty and an ardent attachment to his native land. And during the years that he taught at St. Nicholas', Padre Hidalgo had among his pupils José Maria Morelos, a youth born at Valladolid in 1780. Morelos had worked as a muleteer, until the generosity of a wealthy patron who recognized the latent abilities of the lad enabled him to enter college.

When Padre Hidalgo, who had formerly been a student at St. Nicholas', became one

of its professors, his patriotism and his antagonism to Spanish misrule in Mexico often elicited from him declarations that made deep and lasting impressions on his pupils; and none was more susceptible to his influence than young Morelos. After teaching at the college for a number of years, the patriotic tutor was appointed parish priest of Dolores, a town on the line of the Mexican National Railroad; and there, in addition to his sacerdotal duties, which he never neglected, he instituted reforms in the methods of agriculture in use among his people. He also introduced among them the manufacture of a better species of pottery, and promoted the cultivation of the mulberry plant and the silk-worm. These services naturally endeared him greatly to his flock, who saw that he was anxious about their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare.

In due season his former pupil, young Morelos, completed his studies and was ordained to the priesthood. After serving for some years as a curate at Nuncupatero, he had been promoted to a pastorate at Caracuaro, not far from the parish of his old professor. Between the two clergymen the friendship that was formed at St. Nicholas' continued unbroken; and Padre Morelos not only shared the ideas which Padre Hidalgo entertained for the betterment of the social condition of the Mexican peasantry, but he also sympathized fully with his former instructor in those patriotic desires which the latter frequently expressed for the liberation of Mexico from the thralldom of foreign misrule.

The closing year of the first decade of the present century saw the Mexican patriots preparing for an effort to emancipate their country from Spanish sway; but before their plans were ready for execution, they were betrayed by one of their number to the government. This betrayal led to the summary arrest of several of the leaders, among others some

military officers stationed at Queretaro; who managed, however, before their imprisonment to send word to Padre Hidalgo of what had happened. The patriotic *curé* at once summoned as many nationalists as he could, and on the day following his reception of the message sent him by the prisoners—September 16, 1810,—after celebrating Mass in his parish church, he unfurled the national standard, selecting therefor the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and proclaimed the independence of the country.

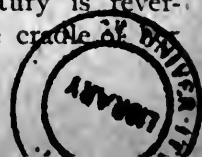
History records the brilliant triumphs of the Mexicans whom Padre Hidalgo inspired; and relates how town after town was captured by them, until their opponents, who were far better supplied with the munitions of war, massed their strength and prevailed against the insurgents. The unsuccessful attempt which the patriotic priest and three other leaders of the revolution made to escape into this country, after the defeat at Guadalajara, their capture and their execution, are well known to the student of Mexican annals.

Ten months after the decollated heads of the indomitable Padre Hidalgo and his three companions had been brutally exposed on the citadel of Guanajuato, Padre Morelos, who believed himself called to follow in the footsteps of his dear friend, collected another army, of which he was unanimously chosen the commander, and after capturing a number of fortified towns, convened the first Mexican congress at Chilpanzingo, in September, 1813. This congress drew up a declaration of independence, pronounced slavery abolished throughout the country, and organized a provisional government. But the day had not yet arrived for the full dawn of Mexican liberty, and Padre Morelos, who, besides the military authority which he received from his countrymen, was also invested with supreme executive power, was not destined to witness the termination of foreign misrule

in his native land. Defeated at Valladolid, October 22, 1814, he was condemned to death. The national movement, however, which he and Padre Hidalgo inaugurated, and for which they both died, survived their fall, and grew stronger because of their martyrdom, until it finally achieved that independence which Mexico has for the past seventy years enjoyed.

Their independence gained, the Mexican people did not forget the two devoted priests who were among the first to espouse the national cause, and who sealed with their blood their attachment to their native land. Their deeds and their memories are treasured in every Mexican home. Statues stand in their honor in countless places, and cities and states have been named after them. Padre Hidalgo is affectionately spoken of as "the George Washington of Mexico"; and the College of St. Nicholas, in which he taught and Padre Morelos studied, is fondly regarded as the cradle of Mexican liberty. The town wherein this institution stands is no longer known as Valladolid, its name having been changed years ago to Morelia, in honor of the priestly patriot who was born therein, and who there made his last struggle for his country's freedom. The principal square of the city, the one whereupon the beautiful cathedral looks down, bears the name of the Plaza of the Martyrs.

From the towers of the beautiful cathedral of Morelia are visible many of the places made forever dear to Mexican hearts and memorable in Mexican history as the fields whereupon Padres Hidalgo and Morelos fought bravely for the freedom of their native land. But jealously as Dolores guards the memory of its patriotic pastor, Padre Hidalgo, and loyally as Morelia perpetuates the fame of his pupil, the college which good Bishop Quiroya founded far back in the sixteenth century is revered by all Mexico as the cradle of national life and liberty.



The Feast of the Miraculous Medal.

ON July 23d of the current year the Sovereign Pontiff sanctioned a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, instituting a special festival under the title "Manifestation of the Immaculate Virgin of the Miraculous Medal." The origin and object of this new feast are thus set forth in the Breviary "lessons" of its office, to be recited on November 27.

I.

In the year 1830, as attested by authentic documents, the august Mother of God deigned to appear to a pious woman named Catherine Labouré, of the community of the Daughters of Charity, founded by St. Vincent de Paul. The Blessed Virgin ordered Catherine to see to it that a medal should be made in honor of her Immaculate Conception. According to the directions given by the Virgin, the medal was to be engraved as follows: On one side should appear the image of the Mother of God, crushing with her virginal foot the head of the serpent; from the extended hands rays of light were to fall upon the terrestrial globe placed below her; and, encircling the whole, this prayer, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." On the reverse of the medal there was to be the holy name of Mary, surmounted by a cross; below the name, two hearts,—one crowned with thorns, the other pierced by a sword.

The young religious obeyed the Virgin's orders, and events were not slow to demonstrate the divine origin of this mission. Hardly had the new medal been distributed when Christians at once manifested the desire of wearing it, as a testimony of devotion which should prove agreeable to our Most Holy Mother. France first signalized herself in this respect; and then, the bishops approving the practice, the whole world saw the daily increase of respect for, and confidence in, the Virgin

who deigned to work, through the medal, marvels for the relief of bodily ills as well as for the extirpation of vices from the soul.

II.

Among all these facts worthy of remembrance, special mention should be made of that which concerns Alphonse Ratisbonne. It occurred on February 13, 1842, and is vouched for by the authentic testimony of ecclesiastical authority. Alphonse was born at Strasburg of Jewish parents. He was on his way to the Orient and had stopped at Rome. There he became intimate with a man of noble birth, who had abandoned heresy for the Catholic religion. This gentleman, pitying the fate of his unfortunate friend, endeavored by all the means in his power to bring Alphonse to the true faith. His efforts, however, proved futile; he succeeded only in winning the Jew's consent to wear around his neck the holy medal of the Mother of God. In the meantime prayers in his behalf were addressed to the Immaculate Virgin. Mary was not dilatory in affording her assistance.

One day Alphonse entered by chance the Church of St. Andrew, situated in a quarter formerly wooded, and called from that circumstance *Delle Fratte*. It was nearly noon. All at once it seemed to him that the church grew darkened, with the exception of the Chapel of St. Michael the Archangel, which was flooded with a bright light. Seized with fear, he directed his glance thither. Then the Most Holy Virgin Mary appeared to him, her countenance full of sweetness, and such as she is represented on the holy medal. This vision suddenly effected a transformation in the dispositions of Alphonse. He shed tears of repentance, recognized the errors of Judaism; and accepting as the only true religion Catholicity, for which he had formerly entertained only horror, he embraced it with his whole heart. He was instructed in Christian dogmas, and in a few days was purified in the saving waters of baptism.

III.

It was fitting that the maternal tenderness of Mary, who had shown herself with so much power and liberality by means of the holy medal, should not be forgotten; and also that the cult of the Christian world for the Immaculate Conception should assume new proportions. To accomplish these ends, the Apostolic See has willed that, as in the case of the Rosary and the Scapular of Mount Carmel, a particular feast be celebrated each year in memory of this apparition of the Most Holy Mother of God and of her holy medal.

Thus, having caused all these facts to be examined with the greatest care by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Leo XIII., Supreme Pontiff, acting on the favorable report of the said Congregation, has authorized the priests of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, ever faithful to the traditions of their holy founder in the profession and cult of the Immaculate Conception, to celebrate an office and a Mass of the Manifestation of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate. The same favor is accorded to all bishops and religious families who may solicit it.

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A STIFF BREEZE.

"A SERMON," said the Conservative, "is never of much value to me, as a whole. If it is a good sermon, the points here and there stick in my mind. To-day, for instance, that quotation from St. Thomas struck me. I'll have to paraphrase it. The preacher said that the punishment for mortal sin is eternal because mortal sin is the deliberate turning from the Infinite, and that the temporal punishment is due to the turning of the soul

with inordinate worship to the creature. I am afraid I did not catch it well, but that is about the sense of it. It sticks in my mind: I've been meditating on it all day."

The Conservative turned away from the twilighted window, through which the snow glimmered dimly, and looked to the Critic for sympathy.

"The passage struck me too, and I thought it was a fine thing to end the sermon with that aspiration from St. Francis of Assisi, 'My God and my all!' After all, mere rhetoric doesn't count much with earnest people nowadays; it's what a man *says*. Here's Spalding—I beg pardon!" the Critic added, turning, as the Lady of the House entered. "I shall be accused of irreverence; but one gets in the way of talking of the author of 'Education and the Higher Life' as one talks of Newman or Ruskin or Emerson."

"I never talk of Emerson,—he is dead," said the Philistine. "Any man that common people can not understand is dead."

The Critic glared at him, and opened the book he had dropped.

"We do wrong," he said, addressing the Lady of the House and the Philistine, "to apply the same method of reading to all books."

"Certainly we do," struck in the Critic. "Fancy reading Newman aloud as a steady literary diet for five hours at a stretch! It would grow to be like the eating of quail—*toujours perdrix*."

"I find your companion flippant," said the Visitor, coming in with spots of snow on his coat and a lone ivy leaf in his buttonhole. "A great authority says that two pages of Newman is enough in a day. And of 'The Grammar of Assent,' I should say half a page every forty-eight hours."

"But to return to Bishop Spalding," said the Critic. "I know of no modern writer who says so many brilliant and true things in the space of a page. I like the Host's habit of dropping new books

everywhere, and I admire the amiability of the Lady of the House in permitting her guests to dip into these books during the progress of conversation. Bishop Spalding's new book, 'Things of the Mind,' is not a book that one gulps down. In the home reading circle it ought to be made a prelude to the reading of other books. I love Spalding—I beg pardon, Madame!—the Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, D.D. You can touch a key anywhere on the instrument he gives you, and it responds at once to the best note in your mind. You can strike the keyboard anywhere. Here—page 87: 'Whatever we teach boys, girls should be taught the science and art of education itself; for three-fourths of them will become mothers. And education is always a mother's chief business, in which if she fails, schools and other agencies are powerless to form true men and women.' There's a thing to ponder on. And here's a chord to which my whole being responds: 'Why should the American who is most alive be able simply to make the most money? Why should he not think the highest thought, feel the deepest love? Sensation lies at the root of thought. We really know only what experience, suffering and labor have wrought into our very being. Hence the young have no true or deep knowledge.'

"But if we do not make money, who will support all these fine things?" asked the Philistine. "A man can not be comfortable without money. We *must* have money."

"Nobody denies that; but when we apply the standard 'How much money can you make?' to everything, we must logically fall to the level of that standard," said the Critic. "Posterity will not make pilgrimages to Chicago in future times to see eighteen-story buildings. You could not put them up without money, and they are put up to make money."

"You couldn't build your favorite

Florentine Duomo without money; and I must say it wouldn't pay to put up a church like that anywhere in this country. The artists would come high," said the Philistine, thoughtfully.

"Oh, you can not be serious!" said the Visitor. "Our friend the Philistine is humorous; he does not mean that he sets the making of money before everything."

"Almost," said the Philistine, seriously. "Money is the prime necessity in this country."

"It's only God that gives Himself away," murmured the Student from San Francisco, trying to quote Lowell.

"You're nobody if you haven't money," said the Philistine, with some fire. "Americans are here to make money,—you know that! Our political parties certainly, with universal suffrage, express the people; and their main principle is a question of profit."

"You do not mean to defend that," said the Critic.

"People say it every day," answered the Philistine; "they do not put it in print. Why, look at our life! Newspapers are managed to pay dividends, that's all! The minister of repute who would refuse a 'call' which meant five thousand dollars more than he was receiving would be looked on as a monstrosity. The artist, in his threadbare coat, is nobody. I'm talking facts. The man who is content with a little and comparative freedom is looked on as a fool. If you're not rich, you're nobody," he added, bitterly.

"If it is in you to learn better," said the Critic, putting his hand lovingly on the little book, "read 'Things of the Mind.' Here is an antidote to the poison of materialism. Here are religion, culture, grace, and the burning desire for the higher life on earth. If I were an autocrat, I would force this book into every school in the country. If one were inclined to despair of the fate of America, one would have only to remember that this author is an

American. 'We boast of our industrial captains,'" he went on, dropping into the book again, "'who stand at the head of great material enterprises; not perceiving that their work, like that of the unhappy beings they employ, prevents them from becoming men—' This book is new, and that will be its chief merit in the eyes of the unthinking. I hope that we, dear friends, will have the grace to let it grow old with us."

One Danger.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

IT is a favorite theory with some thinking people that humanity left to itself will revert to a savage type. The old saying, "scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," is no more true, they tell us, than the fact that if you scratch your nearest neighbor you will find an Apache Indian, or a fair-haired Norse pirate, or a Hun of Attila's day. To clinch their assertion, they bring forth the innate cruelty of the small boy—his propensity for pulling off the legs of flies, his joy in the maudlin utterances of the drunken man, his wild hilarity when a staid pedestrian slips upon an icy walk, and his fierce joy as he pursues a butterfly, robs the nest of a bird, or brings an English sparrow fluttering to the ground with his air-gun.

Be this as it may, there is none of us who can not relate some incident, pathetic or amusing, concerning some small young man of our acquaintance, which confirms us in the belief that our race can not dispense with the safeguards of Christian civilization, and that the seeds of the vice of cruelty seem to watch for a lodging-place in the fertile soil of a young child's heart.

"Harold is so tender-hearted," says

Mrs. Brown, "that I have to take the *Humane Journal* just to please him."—"I've coaxed my mamma to keep on taking the *Humane Journal*," says Harold himself, "because it tells so many new ways to plague cats."

"Let's watch when old Joe Smith comes home to-night, and shy stones at him," says Billy Taylor; to meet with discouragement from his companions, who think it greater fun to hang about the police station and make faces at the prisoners as the patrol wagon brings them in.

These are sample instances taken from life, and not reassuring to him who has the love of his fellowman in his heart, and who would be an optimist with half a chance.

With proper care, a great change is wrought in the cruel and pugnacious human mite. But there are thousands who have no training whatever in the principles of kindness, or have only a very indifferent kind; and the lad who shoots the robin grows up to be a delighted spectator at a cock-fight; and his sister, who perchance wears the robin in her best hat, is eager for the news from the prize-ring, and rides gaily behind horses which fashion tortures with diabolical ingenuity.

It is easy to dismiss the latter-day humane enthusiast with the epithet of "crank"; but it ill becomes a follower of the Blessed One, who noted the sparrow's fall, to sneer at any movement which has for its object the elimination of cruelty from the world trod by those sacred Feet. And the work is best begun early. The child who is taught to befriend a persecuted dog, to shelter a homeless kitten, to tend a wounded bird, will never become a savage hidden under a thin veneer.

When the Golden Age comes in again, the "manly" exhibitions in the prize-ring will perish from want of patronage,—brutal crimes will cease; and the heralds of that blissful period will be tender-hearted little children.

The Late Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

IN a recent number of THE "AVE MARIA" appeared a kind mention of my father, Mr. O'Neill Daunt; and his daughter thinks it possible that a few lines about the religious side of his life might possess some interest for the readers of Our Lady's magazine.

When a child of five or six, living in and amid the most Protestant surroundings, my father yearned for the happiness of being a Catholic. He has left it on record that at that early age he lay awake at night praying for the conversion of his family and friends to the one true faith. In his researches among the books in his grandmother's library, at the age of ten, he found a Douay Catechism. He read it over and over, comparing its teachings with the text of his Bible. He was delighted to find that the Catholic doctrine was thoroughly Scriptural. The sentiments of Irish nationality in which he had been reared also made him look on the Catholic Church as the Church of the Irish people; and for that reason, too, he longed to enter her fold. In the Douay Catechism he found the "Hail Mary," which he committed to memory, and thenceforward recited daily in secret.

When he was a growing lad the country became convulsed with the struggle for Catholic emancipation. His father's family professed Tory principles, as did the majority of "county" families in those days,—and, for the matter of that, all those who laid claim to any degree of gentility. In the hot discussions that were held on this topic at his father's table, O'Neill Daunt, and Feargus and Arthur O'Connor of Fortroberty, were the only advocates of the Catholic claims. My father's heart throbbed with indignation at the wrongs so long endured by the

people, and he longed for some opportunity of redressing their grievances.

In 1826 his father died—killed in a duel,—and his son was free at last to follow the inspirations of grace. He made his abjuration to Father Mathew, and was by him baptized conditionally. A few days subsequently he was confirmed by Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, in the Blackrock convent chapel.

From that hour he ever showed himself a determined and efficient champion of Catholic truth. His numerous letters and pamphlets in defence of the Church show the fervor of his faith and the vigor of his mind. His well-known controversial work, "Saints and Sinners," made a stir at the time of its publication, and, under God, brought many strayed sheep into the fold.

Only those who lived with my father and knew him intimately can form any adequate conception of the beauty of his character. His faith ruled all his actions. His simplicity and humility were those of a child. Willingly, he would believe evil of no one; and if the evil were really proved, he was as reticent as possible. His patience under the diverse crosses with which his life was burdened was extreme. He was naturally of a hot, impetuous temper; but he had schooled himself to the utmost meekness and gentleness. His humility made him grateful for the most trifling services. His charity was bounded only by inability to give more. In the dreadful famine days he gave his last shilling to a poor starving woman, when he himself was suffering keenly the pangs of hunger.

Latterly his infirmities prevented his leaving the house, and the parish priest came from time to time to give him the Sacraments. One could perceive their influence on him by his increased gentleness and sweetness. If he deemed that he had offended any one he would await an opportunity of apologizing, which he did with the utmost frankness and simplicity.

The end came quickly, but not unpro

vided. Every day for many years he had repeated prayers for a good death. He kept the thought of it constantly in mind, and often spoke of it.

No one thought that his last hours had come, when, on June 29, he felt slightly ill in the morning; but he quickly grew worse, and realized that he was near his end. He had received the Sacraments three or four days previously, and said simply: "I have tried to be good since then, and I don't feel anything troubling my conscience." About three o'clock in the afternoon he grew unconscious, and passed away almost without a struggle; surrounded by his family, to whom he has left the memory of his virtues and unselfish life as a precious heritage.

Notes and Remarks.

A writer in *Études*, who has made a careful study of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, expresses the opinion that it did harm rather than good, and that indifferentism was the only gainer by that polytheistic symposium. He admits that, under certain aspects, the so-called Parliament was a triumph for Christianity, although its cause was ill-served by many of its non-Catholic defenders. The general result, however, is bad, as many persons predicted. Deism and atheism have since made distinct advances; and the error, so widely spread, that one religion is as good as another is rendered more plausible to many minds. The Parliament of Religions was a grand opportunity to illustrate in an age of religious error the intolerance of religious truth. Had not the Church been represented in it, the attention of the whole world might now be directed to her more than ever.

There has been one good result from the publication of Zola's infamous book on Lourdes: it has drawn attention to the shrine and the cures wrought there. Many of these

miracles of healing are inexplicable by science; they can be accounted for only by the intervention of the supernatural. People want to hear more of such strange events. Among recent visitors to the far-famed shrine was the Rev. Dr. Albert J. Lyman, of the South Congregational Church, Brooklyn, who on a recent Sunday evening charmed his congregation with an account of Lourdes and a description of what he saw there. He declared that the spot must be seen to be appreciated,—that he had never beheld such a sight. It impressed and oppressed him. The faith of the people and the testimony of extraordinary cures made a deep impression on him, though the presence of so much suffering oppressed his soul. In concluding his discourse, Dr. Lyman said: "My impressions at Lourdes were far from those of easy judgment, far from supercilious contempt. It strengthened my love of humanity, and made me see that in all ways God is leading His poor sick children up to Him."

Yes, Brother Lyman; and He leads them as He led the Magi, who "found the Child with Mary His Mother." Christ came to us through her, and He wills that through her we should go to Him. The wonders wrought at Lourdes indicate clearly the Blessed Virgin's place in Christian worship.

The civilized world is ringing with the brilliant victories and daring exploits of the Chinese and Japanese fleets, but the sublimest victory and the bravest deed of the Korean war—the martyrdom of Father Jozeau—has passed almost unnoticed. After years of heroic labor in the interior of China, Father Jozeau, at the command of his bishop, was about to seek safety in flight, when he was seized by a band of savage Chinese, who submitted him to every torture that their cruelty could devise. Gazing calmly on the infuriated mob, the missionary exhorted them to abandon their false gods and to embrace the truth. An eye-witness says that for reply they rushed on him and plunged their knives into him. The Father, trembling with pain, fell to the ground; the miscreants then flung themselves upon him, and slashed at him until his body was one wound. His head, arms and legs were half severed from his

body, which was finally tossed into the river. A neophyte, who had been baptized two days previously, after witnessing the torture of Father Jozeau, was twice shot and his martyrdom completed with knives.

Serious men are wondering whether the Korean war will work results favorable to Christianity, and no one seems able to speak confidently on the subject. One thing, however, is certain. Now, as in the days of Tertullian, the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians; and it can not be doubted that such sublime example as the death of Father Jozeau will be fruitful in conversions.

It will be of interest to our readers generally, and especially gratifying to those who have contributed to the fund for defraying the expenses of the prosecution of the cause of the Venerable Curé d'Ars, to learn that the process is advancing most favorably. Rome is proverbially deliberate in all such matters; but the more tedious portion of the investigation and examination has at length been accomplished, and the ardently desired beatification of Jean-Baptiste Vianney may now be considered fairly within sight. In the meantime it is well to remember that, until the beatification is definitely pronounced, the need of contributions will continue, and our Contribution Box is still open.

In a letter received from the present pastor of Ars, l'Abbé J. Ball, that zealous priest writes most encouragingly of the prospects for a speedy termination of the cause; and is gracious enough to add that THE "AVE MARIA" has taken a notable part in placing around the brow of his saintly predecessor the aureola of beatification. The gratitude of the good pastor is due to our readers in a much larger measure than to us.

It is not often that the death of an Irish priest provokes eulogy from such journals as the *Athenæum*, or such a pen as Prof. Mahaffy's. This distinction, however, has been accorded the Rev. James Healy, of Ballybrack, whose recent death has been mourned throughout the United Kingdom. Father Healy was a type of the Irish priest—watchful of his flock, beloved by them, and

singularly devoted to his sacred calling. His great gift was his mother-wit, which had been refined and cultivated into a kind of genius. Owing to this quality, he was much sought after by brilliant and wealthy society; but he always remained the plain, dutiful priest, the father and friend of the poor. It would be unseemly to recall his world-famous jokes while his grave is still fresh; but it is interesting to quote these words of the eminent Greek scholar, Prof. Mahaffy, who has never been suspected of friendship with persons or things Catholic: "He was a model of what an Irish priest might be. It is well to call attention, as a lesson in the exercise of a dangerous gift, to the three qualities which made him a model man. In the first place, his wit was spontaneous: no one could ever suspect him of preparation. In the second place, it was pure,—a quality very distinctive of Irish wit; thirdly, it was kindly, nor did he ever use his power to hurt the feelings of any human being. Yet many a severe moral lesson was conveyed with this consoling flavor, and many a weary and sick soul cheered by this gift from a pastor who could say with St. Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none.' If those whom the gods love die young, Healy was such. Had he lived for a century, he would have died young—far too young, indeed, for the many that loved him."

The secular journals have it that the Holy Father has sent a letter to the Bishops ordaining that henceforth the collection known as "Peter's Pence" is to be forwarded to Rome through the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate. Generous Catholics have now an excellent opportunity to prove their devotion to the Holy See. Leo XIII. cherishes certain important and expensive projects, among which may be mentioned the establishment of seminaries for natives of the Orient, and the union of the Eastern and Western churches. Only a few weeks ago he displayed his solicitude for these projects by summoning the Eastern patriarchs to a conference in Rome. His Holiness is also about to establish a special congregation to compass this reunion. We believe that Catholics, knowing the use to which "Peter's Pence" is to be

put, will contribute more generously than usual; and, what is more important, lend the assistance of their prayers. For this end we know of no more beautiful petition than that addressed to St. John Chrysostom by the eminent Father Fidelis in the "Invitation Heeded": "O Saint of the Golden Mouth, strong advocate, cease not to hasten by thy intercession the approach of that millennial morning, when, as in thy own happy times, the East and the West shall meet together to share the solicitude of Him whom Christ has made the Vicar of His Love and the shepherd of His blood-bought flock!"

It is worthy of note that, despite the shadows that darkened the last years of the late ex-Premier Mercier, his death caused an outburst of sympathy almost unprecedented among the people of Canada. The large numbers that attended his funeral, and the evidences of real grief to be seen everywhere, were a popular vindication of the character of Mercier, whose reverses, it would seem, were his misfortune rather than his fault. Writing of him in the *Catholic Review*, Anna T. Sadlier says:

"During the short course of his administration he set on foot many works of public utility; but that which chiefly gives him a right to immortality is precisely an act which, many aver, contributed to his political downfall. Mr. Mercier will live in history by his generous, fearless and disinterested advocacy of the long-disputed Jesuit claims; though it drew upon him the odium of the enemies of the Church, singly and collectively. Is it too much to say that but for this circumstance the faults of his administration had been more readily condoned? Such conjecture is no doubt futile, and, perhaps, more prudently left unsaid. But it may be held as certain that when the strife of the hour has passed away, all but the blindest fanatics will agree that Mr. Mercier did wisely and well in bringing this long-vexed question to an end."

It is said that Mercier once declared that this action would ruin him politically, but that he could not hesitate where duty led. One of his lifelong opponents pays him this generous tribute—one rarely rendered to a politician: "He never permitted the free-thinkers with whom he was brought into contact to disclaim against religion and its practices. He fearlessly combated them, Bible in hand; and it was seldom that he

did not succeed in reducing them to silence. His convictions were solid and well guarded; and, not content with proclaiming them, he put them consistently into practice." *R. I. P.*

We bespeak the charitable prayers of our readers for the venerable Homer Wheaton, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who met with a violent death on the 12th inst. He was formerly an Episcopal minister of high standing, but was converted to the Church, making sacrifices the greatness of which few can realize. These were cheerfully borne, though increased as the years went by. Mr. Wheaton was a model Catholic, and tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin. Though sudden, his death was well provided, and it was doubtless one of those special graces referred to by St. Francis de Sales in his "Love of God." The deceased was for many years a warm friend of our little magazine. We ask the prayers of its readers for him, because he had outlived those who were nearest to him and loved him best. God rest his soul!

A Book among Books.*

WE are heartily glad to see this solid work appear in a popular edition. The volume before us is the first of two, containing six out of twelve lectures delivered before the Catholic University of Dublin when John Henry Newman was rector. We have also the "Inaugural Lecture on the Philosophy of History," which serves as an admirable introduction.

Mr. Allies shows that the Philosophy of History was created by the Christian faith, and impossible before it. The first instance of this philosophy, he says, is St. Augustine's "City of God"; the second Bossuet's famous "Essay." Guizot, again, "has given to us," he remarks, "on a less extensive subject, a philosophy of history in its most finished and accurate form." Yet Frederick Schlegel "has had the honor of giving its name to the science." "We miss, indeed, in Frederick

* "The Formation of Christendom." By T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G. Popular Edition. Burns & Oates.

Schlegel the accuracy, lucidity, and point, the admirable concentration, of the great French mind above mentioned. Yet there is enough in his volume, in its wide stores of thought and immense learning, to justify the title which he has assumed."

Lecture I. deals with "the Consummation of the Old World." It gives a brilliant "sketch of the Roman civilization"; setting forth, in the first place, its external grandeur and all that was admirable about it; then, in ghastly contrast, its internal condition. Our author shows that slavery was at once the broad basis and the ruin of the Empire that succeeded the Republic. Its ruin, because of the effect of slavery (1) on labor, (2) on domestic service, (3) on artisanship, (4) on the social and political temper of the free, and especially (5) as a fountain of moral corruption. Again, as to the condition of men's minds at Rome, he proves with remarkable clearness that the schools of philosophy only produced uncertainty; that the idea of God was lost, and with it that of human personality. "If any one rose above the multitude of gods to the notion of One, it was of a material pantheistic God, beside whom, equal in eternity, there loomed, in the half-visible obscurity, the world-soul and the primeval matter, which it was the highest function of this god—itsself a fine ethereal fluid—to combine, arrange, transfuse into numberless outward forms forever passing into a cycle of generation, death and reproduction. That God created the visible world and the souls of men out of nothing was an idea never reached by Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, or any Greek or Roman mind before Christ." Hence, of course, the utter disregard of human life, and the slave's condition as a mere chattel. How truly our author adds: "Man, then, had lost his Maker; and, in losing his Maker, had lost himself. In proportion as the knowledge of God had been darkened to him, the knowledge of his own soul had been darkened also."

We have next a picture of Roman civilization given by two eye-witnesses external to it—St. John and St. Paul; by the one in the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of his Apocalypse; by the other in the opening

chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. Of the latter passage Mr. Allies remarks: "What makes especially for our purpose here is that the Apostle has grouped into one mass the whole heathen world, which he tacitly signifies to be under the headship of Rome, to be represented and summed up in Rome, in that he writes thus to the Christians at Rome. Viewing with one rapid, all-embracing glance the whole progress of man since the nations were divided after the Flood, he considered their actual moral state at the time he wrote as a penal state, the punishment of idolatry. And he traced the cause of this idolatry as not being ignorance, but a corruption of the heart, which turned away from the knowledge of God in order that it might indulge in desires forbidden by that knowledge. And as men would not read the book of the world spread ever open before them, and pointing to one Creator, Ruler, and Judge, because they desired gods of their own making to sanction deeds after which they lusted, God more and more withdrew Himself, whom they would not have; punished more and more this affected ignorance with the moral corruption which had been its first cause; until the world had universally become that which St. Paul beheld and described it under Nero. We must here further remark the exact identity of the description, with that which we had before drawn from the heathen writers themselves. As to the facts of the case, Cicero, Seneca, and Tacitus alone, not to speak of the long array of Greek and other Roman authors, would supply us with inexhaustible details of the picture thus summarily drawn by St. Paul and St. John."

But to pass on to the remaining Lectures. The difficulty is to abstain from quotation, which we must confine to narrow limits. Lecture II. treats of the "New Creation of Individual Man." The reconstruction of society had to be accomplished with two forces—the knowledge of God and the knowledge of the human soul. "St. Peter and St. Paul," says our author, "did not set themselves to re-establish directly the political, the social, the domestic, or the individual rights of man. Indeed, they did not speak of *rights* at all, but of *duties*...." "The regeneration of man himself was their remedy for a world in

ruins. To this end they reconstructed society with two forces. They disclosed God, on the one hand; and His creature, the human soul, on the other; but God clothed in human flesh, and the human soul raised to a participation of this incarnate God." A sevenfold idea of God—entirely new to the heathen mind—had to be preached and established. The unity of God, His personality, His paternity, His incarnation, His becoming the food of man, His redeeming him, His glorifying him,—all this had to be presented to man as a whole. And what a different view of morality and virtue was taken by Christianity! Whence the contrast Mr. Allie here makes between Marcus Aurelius and the Gospel.

Lecture III. has for its subject "Heathen and Christian Man Compared." As the best type of the heathen individual, our author chooses Cicero, giving his reasons for the selection. St. Augustine is contrasted with him as a splendid type of the Christian man. Lecture IV. brings out the "Effect of the Christian People on the World." Christianity wrought the greatest revolution ever known. A description of it is given in a celebrated letter by a writer whose name is lost, but who declares himself a disciple of the Apostles. The growth of Christians was gradual, and all progress took its rise from the individual. It is shown how the process of change in the thoughts and actions of men was produced by Christians. How (1) the heathen contempt for human life was remedied by the martyrs' abnegation of it. How (2) the heathen impurity was corrected by the virgin martyrs. How (3) the merely natural end which heathenism believed in was refuted by Christians preferring an unseen good at the cost of their lives. How (4) the *inwardness* of the Christian life and virtues told upon men. And, lastly, how the cardinal virtues, extolled so much by the heathen moralists, were completed and transformed by the theological virtues as exemplified in Christianity. But Mr. Allie very wisely adds "the action of Christian society, as constituted in its *sacerdotium* (priesthood), on the world around." He calls special attention to its "unity, uniformity, and universality, as derived from Christ and seen in seven

attributes:—1. It rested wholly on the authority of the Sender. 2. It was a coherent and unchangeable system of doctrine. 3. It was a government of souls; 4. Which was yet a ministration. 5. Its success was connected with suffering. 6. Its sacrifice was bound up with its teaching and all these attributes. 7. It was supported by the example of its members carrying out its doctrines." All this splendid argument demonstrates the identity of the Catholic Church with Christianity.

Lecture V. takes for its theme the "New Creation of the Primary Relation between Man and Woman." In other words, of Our Lord's restoration of marriage to its original sanctity; and, again, of His elevation of it to the dignity of a sacrament. This forms a very interesting chapter, as giving a history of woman's original position in human society, and of the degradation which came upon her under the heathen religions, and even, to some extent, under the Jewish; and, again, of her restoration by the Founder of Christianity and His Immaculate Mother. The true nature of marriage as a sacrament is very beautifully brought out. Then comes Lecture VI., which shows the other great remedy provided by our Redeemer for the regeneration of mankind: viz., "the Creation of the Virginal Life." This chapter, again, is peculiarly charming. It brings out so lucidly the wonderful part which the virginal life has played in Christianity; showing how the very propagation of Christianity has been specially assigned to virginity, from the first. Whence the development of virginity, or of perfect continence, in the secular clergy and in the religious orders. Again, a striking contrast is drawn between the Divine Society (the Church) and the human society (the world) in their motives and modes of action with regard to (1) the propagation of religion, (2) education, and (3) the works of mercy. Our author shows that the virginal life "raises these works from being a profession to an act of devotion." The lecture closes with some very important remarks, illustrating how "three sentiments" with regard to the virginal life, called attention to by St. John Chrysostom near the end of the fourth century, are reproduced at the present day:

viz., (1) the Greek, or pagan, *admiration* of the virginal life, considered as something quite superhuman; (2) the Jewish abhorrence of the beauty of virginity; and (3) the cultivation of the virginal life by the Catholic Church alone. "After fifteen hundred years," says our author, "we find the same sentiments in three great classes of the world. The pagan nations, among whom Catholic missionaries go forth, reproduce the admiration of Greek and Latin pagans: they reverence that which they have not the strength to follow, and are often drawn by its exhibition into the fold. But there are nations who likewise reproduce the Jewish abhorrence of the virginal life. And as the Jews worshipped the unity of the Godhead, like the Christians, and so seemed to be far nearer to them than pagan idolators, and yet turned with loathing from this product of the Christian life, so these nations might seem, from the large portions of Christian doctrine which they still hold, to be nearer to Christianity than the Hindoo or the Chinese; and yet their contempt and dislike of the virginal life and its wonderful institutions seem to tell another tale. But now, as fifteen hundred years ago, whether men outside admire or abhor, the Church alone cultivates the virginal life. Now as then it is her glory and her strength, the mark of her Lord and the standard of His power, the most *special* sign of His presence and operation."

Space forbids us to say more at present about this most admirable book. We look eagerly for its companion volume, with the six remaining lectures. But let us conclude by observing that it seems to us this republication of Mr. Allies' lectures on "The Formation of Christendom" is peculiarly opportune for two reasons. First, because our author demonstrates—puts beyond all possibility of honest denial—the fact that nothing short of a *divine* religion (such as Christianity really is) could have rescued human society from its pagan degradation, and created the new order of things which still lives on in the Christian portion of the world. The modern theory of a Christianity sprung from the confluence of Jewish and Oriental *philosophies*, or again of a world converted by mere *philanthropy* and natural

virtue, is proved by these lectures to be childishly absurd. Secondly, because the great lessons to be learned from the result of pagan principles and pantheistic philosophies are precisely what the age requires. For all who have eyes to see must admit that the once Christian world is in great part revolting from the religion of the Cross and turning back to pagan morality, and to a pantheism which is only atheism disguised, and has not the religious garb of the old polytheism. In a word, the age is going back, more or less consciously, to paganism without its poetry. And that this is the "revolt," or apostasy, predicted by St. Paul—the revolution which began with Luther in the sixteenth century, and which, though destined, doubtless, to be severely checked for a while, will ultimately culminate in the "man of sin" and his temporary triumph—is a truth which needs to be brought home to all "men of good-will" in the generation which is passing away and in that which is coming up.

E. H.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. D. Collins, who passed away on the 16th ult., at W. Winfield, N. Y.

Sister M. of St. Mello, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sisters Sabina and Clementina, of the Order of the Visitation, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Simon and Mr. Francis J. Miller, who died some weeks ago, in Germany.

Mrs. Sarah A. Atkinson, whose happy death occurred at Notre Dame, Ind., on the 12th ult.

Miss Hannah O'Connor, of New York city, who departed this life on the 23d ult.

Mr. Henry Elty, of Winsted, Conn.; Thomas Mulcahy, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss Mary McDermott, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Annie Feeney, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. John Hannon and Mr. James O'Keefe, Ironton, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Rourke, Mrs. Mary A. Donnelly, Mrs. James J. Reynolds, Miss Mary Flynn, Miss Sarah Costello, and Miss Margaret Dwyer,—all of New Haven, Conn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!





*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Legend of Saint Veronica.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

I.

SWEET little maid Veronica
Was very sad one day,
Because November brought no flowers
To make her altar gay.

II.

The late chrysanthemums lay dead
Beneath the chilling snows,
And in her little garden-plot
No longer bloomed the rose.

III.

Yet, full of faith, the little Saint
Knelt on the frozen sod,
And to the sweet Child Jesus prayed,
Her Saviour and her God.

IV.

"O Jesus, whom I dearly love,
My altar is so bare!
Please send some flowers from the skies,
That I may place them there."

V.

She ceased, and lo! a lovely Boy,
In robes of dazzling white,
Stood where her roses once had smiled,
Flooding her soul with light.

VI.

"The Flower of the field am I,
The Lily of the vale;
Love's fragrance is in Me concealed,
My blossoms never fail."

VII.

"My sorrow has forever flown,"
The happy child replied;

"Since Thou, dear Jesus, art my Flower,
What can I ask beside?"

VIII.

To every pure and trusting soul
Comes Jesus as of old,—
The lovely Flower that blooms for all,
Nor heeds the winter's cold.

The Colvilles in Ireland.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XIII.



THE following afternoon the
travellers took passage for a
trip up the historic Black-
water, which flows into the
sea at Voughal, and is famed
in prose and verse as one of
the loveliest rivers of Europe.

The decrepit appearance of the queer
little tug-like steamer lying low in the
water at first rendered the girls uneasy;
but they soon concluded the weather-
beaten transport partook of the haleness
appertaining to old age in this wonderful
country, whose climate does so much to
temper the winds of adversity for her
children.

A mile above the town the handsome
iron bridge connecting the counties of
Cork and Waterford came into view.
Beyond it the river widens into an estuary
resembling a calm lake; and, looking
away as far as the eye could reach, the

voyagers beheld a panorama of exquisite beauty; while as the leisurely craft floated onward over the placid waters, each bend of their winding course revealed a series of pictures of charming landscapes, rich meadows kept ever fresh and verdant by frequent rains, wooded estates, and ruined castles, environed by beautiful green hills sloping backward to the distant frowning mountains.

"Look!" exclaimed Alicia. "What are those ruins overgrown with moss and bramble, standing out from among the trees on the height before us?"

"Rhincrew Abbey," replied her father; "a half-religious, half-military establishment of the Knight Templars, founded about 1183 by Raymond le Gros, a companion of Strongbow. In the reign of Elizabeth it was, together with the greater part of this fine tract of country, granted by the crown to Sir Walter Raleigh, with that sweeping disregard of the rights of the hereditary owners which distinguished the policy of the government."

Farther along, they came upon the war-ravaged remains of Templemichael, a stronghold of the Geraldines, situated on low ground commanding the river.

"This fine castle, erected by Maurice Fitzgerald in the fifteenth century, was destroyed by Cromwell," volunteered the captain of the steamer, a blunt, sociable man, who appeared to consider it a part of his duty to make the trip pleasant for his passengers. "The church beside the old donjon keep stands on the foundation of the ancient chapel of Tempul Mihil, built by some chieftain named Michael," he continued. "On the other side of the river, you notice the demesnes of Ardsallagh and Harbourview, and there are many other fine properties in the neighborhood. Now we have reached Molana, or Dar Inis, 'the isle of oak-trees,' long, however, joined to the mainland. That handsome estate on the river-bank is Ballinatray."

Turning to his children, Mr. Colville

remarked: "Within the boundaries of Ballinatray are the remains of Molana Abbey, a monastery founded in the sixth century by St. Molan, known as the prophet. The famous Anglo-Norman knight, Raymond le Gros, is buried here."

"And near by, in the wooded glen called Glendyne," interposed the bluff captain, with a cheery laugh, "there is a rocky pool kept constantly full by the water dripping from the cliffs above. The old tales pretend that, by going alone to the spot on the night of the new moon, and looking into its shadowy depths, one may see his future mirrored there before him."

"Oh, what is that?" demanded Kathleen, pointing to a mass of ivy on the top of a bold cliff rising almost perpendicularly out of the river.

"Old Strancally Castle, the ancestral abode of the Earl of Desmond, who sacked the town of Youghal," Mr. Colville replied. "Beneath its walls was a subterranean cave, connected by intricate passages with the river—here both rapid and deep,—and supposed to have been a convenient outlet to the sea, whereby the savage old chieftains disposed of the enemies who fell into their power."

A little beyond this once formidable rock, near where the pretty river Bride empties into the Blackwater, they beheld the new Strancally Castle (so called), a picturesque Gothic structure, the home of a wealthy gentleman. Above the junction of the Bride they passed the village of Camphire.

"Cam signifies crooked," explained Mr. Colville. "On the banks of the river are the lands of the Usher family, whose founder, being an usher in the court of King John, adopted the title of his office as was the custom in those days."

Higher up the stream, they saw, surmounting a crag overhanging the water, Dromana, one of the most imposing residences on the Blackwater.

"Behind it are the remnants of the ancient Castle of Dromana, belonging also to the Desmonds," said the agreeable captain. "Here was born Catherine, the celebrated Countess of Desmond, who, at the age of one hundred and forty years, presented herself before King James at the English court to offer a petition. There is no knowing how much longer she might have lived had she not, shortly after her return from England, fallen from a cherry-tree, into which she had climbed to gather some of her favorite fruit."

The girls laughed merrily at this story, supposed to be well authenticated.

"At Kilcoleman Castle, not far from here, the poet Spenser dwelt for several years; he having, like his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, obtained a goodly share of the forfeited estates of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond," observed Mr. Colville. "There he wrote the first three books of his celebrated poem the 'Faerie-Queene,' wherein he describes the scenery of this district. During one of the struggles of the Irish to regain their own, Kilcoleman was burned; and, by an unfortunate accident, a child of the poet's perished in the flames."

Claire had been listening, with her eyes fixed upon the swift current.

"How black the water is, and yet so clear we can see the white stones of the bed of the stream!" she remarked.

For miles stretched away the fertile lands of the Blackwater valley; back from them rolled the hills, clad in verdure, sparkling from recent showers; to the north rose the Knockmeledown Mountains, between Lismore and Clonmel, their loftiest peak, two thousand feet above the sea-level.

The vegetation was most luxuriant, even the dark cliffs being decked with purple heather, or almost covered with the glossy ivy. In the pastures and on the undulating hills they had seen all along the way snowy, cloud-like patches, that,

on a nearer approach, resolved themselves into small flocks of sheep; and sometimes they descried a few cows in the meadows; occasionally, too, they passed a cabin, built on the green bank a few rods back from the water; or perceived, rising from amid a clump of trees, the smoke from some humble fireside.

The skies were blue above them, for the clouds of the earlier part of the afternoon had lifted. The white mists of the valley were dispersed, but the sunshine could not banish the tender melancholy that hung over the scene. Despite its surpassing fairness, its fertility and natural resources, the region was desolate.

As the night fell, our friends arrived at Cappoquin, the end of the route, since a massive stone bridge at this point prevents the steamer from ascending farther.

"The name of the place means 'the tillage plot of the tribe of Conn,' so the captain told me," announced Alicia, as they wended their way toward the little inn.

"The tribe of Conn all seem to be asleep, then," returned Joe.

The straggling street was quiet and deserted, and presented a weird, unreal appearance in the semi-darkness.

The next morning the rising sun revealed a prettily-situated but wretched village, the poverty of whose inhabitants was only too evident.

(To be continued.)

The Story a Great Singer Tells.

A famous Swedish *prima-donna* used to tell of an incident which not only illustrated the power of song, but proved that there is in the heart of every criminal some chord of love, which the remembrance of his mother or of some other dear one can awaken.

The great singer had retired to a residence in the country while her own

house in town was undergoing repairs, and had taken her jewels with her; partly because she thought they would be safer, and partly because a country friend wished to see them.

One night she had been showing the friend the wondrous gems, and was left alone. The servants were away, and, it being a summer night, the low windows were open. The singer sat meditating, when suddenly, reflected in the mirror of her dressing-table, she saw an ugly, wicked face peering in at the window. For a moment she was paralyzed with fright; then, thinking that the human voice had been known to cow even savage beasts, she began to sing. Her song was the first one which happened to recur to her—not one of the *arias* with which she had charmed a world, but a nursery ballad learned at her mother's knee. She sang it with much feeling, the fright which she could not control adding a certain pathos to the simple strains. Then, all at once, she seemed to forget the robber, but kept on singing the little simple song to the end. As she finished she looked again into the mirror. There was nothing to fear this time: the man had disappeared as suddenly as he came.

Early next morning the singer received a rudely-written letter, which read as follows:

"I heard that your jewels were to be out last night, and I was going to have them at any hazard; but the song you sang was the one with which my mother used to sing me to sleep. That saved your diamonds, and, I hope, has made a better man of me. I will try to lead a new and honest life."

The singer heard no more of the man, but she always believed that his reformation was sincere; and never ceased to be thankful that, instead of screaming as she had been tempted to do, she sang the childish ballad, which touched the poor thief's heart.

How a Mutiny was Stopped.

In the old days of which the story-books tell, if a subject rebelled the king promptly ordered his head off. Things have changed since then. Little King Alfonso of Spain, taking a tour among his people, was entertained by the evolutions of a child regiment. His Majesty was so delighted with this unique exhibition that he made some of the little soldiers officers upon the spot. Others not so fortunate were rewarded with *bonbons*, and everyone was invited to take breakfast with the King. This invitation soothed all wounded feelings, except those of Emmanuel Garcia.

"I won't play any more!" he cried, leaving the ranks, and throwing his musket on the ground with as much force as he could muster. "I, for one, am not satisfied with a mean little invitation to breakfast. I want to be an officer, or at least to have some candy."

His friends tried to soothe him, but it was of no use.

"I won't be good!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to be a revolutionist. Hurrah for the republic!"

Instead of ordering out the executioner, the little King went up to the little rebel and said:

"Don't be so cross. I'll give you some more *bonbons*, and a big piece of cake too."

The mutiny was quelled at once. Emmanuel dried his eyes, gave the King a hug, shouldered his little musket, and the review went on.

A HEATHEN was beating a Christian prisoner almost to death. "What is your God doing for you," asked the heathen, "to help you in this case?"—"He teaches me to say to you," answered the Christian, "that I can forgive you, although you treat me so cruelly."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XXXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

No. 22.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

A Vigil.

ONCE, as a surcease from remorse and care,
Of Sleep I begged oblivion. Alas!

It came not, only memories and regret.

As lurid through the dark I watched them
pass—

Visions I fain would banish and forget,—

I cried: "Oh! what shall save me from
despair?"

I felt my cheeks grow cool, my eyelids wet,
As in my soul a still voice murmured,
"Prayer."

When from my knees once more repose I
sought,

Oh, what a change! Mine seemed a new-
born heart;

For to my Lord its sorrow I had brought,
(Hear me, O prodigal, where'er thou art!)
'Tis sweet upon the Saviour's breast to weep,
And sweeter in His arms to fall asleep.

S. H.

The Mother of Christ Prefigured.,

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.



READERS of the early history of God's chosen people naturally expect to see a type of Our Lord whenever remarkable circumstances are recorded concerning the birth of any child. Rarely do we fail to discover this:

the child of prayer and of promise is sure to foreshadow the promised Saviour. Such a one was Samuel, the first-born son of Anna,—the future prophet, priest, and ruler of his people. And in his favored mother we can trace many points of resemblance to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of Christ.

First of all, her name, which signifies "grace," points to Anna as prefiguring her who was full of grace, who was the privileged recipient of God's grace in herself, and who is the channel whereby He bestows it upon men; who, through the fulness of the grace that dwelt in her, never thought a thought or spoke a word or did an action which was not pleasing to Almighty God.

The name of the child, too, is not without significance; for Samuel means "Asked of God." We are told in Holy Scripture that Anna, the wife of Elcana, sorrowed greatly because the hope of maternity, the principal desire of the women of the tribe of Juda—as affording them the possibility of becoming the mother of the future Messiah,—was denied to her. Consequently, when she went up, in accordance with the annual custom, with her husband to the Temple of the Lord of Hosts in Silo, she carried her sorrows to her Heavenly Father, and poured out her heart to Him. "As Anna had her heart full of grief, she prayed to the Lord, shedding many tears. And she made a vow, saying: O Lord of hosts, if

Thou wilt look down, and wilt be mindful of me, . . . and wilt give to Thy servant a man-child, I will give him to the Lord all the days of his life; and no razor shall come upon his head."*

Prayer is a power which avails to alter and subdue this visible world, to counteract and suspend its laws. By prayer, we are told, all may be possible which naturally is impossible. Almighty God has ordained to give everything through prayer; and He inspires His favored ones to ask, that He may give. The greatest gift ever vouchsafed to man, the gift of God's own Son, was no exception. Although the mind of man could never have conceived the possibility of such a gift had not God deemed it well to reveal to him the gracious designs He had formed from all eternity, when the appointed time came for the Saviour to be born, He did not come undesired and unprayed for. Is He not called the Desired of Nations? The prayer of the Church of old was one continued entreaty for His advent; the hope of the Church, one unceasing expectation of His birth. And a tradition, handed down from apostolic times, states that the Lord advanced the time of His Incarnation in answer to the supplications of the Blessed Virgin, who, from her earliest years, was continually in the Temple praying for His gracious coming. Mary did not, as we know, desire for herself the great privilege of giving birth to the Messiah. She renounced the possible prospect of being the Mother of the Christ, which marriage would have opened to her; unlike other women, who, not knowing the mystery of the miraculous conception that was to be, held the married state in the highest esteem. This gave all the more potency to the prayers of Mary, and in answer to them the Eternal Father preordained to hasten the time when the Word should be made flesh and born of a woman.

* I. Kings, i, 10, 11.

In Anna's case the great, the all-prevailing gift of prayer was not without effect. "She multiplied prayers before the Lord." The length of time she knelt before the altar, the fervor with which she urged her entreaties, laid her open to a strange misconception. The high-priest observed her. "Now, Anna," as Holy Writ records, "spoke in her heart, and only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard at all. Heli therefore thought her to be drunk." Unaccustomed to see a young and attractive woman remaining alone in the Temple at an unusual hour, when it was deserted by all other worshippers, he mistook her rapt attention for the stupefaction produced by strong liquors; the many tears that coursed down her cheeks for the maudlin weeping of the inebriate; the movement of her lips, from which no audible sound proceeded, for the incoherent mutterings of intoxication. Going up to her, he administered a sharp rebuke: "How long wilt thou be drunk? Digest a little the wine, of which thou hast taken too much."

Far from betraying the least indignation at being suspected—nay, accused—of so indecorous an action as coming to the Temple in such a condition, Anna replied with unruffled composure, gently explaining the true state of the case: "Not so, my lord; for I am an exceeding unhappy woman, and have drunk neither wine nor any strong drink; but I have poured out my soul before the Lord. Count not thy handmaid for one of the daughters of Belial; for out of the abundance of my sorrow and grief have I spoken till now." She does not add the object of her supplications; but Heli, convinced that the petitions of one so perfect in humility and meekness could not fail to be acceptable, thinks himself warranted in promising her their fulfilment. Perhaps, too, some feeling of shame at his own rash judgment softened his heart toward the stranger. At any rate, he does not leave her smarting

under the unjust censure; but, raising his hand to give the sacerdotal benediction, he kindly bids her: "Go in peace, and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition which thou hast asked of Him."

On this occasion we find the mother of Samuel practising the virtues which specially characterized the Blessed Virgin. "To shun the praise which we derive from the gifts of God," says a pious writer, "is in itself an act of humility; but a far greater act is to endure with peace and joy the humiliations that come upon us without any fault of our own. Learn from Mary how to keep tranquil in those humiliations that come to you either from God or from men. Sometimes they will come when you have faithfully fulfilled your duties, and it seems to you that you merit praise rather than blame,—when you know you are innocent of aught that is evil. Comfort yourself with the thought that Mary was subjected to such trials; and observe with what calmness of mind, what serenity of countenance, she bore them." At Bethlehem, when humble shelter was rudely refused her despite her royal lineage and the circumstances of her approaching childbirth, she utters no word of complaint or resentment. The time of the Passion must have been to her one of continual and bitter humiliation; but being pointed at as the mother of a malefactor did not prevent her from taking her station at the foot of the Cross.

As Anna praying in the Temple that God would give her a son is a type of the Blessed Mother of Christ, so likewise is she when, returning at a later period to the Temple, she makes an oblation of her son to God. As soon as he was of an age to leave her, she resolutely determined to fulfil her vow. While he is yet very young—and doubtless it went hard with her to part from the child of her affection,—she carries him up to Silo, that he may appear before the Lord, and abide always there. Like our Blessed Lord, he is to be a

Nazarite: no razor is to come upon his head. To the charge of the high-priest she confides the boy; reminding him that he is the child of her prayers, and of the promise God made her through his lips. "Therefore I also have lent him," she adds, "to the Lord all the days of his life."

Even so the Blessed Virgin presented her Son in the Temple to His Eternal Father. Who can fathom the depths of that love which thus willingly offered to God a sacrifice of infinite value? Never on His altar had such an offering been laid; never did charity equal the charity of Mary, as no maternal love ever equalled hers. Anna, like Mary, made her sacrifice with gladness; it is impossible to read the canticle of praise she uttered after the dedication of Samuel without remarking the pathetic resemblance it bears to the *Magnificat* of Our Lady. It is inspired by the deepest joy and gratitude,—joy in the fulfilment of a long-cherished hope, gratitude for the immense favors bestowed by divine bounty upon a weak and lowly woman. "My heart hath rejoiced in the Lord," she exclaims; "my horn is exalted in my God,...because I have joyed in Thy salvation. There is none holy as the Lord is,...there is none strong like our God.... The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich, He humbleth and He exalteth. He raiseth up the needy from the dust, and lifteth up the poor from the dunghill; that he may sit with princes and hold the throne of glory."

These words are indeed almost identical with those in which Mary responded to the salutations of her cousin Elizabeth, when the latter, recognizing by a supernatural enlightenment her divine maternity, addressed her as the Mother of her Lord, blessed among women.

It is noteworthy also that Anna, in her canticle, is the first to mention the name of Christ. "The Lord shall judge the ends of the earth, and shall give empire to His king, and shall exalt the horn of

His Christ."* May we not imagine that it was revealed to the mind of this pious mother that the child she had given up to minister before the Lord was to be a type of the promised Redeemer in the exercises of those offices in which He is pre-eminently the Christ, the Anointed? In the old time there were three great ministries, or offices, by means of which God spoke to His chosen people, the Jews: that of priest, that of king, and that of prophet. Those who were chosen by God for one or other of these offices were solemnly anointed with oil; oil signifying the grace of God, given to them for the due performance of their duties. But Our Lord was all three—a priest, a prophet, and a king; a priest, because He offered Himself as a sacrifice for our sins; a prophet, because He revealed to us the holy law of God; a king, because He rules over us.†

In Samuel also these three offices, usually kept separate, were united. Though not of the family of Aaron, he offered sacrifice, as the prophets seem ever to have done; thus keeping up the figure of the eternal priesthood of Christ. The grace of the priesthood was, therefore, upon him; and, as an inspired prophet, he was also the anointed. Then he was a ruler; and is counted among the judges of Israel, and so he possessed the kingly power, though not the name. Hence we see that Anna was the mother of the anointed; and in this, as in the other respects we have mentioned, a true and worthy type of the Blessed Mother of Christ, who from the first was prophesied of by the servants of God, foreshadowed by the most privileged and distinguished of Jewish women, associated with the hopes and prayers of all who "looked for the redemption of Israel" in every age before that redemption came.

* I. Kings, ii, 10.

† Cf. Meditations of the late Cardinal Newman, page 60.

The Foster-Brothers.

A TALE OF THE BASTILLE.

V.

ACCORDING to the instructions he had received from his young master, Jean lost no time in acquainting Lord Wilson and the other influential friends of the Maillevert family of the arrest and imprisonment of the Count. Unhappily, the Marquis of Villegonthier had taken his measures so well that their efforts for Gaston's release were met by invincible obstacles. Not only had the self-love of the Marquis been mortally offended, but his interests also were at stake. He was a ruined man, and the large fortune of the Lady Isaure was expected to fill the exhausted coffers of the cruel and profligate enemy of her family.

More than six months passed away before Gaston lost his hopes of a speedy release. Each day he expected some sign, some message from the outer world; but in vain. Then, as month after month rolled by, the unwonted confinement, the anxiety, the sickening horror of being thus entombed alive in the very springtime of life, began to prey on his bodily strength, and he fell seriously ill. When the physician was called in, he declared that there was little hope of recovery, and ordered him to be brought into a larger room. As his case was considered hopeless, and he was scarcely able to move from weakness, the extreme vigilance of his guards somewhat relaxed; but Gaston was too ill to think of making any attempt to gain his liberty.

One day he was lying in a kind of lethargy, produced by fever and weakness, when the door of his cell opened, and he heard a voice which seemed strangely familiar. He listened with indescribable emotion to the following dialogue which

took place between his jailer and a man dressed as a locksmith:

"See how good-natured I am, and how anxious to oblige a neighbor," said the former; "since, in order to get you a job, I pointed out those rust-eaten bars to the inspector. It is not likely that the poor, dying fellow there cares much for change of air; and, for my part, I'd leave door and window open to him without fear."

"You may be right," replied the other; and Gaston, through his half-closed eyelids, stole a glance at the speaker. He nearly fainted when he saw his faithful Jean in the leathern blouse of a smith, with a bundle of tools in his hand. "But," continued the pretended locksmith, "one can not take too many precautions with these gentry. All the same, you have done me a great service; for since I fell out with my master I have been very hard up. Look here! These bars are so rust-eaten that a very slight effort would unfasten them. I'll get ready new bars, and try to put them in after to-morrow. I think there is no danger of the prisoner's escape until then," he added, leaning carelessly over the bed as if to look at its inmate. While doing so he adroitly slipped a paper into the hand of the Count, then walked out of the room, followed by the unsuspecting jailer.

When Gaston was alone he opened the precious slip of paper and read:

"Hope and courage! All is going on well. Our young lady is safe. Get well, and we will save you."

It has been often and truly said that joy and hope are the best doctors. That evening Gaston had no fever; the next day he was able to take some food; but he pretended to be suffering very much, lest he should be removed from that cell to the one he formerly occupied.

In the meantime Jean, who had contrived to form a friendship with the soldiers on guard and the jailers, and had been waiting more than a month for an

opportunity to meet Gaston, was overjoyed at his success, and carefully matured his plans for the escape of his friend.

On the appointed day the pretended locksmith appeared with the new bars. He was accompanied by a very gruff, suspicious turnkey; and did not even glance at the prisoner, but went straight to his work. Gaston was on the alert; but, knowing the slightest suspicion might prove fatal to both, he feigned sleep, while from between his half-closed lids he watched every movement of the two men.

"You have a poor fellow there that does not seem likely to give you trouble long," remarked Jean to his companion.

"Go on with your work, and make no remarks," was the surly reply.

"Oh, is that the way you take a chance word, my friend?" rejoined the locksmith, with unruffled good-humor, as he took out the rusty bars and fastened in the new ones. "Well, I often heard that the most zealous in public are not quite the same in private. I know what I know, but I am not the man to get another into trouble by telling tales."

The turnkey changed color, and asked, anxiously:

"What do you mean?"

"Oh! nothing!" said Jean, coolly.

In reality it was a chance shot on his part, and he saw by the fellow's confusion that he had hit the mark.

"Come, friend, don't be vexed at a short word," resumed the turnkey. "Just now we have very strict orders, as there were some attempts at escape last week. But I don't suspect you: you look too good a fellow to aid a prisoner to rebel against his Majesty's orders."

"Who knows?" replied Jean, with an air of malicious raillery, but with his eyes steadily fixed on his work. "Appearances are deceptive. Perhaps at this very moment I am planning the escape of that dying man."

The turnkey half involuntarily turned toward the bed to look at its inmate. Jean profited of the movement to show Gaston an opening, with a note, in the handle of the chisel he was using. He was busily engaged on a rivet when the jailer, evidently reassured by his scrutiny, turned back to the window.

"That is a good joke," he said, laughing. "You would scarcely be such a fool as to put me on my guard if you were serious. What is that?"

The chisel had flown out of Jean's hand as if by accident, and fallen on the sick man's bed.

"My chisel has jumped, I don't know where," replied Jean, in a vexed tone. "I might have hurt you unintentionally, and it would have been said it was on purpose. That is what one gets by working in those cursed prisons."

"But *where* is the chisel?" said the turnkey, distrustfully. "I did not hear it fall."

"If you think I have it in my pocket, you may search me," answered Jean, roughly. "You will do me a service if you find it; for I am in a hurry to leave this miserable den, where I'll never again put my foot."

"I don't suspect you, friend; but the chisel *must* be found."

"I rather think so. Do you imagine I am going to make you a present of it? Maybe it fell on the bed."

Gaston, during this colloquy, had possessed himself of the note. As the turnkey shook him and asked him to move, he groaned, turned in the bed, and adroitly let the chisel slip to the ground, as if it fell off the counterpane.

"Did I not say so?" said Maclon triumphantly, drawing near as if to pick it up.

The turnkey, ashamed of his suspicions stooped for it, and offered it to him; but in the act of his stooping, Gaston and Jean exchanged a glance, which assured the latter that the billet was safe.

The turnkey was all good-humor to make up for his distrust, and his eyes sparkled with longing as Maclon said:

"I am very late, and Jerome, your comrade, will be in a rage; for I agreed to meet him at the Boar's Head Tavern at three o'clock, and it is already past the hour. The host has got some new wine from Burgundy, and we are going to try it."

"Ah! the host at the Boar's Head has new wine?" said the other, twisting his mustache reflectively.

"And right good wine. I wish you could come with us and take a glass; but it is so late already that by the time the inspector has examined my work Jerome will have lost all patience."

"It is too bad to lose the chance," muttered his hearer. "Ha! I'll tell you what to do. Finish quickly; take the old bars with you. I'll tell the guard outside that they are the new bars, but they don't fit, and that you will bring them back to-morrow and finish the job. To-morrow you can come in and stay a little while; then I'll call the inspector, and no one will suspect anything."

"No, no!" said Jean. "I won't expose myself to that risk. If anything happened your prisoner, dying as he seems to be, you would say it was my fault. Call the inspector, and let him see that my work is all right."

"What a coward you are!" exclaimed the turnkey, impatiently. "Don't I tell you I'll be responsible? But maybe you regret your invitation—"

"Oh, if you take me up that way, I have no more to say! Let us go and see if Jerome is still there."

They went away, without taking any further notice of Gaston; and the latter hastened to read the note he had found in the chisel. Jean told him that Isaure was safe in England with Lord Wilson, that the Marquis of Villegonthier was more furious than ever in consequence, and that

he (Gaston) ran the risk of a long imprisonment if he did not escape on the present occasion. He then explained his plans: three of the bars were really cut through and roughly soldered, so that a file would open them in five minutes. A file and a ball of twine were hidden under the table, where Jean placed them unperceived. At eleven o'clock Gaston was to be ready, completely dressed, at the window, and have the bars removed. Jean would be in the lower courtyard; and on his whistling a few bars of an air both knew well, Gaston should throw down the end of the twine, and draw it up with a strong rope attached. By fastening this rope to the solid bars of the window, Jean counted on Gaston's being able to lower himself to the ground; then they would pass the outer wall; horses were to be waiting in the street; they would gain the coast ere they could be overtaken; and Jean's cousin, Pierre Maclon, had his boat ready to bring them to England.

One thing alone had been forgotten by Jean, and that threatened to render his ingenious scheme of evasion impracticable. The Count, exhausted by illness, was no longer the hardy, active sailor of a year previous. When he rose, his limbs trembled under him; and a cold perspiration broke out on his forehead as he thought of the consequences if he failed to escape: the probable arrest and death of Jean, and his own lifelong imprisonment.

With the simple faith of a child, he turned to our Blessed Lady and implored her aid. As if in answer to his prayer, his glance fell on a cordial the doctor had left, with directions to take a spoonful morning and evening. He poured half the contents into a glass and drank it. The effect was magical. He dressed, cut the bars, and, as the clock struck eleven, was ready when Jean's whistle fell on his ear to lower the end of the twine. In five minutes more he was safe on the ground; and then he perceived that the

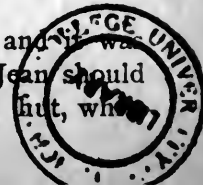
sentinel under his window was his faithful foster-brother.

They went out by a small postern gate, which was used at night for changing the sentinels, and then had but the outer wall to pass to be in safety. This was accomplished finally; although Gaston's strength would have failed were it not for the remainder of the cordial, which he had fortunately kept in reserve. Twelve o'clock sounded as they mounted the horses which Pierre held ready in the next street; and, once the city gates were passed, they galloped at full speed toward Normandy. All went well for some hours, but then Gaston declared he could keep up no longer: he felt utterly exhausted.

Although Jean feared—and rightly so—that the pursuers were on his track, he had to submit to necessity, and allow Gaston a few hours' rest in a deserted cabin. In the meantime he bought some peasant blouses and caps, which they assumed as soon as the Count awoke. It was then broad daylight; but the sleep and the open air, with the joy of being free, had given new life to the invalid. He rode all day in the gayest spirits, and laughed at Jean's fears of being overtaken. Toward evening they reached the sea-side village where Pierre Maclon lived, and where they hoped to embark. Close beside it was the dwelling of the Viscount of Maillevert, where he had lived until the death of his elder brother made him guardian of his nephew and niece, when, as we know, he took up his abode in the Castle of Maillevert.

To Gaston's surprise and Jean's un concealed uneasiness, this dwelling, which was a gloomy old keep of a most forbidding aspect, showed signs of occupation and activity. The windows were lighted up, and servants were bustling to and fro as if preparing for their masters.

The fugitives held council, and decided that the Count and Jean should take shelter in a shepherd's hut, where



Pierre went forward to reconnoitre. Well was it for all three. Pierre scarcely had time to embrace his wife and children when a loud knocking was heard at the door. Maclon's wife, a robust and intelligent peasant, pushed her husband into the next room; then, quietly continuing her occupation of cutting an enormous loaf into slices for the little ones, who were hungrily expecting them, she called out: "Come in."

Two soldiers entered, and one of them said curtly: "Is this the house of the fisherman Maclon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Changing his clothes while I pour out the soup," replied the woman, in the most natural manner. "He was mending his boat, and got wet to the skin."

"Very likely!" said the soldier, mockingly. "Your soup will have time to cool if you wait for your husband."

"Why so?—there he is!" and she pointed to Pierre, who came in buttoning the sleeves of his blouse, and who, apparently unconscious of the presence of the soldiers, laughingly called out:

"The soup! the soup, wife! I'm famished." Then, stopping as if in surprise, he exclaimed: "Halloo, soldiers! Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

They exchanged a surprised glance, and one answered civilly:

"We wanted to say a few words to a cousin of yours, Jean Maclon."

"Jean? By all means, sir. He was working outside with me. But if you want him, I'll send for him. Meanwhile you will drink the King's health in a mug of cider, gentlemen, will you not?"

The soldiers gladly accepted the foaming beverage, and a crust of the home-made bread, which the good wife hastened to put before them. Then they assured Maclon it was not necessary to call Jean, as they were only sent on suspicion; because the young Count of Maillevert

had escaped from the Bastille, and they thought he might have embarked in Pierre's boat.

The astute Norman peasant played his part to perfection: feigning surprise, not unmingled with pleasure, at the news; but declaring that was the last place in which the young Count was likely to seek refuge, as it would be the first suspected.

The soldiers went away in very good humor; and Pierre sent one of his children—a sharp lad of ten—to acquaint the Count and Jean with the occurrence, and to bring them provisions. He was also to guide them to a certain spot as soon as the darkness made it safe, where Pierre would meet them with his bark.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

In the Desert.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

TEMPLE and tower, and arch imperial
built

With the supremacy that smiles at Time,
Seemed to a tortured soul mausoleums gilded
With the base lustre of successful crime.

He sought philosophers, whose schemes
Elysian

Swept up the garnered chaff of centuries;
And, choked with dust and mad with inde-
cision,

Fled to the light of gardens veiled in trees.

But under gold and ruby-tinted flowers
Lurked the keen venom of the serpent Sense;
And falling rose-leaves, through their fragrant
showers,

Sighed to him sadly: "Thus shalt thou go
hence."

"O God!" he cried, "if any god hath power,
Listen to me, in dire extremity:
All life I offer, all youth's pleasant dower,
If but mine eyes the living Truth may see."

Barren before him stretched the wilderness,
By red siroccos scourged and banned;

Touched at the verge by plants of bitterness,
A dead, pale shadow of the lovely land.

Lost to the face of kin or friend or foeman,
To orchard fruitage or the bloom of spring,
To rest or riches or the love of woman,
He trod the sharp, salt sand unfaltering.

But in the ridge's seamed and splintered
hollow
His faith took root, and flowered as Aaron's
rod;

For the stern paths where faint souls dare
not follow

Lead up to Wisdom at the feet of God.

There, where his stormy spirit pondered
slowly

On mysteries vexing mortal hearts in vain,
Came a swift Presence that redeemed him
wholly

From the dark bondage of despair and pain.

In the broad light that touched the world
with morning

The sullen sands, transfigured, lost their grey;
And, calm as when He gave the fishers
warning,

The Christ, approaching, turned his night
to day.

The Shrines of a Great City.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

VII.—CORPUS CHRISTI CHURCH.

IN Maiden Lane, off the busy Strand, close to Garrick's house in Southampton Street, round the corner, we find a handsome church reared to the honor of Corpus Christi,—the only one, I believe, in the diocese thus augustly dedicated. It was reared by the untiring labors of a wonderful church-builder, Canon Keens, who has spent his strength in erecting these fanes. What his secret is I know not, but you have only to talk to him for a few minutes, and let him enter on the subject of his churches, when you find the spell begins to work, and your hand

stealing in the direction of your pocket.

It is certainly an astonishing list, and we are almost inclined to "throw up our hands" at the display of energy and exertion on the part of one man of frail health. The erection of a single church might be enough to exhaust the resources of one person; but our Canon, as soon as he has completed one of his tasks, presently reappears in some forlorn district and is at work again. Here is his roll of churches: (1) That at Maiden Lane; (2) a large one, with schools, etc., in Ogle Street; (3) one at Parson's Green; (4) at Kensal Green; (5) Grays; (6) Tilbury, close to Queen Elizabeth's antique Fort; (7) at Holloway; (8) at Chelsea.

At this moment, no doubt, visions of other structures to come are before his busy mind. He has a special gift, and a sort of persuasiveness which is found irresistible. At Maiden Lane, where the ground is naturally of extraordinary value—in the adjoining market, I have been assured that three rents are daily paid for the use of a "stand,"—the ground-rent amounts to nearly £300 a year; and our Canon did his best, by negotiation, to free the church from this heavy burden. He found the Duke of Bedford a kindly landlord, who was willing to help him, and offered to contribute £100 toward the amount. But it was impossible to collect so large a sum as was required.

Maiden Lane was, as might be supposed, named after Our Lady, whose statue was set up at the end of one of the walks in a garden where the monks promenaded. There are some three other Maiden Lanes in the city, and one at Highgate.

The architect was Mr. Pownall, who was perhaps better known as the designer of the huge prison at Clerkenwell. By an odd coincidence, his son is now—or was lately—priest at Clerkenwell. The church is not without its merits, though it offers somewhat of the prison-designing associations of the architect. The altar is rather

original. A heavy Byzantine arch, flanked by pinnacles at the side—and in combination with the window above, which has its four quatrefoil lights—furnishes a rich and striking effect.

These four lights supply a sort of mystical history of the Blessed Sacrament, and it may be interesting to show their significance. At the top are St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure. St. Thomas, as is well known, is the author of the fine office of the feast. St. Bonaventure had prepared a version; but, overpowered by the excellences of St. Thomas', he destroyed it. Below are St. Juliana and St. Clare, who did so much to promote the glory of the festival. In the centre of all is a brilliant image of the "horned moon,"—a symbol of that inspiration or dream of St. Juliana which helped toward establishing the feast. The window, when thus expounded, becomes very interesting to the visitor, and is perpetually telling its own story. This, I may add, was my contribution to the church,—a memorial to a beloved young wife, whose monogram is shown.

A few years ago, while some digging was going on, there was turned up an old six-sided font, on which was sculptured a "Pax in a Gloria." It was of large size and in very perfect condition. It may be imagined what pleasure was caused by the discovery of this relic, which thus became a link between the old monks of the abbey and the present church. A glance, however, at the work discovers undeniable evidence of its modernity, and we think of Mr. Pickwick and what *he* found at Cobham's. It looks like a piece of work of some forty years ago. But how did it get here—into this region of "cider cellars" and Rule's oyster shops? This is a perplexing *crux*. It is notable, however, that exactly opposite the church there was for many years Miss Cox's great factory of Ritualistic work, which "turned" every kind of ecclesiastical "furniture," fonts

included. I fancy it is somewhere in this direction that we should look for light.

The services here are "brisk" and interesting. There is no protraction of Sundays: the *grande Messe* is over in about an hour. The excellent and energetic pastor is the soul of all. He is exactly the man for the situation, and he adopts Thomas à Kempis' admirable advice—to "follow the good, common way," and suit the fashion of the congregation. The sermon is never more than a quarter of an hour long; and in the pastor's own instance, at least, we could wish it longer.

This adaptation of means to ends is a golden rule. Here, for instance, is a curious complexion of congregation—semi-theatrical, market, gardening, etc.,—mostly rough folk, and with, perhaps, ideas of religion mundane enough. It requires much tact to keep hold of such loose elements. It is forgotten that even in the "Alhambra Girl" there often burns strongly the flame of faith, and that one infinitely more accountable is the educated or intellectual Catholic. Another interesting association is that the attractive and unlucky Angelica Kauffmann offered her pictures for sale at a house which is now occupied by one Valentini.

Altogether, this Corpus Christi Church—when we consider the locality and its old associations, the august object to which it is consecrated, to say nothing of the roar and tumult of the adjoining Strand—is a truly interesting place.

VIII.—NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.

Now let us change the scene to a highly scenic locality—to Leicester Square, the paradise of Frenchmen in London, the hotbed of vicious pleasures, where are those gaudy temples, "The Empire" and "Alhambra," which flaunt and flare by night with their rows of glittering lamps; while within are hundreds of *coryphées*. This might seem an odd situation for a Catholic chapel; yet here we find a

French church, with a convent of French nuns pursuing their pious functions unconcerned.

Entering, you find yourself, to your surprise, in an iron and glass circular building, that looks as if it had been intended for a panorama; it was indeed built for what was called "The Panopticon," or some such name. A little alteration and a good deal of French taste converted it into a very effective—if *bizarre*—church, dedicated to Our Lady of Victories. All round are rich and handsome altars, and a large and powerful organ by the foremost of French makers, Cavaillè Coll. The new church found wealthy patrons, who gave liberally of their substance. The statue of Our Lady of Victories, over the altar, is illuminated by a sort of golden light from above; but the effect is a little theatrical.

I know nothing more curious than this strange, old-fashioned Square, with Sir Joshua Reynolds' house and studio (now an auction room) on one side, a Chamber of Horrors on the other; the rampant Alhambra and Empire; the *cafés* and French hotels; the very pretty enclosure, and Shakespeare himself incongruously enthroned in the centre; and lastly this Panopticon, now a chapel, surrounded by presbytery, a French dispensary, French schools, and a French convent! Daly's Theatre touches, I believe, the wall of the sanctuary of the church. But the owner is a good Catholic; his theatre is a fine one, and conducted on legitimate lines. The tradition went that every morning he turned into the French chapel for Mass before beginning his theatrical functions. His leading actor, Farren, the one "Sir Peter," is also a fervent Catholic.

IX.—THE CARMELITES.

The old-fashioned London is fast becoming "vanishing London," and not many effective bits will soon be left. The hill on Church Street, Kensington; close

to the Palace, is one of these attractive places. There are some antique houses left, and here we find "The Carmelites." An old Queen Anne mansion, red brick and with "fayre gardens" behind, became their convent; beside it they built their handsome church, with the old "vicarage house" facing them. The son of Augustus Pugin was the architect. The Queen Anne mansion has gradually expanded, by the strange dispensation—or rather blessing—which seems to attend the growth of Catholic work in London. Choice and convenient bits of ground were secured; old mansions, conveniently situated, dropped into their hands; money, too, was not lacking. Everything comes to him who knows how to wait. A beautiful convent has risen, with some well-built schools just opposite; in short, in a quarter where the ground has become of extraordinary value, our Carmelites have succeeded in engrossing quite a little territory.

Below, at the foot of the hill, in the busy High Street, rises the huge and ambitious Protestant church—cathedral almost,—designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. It has a tower and spire of amazing solidity and height. Yet with it, I fancy, "The Carmelites" holds its own. It is usually found crowded to the doors; for the ceremonies are picturesque and the music is operatic. It seems to proceed from some mysterious, unseen region beside the altar. A sweet and tender tenor sings with an almost passionate fervor; a violin, played with the same delicate feeling, accompanies; then there is a soft chorus rising and falling. The music, too, is of the most "up-to-date" kind, full of a dramatic movement, such as Mascagni might have written. Santley and others of fame frequently join their notes. At the fitting moment emerge two friars in picturesque robes, who, great dishes in their hands, proceed to "make the collection," which usually seems a substantial

one. It is the thing among Protestants to "go to the Carmelites" for the music and—for the friars. It is really difficult to resist the mystic and sensuous influence of what is put before us.

X.—ST. CHARLES'.

Far away in Whiteley-land (in Bayswater, that is), the country of long, insipid terraces and tame squares, we find another great centre of Catholicity,—a centre that seems to flourish. Here the Order of St. Charles Borromeo has settled down and taken a very important place. In Westmoreland Road we come upon the beautiful Church of St. Mary of the Angels—a musically sounding name,—whose tower stands incomplete; forming a large, substantial block, of church, schools, and presbytery. The interior is large and lofty, but somewhat dark. Farther on, toward the country, the Order has a great college, so important indeed that the authorities have named the square in which it stood "St. Charles' Square,"—having courteously consulted the community on the point. This mother-house "serves" the little Westminster chapel in Palace Street. From this house came Cardinal Manning. It was here, too, that the facetious "F. C. B."—Frank Cowley Burnand,—editor of *Punch* and engenderer of all kinds of drollery, actually experimented in noviceship. There are traditions of his rare jests. F. C. B. did not get so forward as he hoped or wished; discovering, perhaps, that the cowl maketh not the monk, and exchanging it for Momus' own cap.

It may be said that Catholics make a fair show in the working literary life. We can count: "F. C. B." aforesaid, and his "subs," Arthur a Beckett, and Gould (or "Partridge") the artist, all on *Punch*; Clement Scott, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and of dramatic criticism generally; the person who is penning these lines, and who has filled two hundred volumes of

print; Alice Meynell, sister of Lady Butler the artist; Coventry Patmore; Aubrey de Vere; Charles Kent, and (at least nominally) Alfred Austin. For religious discussions we have W. S. Lilly and Wilfred Ward.

It is pleasing to think that, though many Catholics are on the stage, they have always supplied a respectability and a becoming tone. Witness Mr. William Farren, that admirable comedian, who has inherited the traditions of his father, "Old Farren." No one, it is admitted, can approach him in characters of pure comedy, such as "Teazle." We owe also a deep obligation to the influence of Mary Anderson—"Our Mary," as she was called here affectionately; and whose uncompromising tone had the most wholesome effect in the profession, making religion "respectable."

XI.—MOORFIELDS.

Close to the whirl of that most crowded of London railway stations, the Great Eastern, we find Moorfields Chapel, St. Mary's, a very imposing, columned structure, of Greek fashion. Within there is a spacious expanse, rather suggestive of a French church. The sanctuary is striking enough, owing to the apse-like form, the pillars, and the large fresco crowded with figures which is displayed on the wall. This is lighted fancifully from some unseen apertures overhead, and with rather theatrical effect. Unlucky in one sense as was the burning in the riots of 1780, the chapel no doubt owes its comfortable state of prosperity to a wish to compensate it for the rude treatment it had received. Nor did this good fortune desert it in later years. When the new underground railway was approaching Liverpool Street, it had to be taken below the church; and the company is said to have treated the church in the most liberal way.

At the far extremity of the Fulham Road, close to the great Workhouse, we

come upon one of those dramatic developments of our religious life, which, curiously enough, seems to have an attraction for the London citizens, and has far more success than the ordinary parish form. This is the convent of the Servite Fathers, which has become a really important and flourishing institution of the district. Like the Oratory, it holds quite a commanding place, and people talk of "going to the Servites," "the Servite Fathers," etc. The English offer many paradoxes, and none is more perplexing than this favor shown to the different orders. The Jesuits, the Oratorians, the Servites, and the Carmelites engross all attention and favor; while the poor, modest, struggling "secular" is, according to the phrase, "not in it," with them.

The Servite monastery is a very imposing pile of buildings, grouped round a courtyard, which is entered through an archway. Lately the church has been enlarged, and a lofty steeple raised.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

If Filma Had Lived.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

ON the little bed the child lay unconscious, her face pallid and sunken, and the death-damp already gathering on her high, white brow. Between the slightly parted lids her eyes could be seen, fixed in that upward gaze that the departing soul leaves as a token that in the hour of extremity it always turns to its Maker. No one but the mother, with ears sharpened by agony, could detect the faint breath that sighed and died away, ebbing through the portals of the gently parted lips. The doctor had made his last call, and, with a look of pity upon the mother, had declared the inability of human skill to accomplish more. The priest had come and gone, his

kindly words of consolation falling upon deafened ears. Alone and despairing, the mother awaited the Angel of Death.

At the end of the poorly furnished room, where mother and child lived and slept and made their home, stood a large plaster statue of the Blessed Virgin. Pious hands had daily placed at its feet offerings of flowers, culled from a struggling little window garden; and scarlet geraniums, golden pansies, creamy roses, radiant with color, emblematic of life, clustered there.

Suddenly the mother arose and swept aside these poor offerings, sprinkled with her tears, with which she had vainly sought to win the intercession of the Queen of Heaven and to stay the hand of the Almighty. Wan with grief, distraught with coming loss, the earthly confronted the Heavenly Mother in her lofty calm.

"Art thou blind to my sorrow, deaf to my prayers, O Heavenly Mother?" she pleaded. "In thy high estate hast thou no thought to give to one who mourns?"

The sad compassion in the noble face brought no submission to the grieving mother. In an agony of revolt and supplication, she flung herself at the foot of the statue.

"Take everything but my child,—I can not give up my child!" she cried. "O Holy Mother, thou who hast known mother-love and mother-loss, by the love thou hast borne thy Son, by the agonies thou didst suffer when thou didst behold Him writhing in pain upon the Cross, by the memory of the sad hours that followed, when thine own heart mourned because thou hadst Him not, give back my child!"

Then peace came upon the sorrowing mother, as though a gentle hand were laid upon her eyelids; and she slumbered, how long she knew not.

Some sound in the room aroused her. She sprang to her feet and went to her child's bedside, to find the little one with wide-open eyes and the color of returning health. With a thankful heart she nursed

the frail girl back to life, and solemnly pledged that all that one human being could accomplish should be done to make that life a tribute and a reward to Her who had divinely interceded for the child.

The years went on, and Filma grew into a tall and saintly girl. She lived a life apart from children of her own age. Near contact with death seemed to have refined and spiritualized the child, so that her little companions, whispering the tale to one another, shrank from her as from one of a subtler and finer fabric than earth children are commonly made of. The girl herself, with sweet seriousness, dated events of her childhood back to "the time I died." Common temptations seemed to have no charm for her. Her heart went out to all who sorrowed and suffered. How would it be when the storms of this world spent themselves upon this fair head and sensitive organization? This the mother many times asked herself, and shrank from the answer in terror and foreboding, hoping only that she might be spared to shield and comfort her daughter when the ills common to humanity should come to her lot.

When Filma was less than twenty she was wooed and won by a man so low and brutal in character and person that the mother's heart was rent with anxious fears. She earnestly protested against the union, saying to her daughter:

"He is a bad man, unprincipled and cruel."

"Love and a happy home will redeem him," pleaded Filma.

"He is not of our religion,—he has no religion at all," insisted the mother.

"I will lead him to God and the right," replied the girl.

"But you have not a taste in common. I do not see how you ever learned to love him."

"I don't think I do, in the common way," said the girl, gently. "But this seems to me a better way. He needs me.

Without me he will abandon himself to evil; with me, he will become a different man. He says so."

Looking into the girl's pure face, seeing the light of a holy purpose in her eyes, the mother no longer opposed her. The old parish priest gently reasoned with her, and gave up the task of undermining her faith in the possibilities of unselfish human love. Thus her very innocence made her an easier prey to the self-seeking passion of the base man who had singled her as his prey.

Filma went to the altar as martyrs have gone to the stake, high courage and trust in her face, unwavering faith in her heart. The marriage resulted as such marriages almost invariably result. Her patience, her submission, her resignation, inflamed the mad temper of the besotted man to whom she was allied, where a coarser nature to withstand and oppose him might have subdued him. Little children came to her, and were gathered to her starved heart, only to suffer a brief existence of misery, and to die in wretchedness and poverty.

In these years of suffering and of torture unspeakable, aside from the mother whose lot it was helplessly to share and sorrowfully to behold her daughter's shame and misery, Filma found one true and loyal friend in the person of the physician who faithfully attended her little ones; a man of high character and noble life, who was a silent witness of her wrongs. On the night when the last of her children was gathered to the Almighty bosom, when the feeble, fluttering breath had failed, and the dim eyes closed to open upon life immortal, the doctor and the mother stood alone beside the baby. In another room the husband and father slept off a debauch of the night before. The old mother, her heart too full of woe to open to a love for her daughter's children, and caring only for the young mother's grief, had fretted herself to sleep. The doctor had attended the wee girl through various

childish ailments, had fondled and petted her until affection for her, deep and tender, had grown within him. They stood alone by her lifeless form; and they knew that they two, of all the world, had been the only ones who had loved and who mourned for the baby, whose sweet prattle was stilled. They looked at each other,—he lonely, prosperous, empty-hearted; she crushed with sorrow and shame and misery, scorned and abused by the man to whom she had given her young life. As their eyes met, affection, true and pure and holy and unselfish, like a beautiful flower, blossomed in their hearts. He turned away, leaving her kneeling beside her dead child.

They never met again. The mother, watching Filma's face pale and her step grow feebler day by day, dimly comprehended that, back of the physical failure, some vital spring of existence had snapped. She died one night when alone in the room, with only the old priest and her degraded husband. The doctor came to lend the aged mother a son's protection. Together they laid her in her coffin, and as they did so the garment she wore fell back from her bosom, showing a purple bruise inflicted by a cruel hand. A cry of pain and indignation burst from the man's lips:

"O my God! If I might only have saved her that!"

The poor old mother, decrepit and infirm, staggered to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, still enshrined in the lowly home.

"Woe is me!" she cried, tears flowing over her wrinkled cheeks. "Holy Mother, forgive me! If I had only left her to thee when she was a little child, all this might have been spared. Oh, that she had gone to thee when a happy little child, a stranger to care, unknowing sorrow or shame or grief!"

Why did the Holy Mother look down upon her with a tremulous smile, her

eyes glowing with hope and consolation?

The mother tottered back to where she had left the wasted form of the worn and weary woman, with the cruel bruise upon her breast.

On the little bed with its snowy coverlet was lying all that was earthly of Filma, the innocent child, forever freed from the pain and sorrow of this world; and on the little face was the smile of those who have entered into Joy Everlasting.

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

AN ACCEPTED CONCLUSION.

"AM I late?" asked the Conservative. "Darkness falls so early at this season that one can not tell. And there's a wind outside that pushes a man back two steps every time he makes one forward. Ah, a grate fire! That is a good antidote to the wind."

"A trifle of a grate fire like that is nothing to what a grate fire ought to be," said the Critic. "Give me the old-fashioned logs in a big fireplace. I always connect the great log blaze in my mind with the mother brooding over her flock. (The Host has been getting Ceylon tea again, with some kind of perfume in it, as I live! That man is incorrigible.) Yes, a mother's influence is like the glow in a precious stone, caught from the heartstone and imprisoned forever."

"That's all right," said the Philistine; "but where does the father come in?"

"In my opinion," said the Conservative, "the example of a father in matters of religion, for instance, is more commanding and more lasting than that of a mother."

There was silence. Everybody made way before the firm look in the Conservative's eyes.

"We talk a great deal about a mother's influence, and it is deep and lasting, and sweet and tender. Somebody has said that the man is greatest who has the most of the feminine in him—not the effeminate. I don't deny the eternal influence of motherhood; but I say that whether the religion taught to a boy in his youth is to be permanent or not is largely dependent on his father. You can not hold a good mother responsible if her son declines; look to his father."

"That's rather hard," said the Poet, who, with the Student from Kentucky, had been quarrelling in a corner over the rules of the *ballade*. "I do not think a father counts in comparison with a mother, when it comes to influence."

"You may be right," said the Cynic, who has become more optimistic since the election; "but all this talk about mothers, in songs, in elocution pieces, in stories, is tiresome. The mothers in the pathetic pieces are such idiots! There's that piece about the postage-stamp. The mother makes a letter out of the little child, and puts a stamp on its marble brow, and lets it wander out into the street. Of course it's killed. And there's the other pathetic story about the young man that went to the bad. He is about to raise a large glass of whiskey to his lips. A stranger whispers the word 'Mother!' He drops the glass, of course,—in the story; in real life, he would probably smash the head of the pathetic whisperer for his impertinence."

"That has nothing to do with the matter," said the Conservative, gravely.

"Fathers, I presume," interrupted the Cynic, "make a conspiracy to glorify the mother, that they may not be held responsible. 'We don't count,' they say; 'the mother ought to manage the children; she has a monopoly of the virtues necessary for that. Bless you! nothing can be expected of us.'"

The Conservative went on:

"A boy, from his earliest infancy, tries to follow the example of his father. If his father affects to have no religion, you will find that the son will not disdain his position. A mother, if she be conscientious, will not blame her husband. 'Your father,' she may say, 'is lax, but he is a good man. He will come out right in the end.' And the boy naturally says: 'Why can't I be good and lax too?' As a rule, when we talk of parental responsibility, we mean the responsibility of mothers. A religious father will do more toward making his son religious than all the precepts and the exhortations of a mother. He will do more than the priest himself."

The Lady of the House shook her head in dissent.

"I am speaking the truth, nevertheless. It is a priest's business to be religious, and a mother can't help being religious. But if a father, who is out in the world, is religious, his son admires, respects, and imitates him, because he thinks that it is another matter. You send a boy to a Catholic school. All right! The principle of all its teaching is, 'What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' The boy goes home. Now, a boy who does not respect his father has a very bad father, or he himself is bad timber. As I said, the boy goes home. His mother practises her religion devoutly; his father is too busy to think of religion at all,—it's all business. The result is that the boy follows his father's example; and the school is blamed because, he denies in practice all that has been taught to him."

"You surely don't mean to blame a father whose circumstances keep him too busy to observe all the pious practices?" said the Philistine.

"I am not speaking of the 'pious practices,'—if you mean the edifying practices, which are not essential. What I mean is what is required of every Catholic—a robust faith and the testimony to it in

word and deed. I am not expecting that he should have visions. It is ample if he attends to the duties that make a practical Catholic. If we are ever to have an ideal race of American Catholics, we can count on the influence of the mother. But this will fail if we do not have also the example of the father."

The Cynic said nothing. The Conservative's conclusion was accepted.

An Episode of Controversy.

WHEN the Most Rev. Dr. Meurin, formerly Vicar-Apostolic of Bombay, now titular Archbishop of Nisibi and Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius, was holding controversy with the Rev. Luke Rivington, superior in Bombay of the Anglican community known as the Cowley Fathers, it probably never occurred to either of the disputants that the one in error would ever become a defender of the doctrines he then combated. But such is the fact. Father Rivington was received into the Church in 1888, and elevated to the priesthood two years later. In his able work, "Plain Reasons for Joining the Church of Rome," he refers to his controversy with Dr. Meurin. The distinguished convert is a man of great talents, and has already rendered splendid service to the Catholic cause. His latest book, on "The Primitive Church and the See of Peter," is a brilliant production, one of the most important religious publications of the century. It can not fail of winning many converts to the Church in England, India and America, where the author is well known to members of the Anglican body.

One of Father Rivington's stumbling-blocks as an Anglican was Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and this was one of the points of dispute between himself and Mgr. Meurin. That eminent

prelate has called our attention to certain passages in one of his rejoinders to Father Rivington, thinking that they would have special interest for readers of THE "AVE MARIA." The representative of Anglicanism had contended that the Scriptural text, *gratia plena*, is no support for the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in view of the fact that the word "full" does not occur in the Greek original; and he accused Mgr. Meurin of misquoting Holy Scripture. In replying to this charge, the Bishop begins by citing passages from writers of a period acknowledged to be primitive by the Anglican divine, We quote:

"St. Sophronius, writing at the time of the sixth Œcumenical Council, addresses the Blessed Virgin Mary, in his homily on the Annunciation, in these words: 'Others and many have flourished before thee by eminent sanctity, but on no one has *full grace* been bestowed as on thee. No one has, like thee, been elevated to so high a magnificence. No one has been preoccupied by sanctifying grace like thyself. No one has shone like thee with celestial light. No one has been exalted like thyself above all sublimity.'

"To satisfy Mr. Rivington still further, let me quote some of the Doctors of the Church, of whom he speaks with as much reverence as if they were Anglican churchmen. St. Ambrose says in his commentary on St. Luke: 'Mary received the salutation of the Angel with reverent awe, because she feared; and with reserve, because she wondered at the new expression of a blessing such as never had been read and never been heard of before. To Mary alone the salutation had been reserved. For she alone is properly called *full of grace*, who alone has received a grace which no other has merited—the grace of being filled with the Author of all grace.'

"If St. Ambrose is guilty of the same 'misquotation,' St. Augustine will not fare better before the tribunal of the Rev. Mr. Rivington. In the thirty-sixth chapter of this Enchiridion he says: 'The Angel saluted the Mother of Christ when bringing her the good news of His future birth, saying: "Hail, full of grace!"' And later on: "Thou hast found grace before God." And *full of grace* is she called, and said to have found grace before God, in order to become the Mother of her Lord—yea, of the Lord of all.'

"St. Jerome 'misquotes' Holy Scripture in the same manner. In his sermon on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary he says: 'How good and great the blessed and ever-glorious Virgin Mary was is divinely declared by the Angel who said: "Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women." For it was becoming that the

Virgin should be replenished with gifts so as to be full of grace, because she gave to heaven glory, to the earth Our Lord; she restored peace, gave faith to all peoples, put an end to vices, gave order to life and justice to morals. And rightly *full*; because others receive grace only partially, but into Mary the whole plenitude of grace has been at once infused. Truly *full*; because, although the holy Fathers and Prophets possessed grace, they did not possess it in its fulness; into Mary descended the plenitude of all grace that is in Christ, though in another manner. And for this reason he said: "Blessed art thou amongst women,"—that is, more blessed than all women. And hereby the blessing of Mary took entirely away whatever curse had been instilled by Eve.... Whatever has been accomplished in her was wholly purity and simplicity, wholly truth and grace, wholly mercy and justice, which looked down from heaven. And therefore she is immaculate, because corrupted in nothing."

St. Jerome, as the Bishop observes, translated the Vulgate from the Greek original, revising the version of the ancient Itala. Where the Latin had no synonym for the Greek, he was most careful, as he assured Pope Damasus, to give the sense of the original. The word "full" in the text *gratia plena*, though not in the Greek original, is contained in the verb *charitōō*, according to the explanation given by the Catholic Church. The passage quoted from St. Jerome shows clearly in what sense the holy Doctor and the Church of his time understood the expression *kecharitomene* used by St. Luke,—an expression which, in the same form is never used of any other person but Mary, and of her at the special command of God. "St. Jerome's rendering is a literal translation of the Syriac *malyath taibuto* (*plena gratia*), the Syro-Chaldaic being the language of the Blessed Virgin, in which the heavenly messenger deigned to address her. This expression is the 'original' which was translated into Greek by St. Luke."

The Bishop concludes by citing one of those beautiful prayers addressed to the Virgin Mother by St. Ephrem the Syrian, who died in the year 373. The expressions employed can be explained only by the developed doctrine of the Immaculate

Conception according to the sense of the Church in the words "full of grace." This is the prayer:

"Most Holy Mother of God and full of grace, all pure, all immaculate, all undefiled, all irreprehensible, all praiseworthy, all incorrupt, all inviolate, virgin in body, soul and mind; incomprehensible miracle, immaculate vestment of Him who puts on light as His vestment, unfading flower, thou alone perfectly immaculate!"

Let us close with an extract from the admirable encyclical letter in which Pope Pius IX., of holy memory, defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin:

"The holy Fathers and great writers of the Church considered in their minds and hearts that at the time when the Angel Gabriel announced to the Blessed Virgin her election to the most sublime dignity of Mother of God, she was called in the name and at the command of God Himself, 'full of grace.' And hence they taught that by this solemn and up to that time unheard of salutation it is shown that the Mother of God was the seat of all divine graces, and adorned with the special gifts of the Holy Ghost,—yea, was the infinite store-house and inexhaustible abyss of the same gifts; so that, never being subject to the curse, and a partaker with her Son of the perpetual blessing, she merited to hear from Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost, the words: 'Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.'"

WE know from history that in those ages when the monastic institutions were most flourishing, and the monastic virtues were in their greatest vigor, wealth was not supreme in society; and wisdom, though barefooted and in a coarse serge habit, made itself heard in the castle of the noble, and heeded even in the palace of the king.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Notes and Remarks.

The civilized world has been shocked by the announcement that, on account of their religion, six thousand Armenian Catholics, men, women and children, were submitted to unspeakable outrages and ruthlessly slaughtered by soldiers under the command of a Turkish governor. Many of them were offered honors and liberty if only they would abjure Christianity, but every one of them spurned the proposal. Surely if any cause can justify war, such cause may be found in this incredible cruelty. The Sultan of Turkey is a despot with power almost unlimited. That he does not control the atrocious barbarity of his underlings is a crime for which he is amenable to the law of nations. The Ottoman Empire should be taught such a lesson as would be memorable even to its somnolent mind. It has outraged the commonest and strongest sentiment of humanity in a way that calls for condign chastisement. Offences of a similar nature have been common enough in Turkey in past times, and it now rests with the Christian governments to say whether or not these offences are to be continued. The honor of humanity demands that prompt and energetic measures be taken to suppress them; as for religion, it is well known that persecution is a help, not a hurt, to it.

A pitiful state of things has been brought to light by recent issues of the *Catholic Times*, wherein it is shown that large numbers of deaf-mutes are weaned away from the faith by attendance at "non-sectarian" schools, because there are not enough of Catholic institutions to receive them. "The Catholic pupils of Protestant schools," says the writer, "are, in most cases, at a distance from home. They are removed from the influence of both parents and pastors. Their minds, on entering school, are in respect to religious instruction almost a blank. In scarcely one instance can a Catholic teacher be found in any of these institutions. Supposed to be non-sectarian, they are in tone and tendency decidedly Protestant. The Catholic practice of making the Sign of the Cross, which the child learned

at home, he soon abandons, owing to the ridicule of his fellow-pupils. The observance of abstinence from meat on Fridays is for him an impossibility. He has either no opportunity of attending Mass on Sundays and holydays, or is not permitted to do so. Deprived of all Catholic instruction and of the aid of the Sacraments during his school term, which may extend to seven, eight or ten years, he leaves school with deeply-rooted prejudices against his faith."

Surely here is a charity which will appeal to all who know how to prize the precious gift of faith. The picture painted is not a fanciful one—we could wish that it were. And when it is remembered that there are sixty thousand children thus afflicted in the United States, the outlook is appalling. Will not wealthy Catholics help to provide sheltering care for these afflicted lambs of Christ's flock?

The good ship *Detroit* encountered its first heavy gale on the morning of its launching, when a storm of protest was aroused by the breaking of a bottle of wine and the use of the word "christen." We are glad that this pagan custom, and especially the use of a word associated with the first of Sacraments, has excited public disapproval. It may seem a trifle, but it is a trifle irreverent, and Catholics should always be opposed to it. This reminds us that our Ritual is rich in blessings, about which most Catholics know nothing. There are blessings for houses, ships, crops and all foods—including beer, by the way. We should not be indifferent to these beautiful ceremonies, consecrated by centuries of devout usage, which bring blessings in their wake. There ought to be a special blessing for American railway trains and printing-presses.

While the Japanese troops on land and sea are pursuing their victorious way and eliciting the wonder of the Western world, another army within the confines of Japan itself is achieving a more effective and permanent conquest. The soldiers of the Cross are ever at their posts, and the work of the Catholic missions is advancing with gratifying rapidity. One of the enterprises of Catholic charity that has done much to propitiate the

pagans of Japan is the Leper Hospital of Gotemba, which, under the administration of the Rev. Father Vigroux, is yearly sheltering increased numbers of unfortunate wretches afflicted with the most terrible of maladies. Suspicious at first, the non-Catholic Japanese now recognize the merits of the enterprise, and their admiration for the Church's beneficence is accompanied by a kinder feeling for the Church herself. Father Vigroux has to depend upon subscriptions forwarded to him from all parts of Christendom for the maintenance of the hospital. THE "AVE MARIA" will gladly receive any offerings sent to us by well-wishers of his noble work.

The late Louis Figuier, well known as a popularizer of science, is said to have been a marvel of industry and facility. One of his critics says of him: "With the possible exception of Jules Verne, he was the most widely translated of living Frenchmen. To the end of his days he preserved entire faith in the religion of his childhood, and found nothing whatever in all the sciences that he mastered and wrote about to unsettle his belief in revelation and immortality."

Figuier knew the Church too well and science too well to have any narrow notions about religion. It is the men who know little of either that give rise to "wars and rumors of wars." The Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan expressed the common experience when he declared that he never knew one who lost the faith as the result of study.

The *Indo-European Correspondence* tells of a centenary celebrated last year, which, although unnoticed by the world at large, was of great interest and importance to the little world which it stirred. The celebration was at Guernsey, and signalized the re-establishment of Catholicism in the island. The circumstances under which this was effected are of deep interest and edification:

In 1793 the parish priest of Coutances, Abbé Navet, for refusing to take the Jacobin oath, had to fly for his life, and sought a refuge in the island of Guernsey. But, finding that the cruel laws of Queen Elizabeth against Catholic priests were still in full

vigor there, he assumed the garb and profession of a horse-dealer. The few Irish Catholic soldiers stationed in the barracks were in want of spiritual aid, and he braved the danger of ministering unto them. The local authorities were thrown into great consternation. Father Navet was summoned before the bailiff, and, on confessing what he was, was banished from the island. Yet, in deference to the military authorities, who looked favorably on the results of his work among the Irish soldiers, a delay of twenty days was granted him to prepare for his departure. Father Navet stated his case to the commander of the British forces in the Channel Island, and obtained a commission as Catholic chaplain to the troops. When the bailiff called upon Father Navet to quit the island, he exhibited his commission with the royal seal attached to it. The next year he built a chapel, chiefly with the alms of the Irish soldiers. Gradually the scattered Catholics began to gather, forming the nucleus of a parish. In 1850 the chapel had become much too small, and a handsome church was begun. It was completed in 1852, and the remains of Father Navet were transferred to a crypt beneath the high altar. Now, after a hundred years, there are in Guernsey three beautiful Catholic churches with flourishing schools for boys and girls.

Father Matthias Brown, C. P., who passed to his reward on the 15th ult., at St. Michael's Retreat, Hoboken, N. J., was a convert from Scotch Presbyterianism, and had been a soldier in the British Army in India. Before entering the Passionist Order he was professor of mathematics at Mt. St. Mary's College, Cincinnati. Like most converts, he was a quiet man, doing his work patiently and faithfully. He was the devoted chaplain to the Snake Hill Almshouse and Penitentiary, where his zealous ministrations will long be remembered. It was in the discharge of his duties as chaplain that he met with the accident which resulted in his death. *R. I. P.*

Catholics are often at a loss to know what books they would best put into the hands of searchers after truth. The difficulty

is a serious one; for not even the most experienced physician of souls can know the doctrinal works best suited to each particular mind. There is one class of books, however, that can always be offered with confidence—the Lives of the Saints. In many cases the edifying words and the example of holiness seem to be accompanied by a special grace, as if the saint made intercession for his client. This truth, which has often been felt, receives fresh illustration in the life of the well-known convert, Richard Malcolm Johnston, a sketch of whom, by Walter Lecky, appears in the current *Reading Circle Review*. Mr. Johnston says: "The Life of the Curé d'Ars produced a lasting impression. As an antidote, I read Laud and Hooker. *They were no longer convincing*. I was filled with agony and depression. I could not banish from my mind the thought that 'these Catholic writers have got the argument.'"

It is much to be regretted that interest in the Lives of the Saints is not so strong among our young Catholics as it was among the older generation. A holy life is "the Gospel in practice," and no means is so powerful to convert others or to kindle the flame of fervor in one's self.

The late Bishop of San Antonio, Texas, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neraz, was a prelate who had known hard service in the early years of his ministry. He was a connecting link between the old times when a "parish" meant a whole State, and the present prosperous condition of the Church. He bore an honorable part in what a recent writer has called the "church-building era"; and when, later on, he was called to the episcopacy, he proved a devoted shepherd. His day was long and burdensome and his end full of honor. May he rest in peace!

It is sad to read the declaration of a priest whose work affords him excellent opportunities for observation, that "help is frequently denied to charitable institutions whose work is for the negro." Real charity has neither race nor color; and it is idle and absurd to condemn the colored people as lazy, dull or wicked, while we withhold the

assistance which can make them better. In contrast with this alleged indifference of the dominant race, we place the example of a noble colored woman as described in a letter to *St. Benedict's Home Journal*:

"I have been requested to send you the enclosed cheque to your order, for one hundred and fifty dollars, by a very pious old colored person, who has always been interested in the welfare of the little orphans and destitute children of her race, and who has lived a self-denying life in order to give this donation for their benefit and the salvation of their souls. She does not wish her name mentioned in any way; her charitable gift is recorded in Heaven, where she expects to receive her reward."

This is real charity; and the donor, whatever the color of her face, had a soul of radiant whiteness. It was a royal gift, and the action of this old colored woman argues strongly for the possibilities of her race.

It is astonishing to observe what a large literature has grown up around Corea since the beginning of the present war between China and Japan. Hardly a day passes without some new book, essay, lecture or magazine article on the subject. In connection with this fact, it is worthy of note that, until late years, almost the only available information about Corea was that gathered from the records of the early missionaries, especially the Jesuit Father, Gregory de Cespedes. He was the first European to enter the peninsula, having been sent there in 1594 as chaplain to some Christian soldiers in the Japanese army, then invading the country. Father Cespedes made a few converts; but it is said that his action prejudiced the natives against Christianity, by associating it with a foreign invasion. Hence the deep-seated aversion of the Coreans for the faith.

The *Philadelphia Press* cites as "perhaps the best-natured and wittiest rejoinder in religious dispute" the reply made by Father O'Leary to an Irish Protestant who said that he had no objection to have the Virgin Mary treated with reverence, "but only as a respectable, venerable woman, just such a one as my own mother." "Still," replied Father O'Leary, "you must allow there is a difference in the sons."

Notable New Books.

ST. PAUL AND HIS MISSIONS. By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated by G. F. X. Griffith. Longmans, Green & Co.

With the exception of a single point, which has been generally criticised, the "Life of Christ" by the Abbé Fouard has never been surpassed. His detailed knowledge of Oriental peoples and countries, and of the thought and customs of the Apostolic age, enabled him to paint a picture singularly complete and lifelike. A few years ago he published a precious volume on the "Beginnings of the Church," with special reference to the life of St. Peter. He has now increased our indebtedness to him by a luminous volume on St. Paul.

It is a remarkable book. With less rhetorical power than Macaulay or the late Mr. Froude, the Abbé Fouard has given us a speaking likeness of the great Apostle. To do this, he had made a synthesis of the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, and the extraneous sources of information. As the author himself says: "Reading his [St. Paul's] life story in St. Luke alone, one would imagine that he was a forceful and energetic nature, capable of breaking down and dominating all resistance, yet devoid of grace and tenderness withal. The Epistles give us the softer lines lacking in this bold sketch, showing us that mingled with this strength of will were certain qualities of heart and soul which made him eminently lovable."

And it is on this latter side that the author dwells with most satisfaction, because it is less understood than the robust, imperious and masterful side of St. Paul's character. There have been other men of genius, other masters of men's souls, who extorted obedience and compelled admiration. St. Paul is their peer in strength of mind and vigorousness of action; but instead of their pride and egotism, he had the most beautiful humility.

The three missionary journeys of the Apostle of the Gentiles and his visit to the Eternal City form the main portion of Abbé Fouard's narrative. It would be impossible to overstate the merit of this portion of the book, in

which the labors and trials of St. Paul are set forth. Suffice it to say that no one can hope fully to understand the Scriptural narrative who has not read these middle chapters. Such erudition, such firm grasp of subject, and such a vivid presentation are rarely found within the covers of one book.

It is needless to speak of Mr. Griffith's translation of the Abbé Fouard's book. Like all his former work, it combines absolute fidelity with the ease and grace of the original. Two excellent maps and a faultless index help to make this one of the most important books of modern literature.

THE FIRST DIVORCE OF HENRY VIII. AS TOLD IN THE STATE PAPERS. By Mrs. Hope, Author of "The Early Martyrs," etc. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by the Rev. Doctor Gasquet. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

Every sound and sane contribution to the breaking up of the long English Protestant conspiracy against truth is doubly welcome at the present time, when we Catholics are more than ever on the defensive. Mr. Froude's misreading of the Simancas documents relating to the divorce of Katherine of Aragon was absurd. But his *amende* for such misreading left the world in doubt as to several important points. Most of us remember his famous paper on the Divorce,—a paper charming in style, but most puzzling to the truth-seeker and misleading to the indolent reader. What we want to-day is authoritative information of historical questions at first hand. The Holy Father has met this need half way by throwing open the Vatican Archives.

If Mrs. Hope had gone into pious hysterics over the beauty of Katherine's character, her book would have been merely another exasperating volume added to a list of frothy utterances from both sides. But she had the historical sense, and she lets us see Henry VIII. and Katherine through the medium of the state records. The story of her book is an oft-told tale, but never before has it been so satisfactorily told. On all sides we have been met with Mr. Froude's sneer: "Clement VII. feared Charles V. more than Henry, therefore his firmness in favor of Katherine." This is an insinuation which young Catholics, not deeply read—for in no

Catholic school is history given the importance it deserves,—find it hard to meet. Mrs. Hope touches it squarely; and without any special plea she proves that the Pope, who prudently gave way to all parties as far as he could, decided on the evidence most justly and impartially. "It is better," he said when threatened by the French as well as the English, "that the world should be ruined by my fidelity to truth than by my falseness to duty."

He could not have decided otherwise, as all the evidence shows; and one can not help suspecting that the Emperor Charles would have submitted, for sufficient compensation of a political kind, to the divorce of his aunt. Even the game of high politics, as seen in these state papers, has as ancient and fish-like a smell as our modern games of low politics.

Mrs. Hope's researches confirm Doctor Gasquet's estimate of Wolsey, to whom Shakspeare was very tender. If the English schism and heresy can be laid on the shoulders of any one, that man is Wolsey, who deliberately condoned the sensuality of the young King, cultivated his avarice, and taught him that, to be absolute, he must control even the Pope. Wolsey's death—and Shakspeare, in interpreting it, has not departed from historical truth—was beautiful and dignified. But when one comprehends his casuistry, his attempts to make even the See of Peter a toy for his master and a tool for himself, one feels that such a death was worthy of a better man.

This is one of the volumes that should be on the book-shelves of every intelligent family. To those, too, who find Doctor Gasquet's great work on the English Monasteries too expensive we recommend with pleasure Mrs. Hope's last work, and Father Bridgett's "Life of Sir Thomas More."

DISTINGUISHED IRISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. First Series. By the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S. J. Burns & Oates.

Father Hogan's reputation as a Celtic scholar is universal; in this volume he makes a new and even more valid claim to the admiration of his countrymen. If forgetfulness of the value of spiritual or intellectual

things should ever become habitual to the descendants of Irishmen in America, this book might be used as an effective stimulant to high ideals. Every page shows what noble men of their blood suffered, not only for the faith, but for intellectual advancement. In a century when all hope seemed to have perished for Irishmen in Ireland, when enforced ignorance appeared to have blunted all the weapons of faith, when to be a Catholic was to be a pariah, we see priest after priest nobly venturing into the very jaws of death for the enlightenment of the minds as well as the souls of the persecuted but unconquered Irish. Woulfe, O'Donnell, O'More, Fitzsimon, and nine other heroes appear in this first volume, which is devoted to the preachers of the Gospel. Here are hairbreadth escapes, chronicles of silent sufferings, noble daring, supernatural bravery,—and all high things which hold up forever the standard of the ideal, and which ought to keep the spiritual children of heroes and martyrs above the low aims of earthly avarice. A book like this would have a strong influence in strengthening priestly vocations.

LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN GABRIEL PERBOYRE.

Translated from the French. John Murphy & Co.

A decree of our Holy Father Leo XIII. given at Rome, November 9, 1889, proclaimed the beatification of John Gabriel Perboyre, who won the glorious crown of martyrdom on September 11, 1840, while performing the offices of a missionary in China. A devoted priest of the Congregation of the Mission, he gave all his energy to the work of saving souls, and died at the age of thirty-eight, old in the practice of heroic virtue.

His very infancy was marked by special signs of God's favor, and his childhood and youth served but to develop the dispositions of a saint. His early religious career was signalized by the most exact observance of monastic rules; and when elevated to the rank of superior, his humility and simplicity became even more remarkable.

The translation lately published gives an interesting account of this holy servant of God. And book third of this volume might be entitled the spirit of Blessed John Gabriel, for it is a record of the virtues which sainti-



fied him; and their very recital, coupled with the example of their power to make beautiful his soul, animates one to holy resolves.

A RETREAT. By the Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B. Burns & Oates.

The initial chapter of Bishop Hedley's admirable book gives its object and scope; for therein he states the essential dispositions one must bring to the making of a good retreat, and the nature of the thoughts and considerations which should occupy him during such a period of solitude and silence. The value of the soul, the voice of God, sin, the Holy Spirit, and the Blessed Sacrament are among the themes dwelt upon; and all are made applicable to the clergy, to religious, and to the laity. The chapters close with points for mental prayer; thus bringing the truths considered into meditation form, making them all the more suitable for time of retreat. His admirable translations of papal encyclicals have made Bishop Hedley almost as well known in America as he is in England; and the wide circulation which these meditations deserve will endear him still more to readers on this side of the Atlantic. Substantial books of devotion such as this are none too common in our day of diluted literature. The style is clear and simple, and is marked by a holy unction which must commend this book to all, not only for use at stated times, such as retreats and missions, but for general spiritual reading.

JET, THE WAR MULE. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. THE "AVE MARIA" Office.

One of the most gratifying features in the development of Catholic literature during recent years is the increased attractiveness of reading matter for the young. The goody-goody book is rapidly becoming obsolete, and we frankly confess that we entertain no regrets for its passing away. Our later storytellers, in addressing themselves to boys and girls, have happily disabused their minds of the old-time idea that an excellent and "improving" Catholic tale for children must necessarily treat of preternaturally good or bad young people, in whom their readers can discover no points of resemblance with either themselves or their ordinary companions.

They no longer believe that a portentous, unmistakable moral should glare from every page, that each chapter should be a thinly disguised sermon, or that the whole book should form merely a revised edition of the Catechism.

It is a gratification to us that many of the most successful writers of the new school have been and are contributors to the columns of THE "AVE MARIA." Names will readily suggest themselves of caterers to our youth's department who not only instruct, but amuse and enchain the attention of our boys and girls. One of the most popular of them is that of Ella Loraine Dorsey, whose "Midshipman Bob" is among the brightest and best books for Catholic boys ever written. In the present collection of stories, by the same gifted hand, all the elements of attractiveness that make "Midshipman Bob" a success will be found in abundance. "Jet, the War Mule" is a book that boys and girls will deem it a pleasure, not a penance, to peruse from cover to cover. We were unfeignedly pleased to present the contents of the volume as serials in these pages, and take additional pleasure in proffering them in their present attractive form to the friends of our Catholic young people.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Matthias Brown, C. P., who departed this life on the 15th ult., at W. Hoboken, N. J.

Mr. William F. Mansfield, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose happy death took place on the 6th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Agen, who died a holy death some time ago, at Seattle, Wash.

Miss Adelaide Alexander, of Washington, D. C., who yielded her soul to God on the 11th ult.

Mr. John Winter, Mr. Philip Binenger, Mr. C. Flenn, and Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, of Lancaster, Ohio; J. P. Ryan and Agnes Connely, Pendleton, Oregon; Miss Katherine E. Slattery, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Marcella O'Rourke, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Manning, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary J. Doody and Mrs. Abbie Sheehan, New Haven, Conn.; and Mrs. Catherine Gleason, Gilman, Wash.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

They Shall Have their Christmas-Day.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.


"YOU mean," said little Alice,
Great sorrow in her face,
"That some dear friends are waiting
Down in that dreadful place,—
Are waiting for Our Lord to say,
'Come to eternal joy,
And be with Me, my friends, alway!'
And is it really true?"

"I mean it," said her mother:
"They hope and wait and wait."
"And will they have no Christmas?"
Asked Blanche, behind her slate.
"Indeed they will!" said Alice.
Spoke Blanche: "We'll pray and pray,
And all these souls in waiting
Shall have their Christmas-Day."

The Colvilles in Ireland.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XIV.

T was a pleasant drive by jaunting-car over the hills to the famous modern Abbey of Mount Melleray, situated at the foot of the lonely Knockmeledown (brown or barren) Mountains.

"Why was the monastery built in this out-of-the-way place?" asked Kathleen, as they were borne swiftly along.

"A community of the Cistercian Order, or monks of La Trappe, who were driven from France by the Revolution of 1830, having sought refuge in Ireland, obtained a ninety-nine years' lease of a tract of useless land in this rugged district," Mr. Colville answered. "Without delay they set about building themselves a habitation, and clearing the ground that it might yield them a subsistence. The people of the neighborhood came to their assistance, —the gentry contributing generously, and the pious peasants freely giving their labor. The difficulties to be overcome were many. For instance, in ploughing the glebe it was frequently necessary to have ten or twelve men before each plough to pick up the stones. In a few years, however, they reclaimed the rocky waste, and literally made the wilderness 'to blossom as the rose.' At first their number was about fifty, now it has increased to seventy; and the present monks are all either Irish or English. There are priests among them, but the majority are lay-Brothers. The Order is one of the most austere in the Church. The monks observe an almost perpetual silence, live wholly upon coarse bread, fruit and vegetables, and divide their time between prayer and hard labor."

Ere long they came in sight of the smiling corn-fields and vegetable gardens of the monks, and presently of the Abbey itself—a group of buildings constructed of stones cleared from the land, and comprising a dormitory, kitchen, refectory, chapter-house, chapel, other structures used for educational purposes, and the farm-houses.

A monk, whose face beamed with cordiality and kindness, came out to receive them at the entrance. He wore over a long white robe a shorter black one, with long flowing sleeves, and a cowl. His hospitable manner assured the travellers that they were most heartily welcome. Interested and pleased, they followed him to the visitors' room to see an illuminated missal said to have been written by the great St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the preacher of the second Crusade.

"St. Bernard was a Cistercian, you remember," observed Mr. Colville. "The rule, as I have said, is very severe. The monks rise at two o'clock every morning of the year, yet do not take their first meal until nearly mid-day. They have one other, at six in the evening. Some of them were men of rank and fortune, but all lead the same humble, prayerful and laborious life."

The Brother conducted his guests through the buildings, which presented an aspect of poverty in marked contrast to the richness of the chapel of the Abbey, whither he afterward led the way.

"What a beautiful church!" exclaimed Claire. "How lofty the spire is! No wonder we saw it afar off."

The interior they found to be grand and devotional. At this hour it was flooded by the rays of amber, violet and rosy light that streamed through a fine window of stained glass, and touched as if in blessing the work of the Brothers, the splendid wood-carving of the altar, choir, and stalls.

The Colvilles also visited the large dairy, and had a nearer view of the extensive plantations. Not only is the monastery supported altogether from the products of the soil, but the charity of the community finds much to spare for the poor of the vicinity. Several times in their round, our friends came upon silent bands of monks at work. The latter did not even raise their eyes, though now and then one

courteously inclined his head as he stood aside to allow the strangers to pass.

Last they proceeded to the little cemetery, where the only flowers to be perceived anywhere were blooming on the carefully-tended graves,—a token of the holy affection with which the monks cherish the memory of their departed brethren.

Delighted with all they had seen, the party finally took leave of their guide. As they drove away, Mr. Colville looking back at the peaceful landscape, said:

"The fertile acres of Mount Melleray are a proof of what, by labor and frugality, the people might accomplish if allowed to cultivate the waste lands of Ireland to gain a subsistence for themselves."

The route to Lismore lies through charming glades and dells. Early in the afternoon they arrived at this picturesque old town, called in Irish "the Great Fort," from an ancient fortification now known as the Round Hill.

"Lismore has a very interesting history," remarked Mr. Colville. "A holy monk named Carthagh, having been expelled from Ratheny by Blathmac, the King, fled hither in 631; and from this circumstance the place was styled 'a shelter,' 'a great house, or village.' Carthagh founded a monastery here that became a celebrated centre of learning. It was to Lismore Alfred the Great came when

'With love of wisdom and example fired,
To Ireland, famed for wisdom, he retired.'

By the murmuring Blackwater he acquired the skill in playing the harp through which later, disguised as a harper, he obtained admission to the tent of Guthrum, the Danish prince."

"I remember reading about it," said Joe. "And so great was King Alfred's admiration that he earnestly desired to see institutions like those in Ireland grow up in his own country; therefore on his return to England he founded the University of Oxford."

At Lismore our young sight-seers discovered another restored cathedral, which enshrines all that remains of the medieval abodes of religion and learning for which the vicinity is so famous.

"The newness of the renovation is somewhat toned down, however, it having been completed about the year 1663," said their father, consolingly. "The church still bears the name of St. Carthagh, who was buried in the ancient crypt. Toward the end of the eleventh century, an accidental fire destroyed the town and almost all the monasteries. The cathedral was nearly razed to the ground during the reign of Elizabeth by the doughty Edmund Fitzgibbon, surnamed the White Knight; but was rebuilt some time afterward by the Earl of Cork."

Lismore Castle belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and in parts is comparatively modern; but the ancient portions are sufficiently distinguishable to invest it with a certain romance, and recall the days of its strength and splendor. At the first view of the grey battlements and ivy-veiled towers, rising high above the tree tops on a mighty cliff overhanging the river, the girls gave a little cry of delight.

"I did not know there was a castle in Ireland in such good repair," said Alicia.

Winding round the precipice, they climbed the hill to the gates of the fortress, once so strongly guarded, and proceeded across the fine old courtyards. At the entrance to the stately pile they were received by a whitehaired old man, who immediately launched forth into the narration of its past history and a description of its present condition.

"The Duke comes here only once in a great while," he said; "but everything is always kept in order against his arrival."

Leading on as he talked, the aged and garrulous retainer showed them the spacious halls and the historic, tapestried room. Taking them to one of the windows of the latter, he bade them look out.

"Gracious!" cried Kathleen, starting back. "It makes me dizzy."

The prospect might, indeed, cause the steadiest head to grow giddy. The Castle seemed poised in air, and they were directly above the brink of an appalling precipice that extends downward perpendicularly to the river.

"Nothing could save any one who might happen to fall from this point," said Alicia, with a shudder.

"So thought King James. When brought here to see the view, he drew back in dismay, half fearing treachery perhaps," returned the old man, dryly. "The window is called by his name to this day."

The scene they gazed upon was magnificent: the quiet tide of the Blackwater flowing by, the picturesque bridge spanning the stream, the beautiful foliage beneath the Castle walls, the woods farther away, and the green valley hemmed in by bold mountains.

As they turned away, Mr. Colville said:

"I understand that during some repairs made at the Castle in the time of the late Duke there were discovered, in a built-up recess in the wall, several ecclesiastical relics, and a curious vellum MS. of early date, known as the Book of Lismore, or of MacCarthy Reagh."*

The next morning they drove on, through a region of ruined castles and old traditions, to Fermoy, a military station, where in former times there was a Cistercian monastery called the Abbey of Our Lady of Castro Dei. Thence they proceeded to Mitchelstown, and visited its celebrated caves, which were discovered by a farmer while cutting stone from a quarry in a hill that separates the Galtee and Knockmeledown Mountains. A man who acted as guide conducted them from the quarry into the cavern by way of a slanting passage. After following it a short distance, they came to a descent of some twenty feet, leading to another slop-

* "Reagh" is the Irish word for king.

ing gallery; and, groping their way along this gloomy tunnel, reached a grand cave, eighty feet in diameter and fifty feet high. From this central cavern various irregular corridors connect with a number of others, denominated respectively the House of Lords, House of Commons, the Altar Cave, etc. It was all like a journey into another world, and the young Americans could never sufficiently admire the great stalactites, or masses of shining limestone, hanging from the roof.

"How they glitter, like gigantic icicles turned to stone!" exclaimed Claire. "And what a great variety of colors!"

When the guide, holding aloft his torch, flashed its light upon

"The crystal well, the starry-curtained dome,
The sparkling shafts that propped that caverned home,
And vaults that turned the homeliest sounds to song,"

little Kathleen could hardly be taken to task for fancying they were in the palace of the *genii* of the mountains.

Although their time in Ireland was so speedily drawing to a close, the wanderers lingered two days longer in the valley of the Blackwater, making excursions to various places of interest. Thus it was that they strayed as far as the ruins of Monaminy Castle (built by the Knight Templars), the ancient home of the Nagles. The great orator Edmund Burke, who was of this family, spent his childhood at Ballyduff, near by, and received the first rudiments of education at a hedge school held in the old Castle. They also passed through the little neighboring village of Ballygriffin, the birthplace of Nano Nagle, foundress of the Presentation Order.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Hope's Star.

BEHIND the Advent clouds there shines
Fair Bethlehem's guiding star,
So through life's clouds our souls may see
Hope's beacon-light afar.

A Useful Tree.

In Mexico there is a most useful tree, called in the native speech the maguey, but known to us as the thread-and-needle-tree; from the fact that, among many other good qualities, it has the power of furnishing thread and needles to those who know where to search for them. In a sheath at the end of each leaf the needle is hidden, and attached to it is the long thread.

But there are other uses to which the maguey tree is put. From its roots an appetizing food is prepared, while the leaves are employed in making a covering for the little cottages which shelter the people. The thatching of these homes is really a work of art, so well is it done, and so beautiful are the leaves.

Paper, too, is often made from these leaves, and a favorite beverage is compounded from their juice. And when all is used but the coarse fibers of the tree, the natives make from them useful cord, and a kind of strong cloth much in demand. The maguey is surely a useful tree.

Words Well-Timed.

There are moral lessons to be drawn even from those with whom we can not agree religiously. A benevolent Moslem was eating his dinner attended by a favorite slave, who, getting nervous, spilled a dish of scalding broth upon his master's foot. The poor fellow fell prostrate to the ground and began to murmur sentences from the Koran:—"Paradise is for those who command their anger."—"I am not angry," said his master.—"And for those who pardon offences."—"I pardon you," replied the other.—"And for those who return good for evil," went on the slave.—"Get up," said the master. "You quote well. I give you your liberty."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED —St. Luke 1:48

VOL. XXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

No. 23.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Immaculate.

FARE down the ages of eternity,
Ere stars their vigil kept,
Within the bosom of the God Most High
The thought of Mary slept.
And when the new-made stars gave praise
to God

On glad creation's morn,
They were but figures of a brighter Star—
God's Mother, yet unborn.

And when eternity gave unto time
The Virgin preordained
To be the Mother of the God made Man,
Her soul came forth unstained
By e'en the shadow that o'er earth was cast
By Eden's fateful tree,—
Her heart a crystal lily-vase that held
The Flower of Purity.

The Sanctuary of the Incarnation.

THE Holy House of Nazareth, abode of Mary the Sinless,—of the Virgin who from the beginning was chosen by God as the co-Redemptrix of the human race; Mary, the chosen daughter of God, whose virtue transcends innocence as much as heaven transcends earth,—oh, what emotions must thrill the heart of a Christian even at sight of the abode in which, once dwelt this pearl of virginity and sanctity!

But when we consider that it was also in this blessed abode the great and incomprehensible mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God was effected; that it was here our Divine Lord assumed flesh in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary; that it was here He spent the years of His childhood, youth and manhood up to the age of thirty years, it will not seem strange that the faithful of all ages have manifested a great devotion toward a place consecrated by such an extraordinary manifestation of the divine mercy and goodness. It will not seem strange that this blessed abode was taken from the midst of persecuting unbelievers and miraculously transported into a Christian land.

Of course, as the learned Archbishop Kenrick remarks, this matter of the translation of the Holy House of Loreto is not an article of faith: it is purely an historical fact, to be judged of, like all other such facts, according to the weight of evidence that can be adduced in its support. Should this evidence be deemed sufficient, it is not credulity, but common-sense, to believe in the extraordinary occurrence in proof of which it is brought forward. And, calling to mind the wonders of divine mercy wrought in this blessed abode, is it to be considered beyond belief that Almighty God would confer this additional boon on the clients of the Blessed Virgin,—a matter as easy to Him

as the changing of water into wine, healing the deaf, or giving sight to the blind?

When about to visit Italy some years ago, the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick promised some friends to profit by whatever opportunities he might have of investigating the history of the Holy House of Nazareth—or of Loreto, as it is now called; and being happily enabled to do so, he states that the result of his examination was a deep conviction of the truth of the extraordinary fact of its miraculous translation, and that there existed abundant and solid evidence to sustain it. The result of the learned prelate's observations has been given in an interesting volume, in which, proceeding according to the order of time, he first establishes the identity of the Holy House in which the Blessed Virgin lived at Nazareth, and its preservation amid the devastations of war and the wreck of time. He thence proceeds to discuss the fact of the translation of the Holy House, giving the concurrent circumstances, an examination of the witnesses thereto, and concludes by answering the objections generally raised against this wonderful event.

It is evident from the New Testament, says Archbishop Kenrick, that the Blessed Virgin dwelt at Nazareth. We read in St. Luke that the Angel Gabriel was sent by God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the name of the Virgin was Mary.* It was from Nazareth that Joseph and Mary went up to Bethlehem to be enrolled in the census ordered by Augustus Caesar. It was to Nazareth the Holy Family returned after the presentation of the Infant Jesus in the Temple; and thence also that they went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn festivals of the law. In fine, it was from Nazareth that Jesus came to be baptized by John in the Jordan.† From these and other passages

of the Evangelists we know that Mary lived at Nazareth; that there she was made worthy to conceive the Son of God; and that Jesus Christ dwelt at Nazareth from the period of His return from Egypt until the time of His public mission among men. Nazareth is accordingly called His own city or country.

At Nazareth, we are told, stood the house in which Mary the Mother of God was born, where she was saluted by the Angel, where the Eternal Word of God was made flesh. When we take into account the great and incomprehensible mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God which was effected in the house at Nazareth, and that our Divine Lord Himself dwelt there for thirty years, we can not doubt that it was held in great veneration by the early Christians. When the persecutions of the Roman Empire ceased, on the accession of Constantine the Great, the Empress Helena, his mother, visited Nazareth, and had a beautiful temple erected over the Holy House, on the façade of which she had inscribed, in large letters:

HÆC EST ARA, IN QUA PRIMO JACTUM EST
HUMANÆ SALUTIS FUNDAMENTUM.

"This is the church in which the foundation of human Redemption was first laid."

About the year 380 the great St. Jerome accompanied St. Paula thither. He calls Nazareth *Nutriculum Domini*,—"The nursery of the Lord." This illustrious Doctor says that there were at that time two great churches at Nazareth: one in the middle of the city, where was formerly the house in which our Infant Lord was sheltered; the other in the place where the Angel entered and announced to Mary the heavenly message. Venerable Bede observes that in his time (about the year 700), although the holy places were in possession of the Saracens, devout pilgrims from all parts of Europe visited them, and among these sacred places he mentions especially the temple enclosing the house in which Mary was saluted by

* St. Luke, i, 26, 27.

† St. Mark, i, 9.

the Angel.* The learned Adamnan also mentions that "one of the two churches was in the place where the house was built in which the Archangel Gabriel addressed the Blessed Mary."† In the ninth century, when St. John Colabita visited the Holy Land, and among other places in it, Nazareth,‡ the Order of the Knights of St. Catherine was established on Mount Sinai to protect the pilgrims in visiting the Holy places of Galilee; and toward the latter end of the same century the Holy Land was taken from the Turks, whose cruelties to the Christians gave rise to the just war of the Crusades.

James Vitri or Vitriaco, Cardinal and Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the description he left of the Holy Land, attests that he had often celebrated Mass in the house in which Mary was saluted by the Angel. This must have been before the middle of the thirteenth century, for this prelate died in 1244. John Phocas, a Greek priest, speaking of his visit to Nazareth in 1185, says: "The house of Joseph was afterward changed into a most beautiful church; in the left side of which, near the altar, there is a cave. Entering by the mouth, you descend a very few steps, when you behold *that ancient house of Joseph* in which the Archangel announced the glad tidings to the Virgin."§ Thomas à Celano, a contemporary, speaking of the visit of St. Francis of Assisi to Nazareth, remarks: "At length he came to Nazareth, to *venerate that house in which the Word was made flesh*. Here, falling on his knees, he began to bedew with tears that most precious ground, on which Jesus and Mary had so often trod." St. Louis of France, at the close of the Crusades, in 1252, made a pilgrimage to Nazareth, as is described by one who attended him on the occasion. As soon as he came in sight of the Holy House, he alighted from his horse and fell on his knees in devout salutation. Thence

"humbly advancing on foot until he entered the holy city and the *sacred place of the Incarnation*," he adored the great mystery of human redemption which had been effected within its walls; and on the Festival of the Annunciation he caused the Holy Sacrifice to be celebrated on the *altar of the Annunciation* with all possible magnificence, and he himself on that occasion received the Holy Eucharist.

From the foregoing, and the statements of other persons who visited the holy places, it will be seen that there are the best of reasons to suppose the original house of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph was still standing at Nazareth at the time in which these visits were made. We have accounts of the place being destroyed in some of the many wars between the Christians and Saracens that devastated the country, but this is to be understood only of the church which the Empress Helena erected over the building. The mention of the Holy Sacrifice being offered at the altar of the Annunciation to satisfy the devotion of St. Louis, draws a clear distinction between that and the altar of the great church; while the statement of the historian who accompanied him mentions plainly the fact that "it was within the walls" of the original house itself.

Father Geramb, as quoted by Dr. Kenrick, in an interesting description of the present church of Nazareth, says that the church is in the interior of the convent. The jealousy of the Turks and the tyranny of the governors prevented its being finished at the time of its erection; and to this cause must be ascribed the disproportion that exists between its length and its width,—a disproportion which shocks the eye the moment you enter. In other respects it is very handsome, and kept remarkably clean. This church encloses the ever-blessed spot where the ineffable mystery of mercy and salvation, the divine mystery of the Incarnation, was enacted.

You descend to the place where Mary

* Bede, *De locis sanctis*, cap. 16. † See Trombelli.

‡ Surius.

§ Bollandists, May 2; t. 2; p. 3.

was by a wide and magnificent staircase of white marble. Like all the other sanctuaries in Palestine, this has an altar erected over it, upon which lamps are kept continually burning. On a slab, likewise of marble, are inscribed in large letters these memorable words, the most energetic expression of the infinite love of God for mankind:

VERBUM CARO HIC FACTUM EST.

Behind the altar are two rooms, hewn out of the rock, which formed part of the house of St. Joseph. A mere glance is sufficient to convince any one that the workmanship is very ancient. The two rooms together are twenty feet long and ten wide. The first communicates with the second by a few steps of unequal breadth. In the latter stands an altar, surmounted by a picture representing the Holy Family, and upon it is inscribed:

HIC ERAT SUBDITUS ILLIS.

In front was constructed another room, which must have been seventeen or eighteen feet in length, and eight or nine in breadth. It was this building which, according to a pious tradition, was carried by angels, at first to Dalmatia toward the end of the thirteenth century, and some years afterward to Loreto in Italy. On the spot from which it was removed now stand two altars—one on the right, the other on the left,—separated by the great staircase leading to the sanctuary.

There are still to be found at Nazareth houses resembling Joseph's; that is to say, small, low, and communicating in the rear with a grotto excavated in the side of the hill.

The church of Nazareth is certainly, of all the temples in the world, that which excites the warmest, the tenderest devotion for the Blessed Virgin. Her image is seen everywhere. The Catholic does not pluck a flower but he offers it to Mary and deposits it on her altar. On all sides appear inscriptions in honor of her. On every door, on every wall, you read the words:

"All hail, Mary!" In short, that sweet name meets you everywhere.

St. Helena caused the first church of any in the East to be erected at Nazareth, and had these sacred places enclosed in it. A pillar marked the spot where the Angel Gabriel accosted Mary; and another, two feet from it, pointed out where the Virgin then was. Nothing of the church is left save a few fragments indicative of its grandeur; but the first of the two pillars subsists entire. The other was broken by wretches, who fancied that there were treasures within it. Near the sanctuary is still to be seen the upper part of it, which, from some unknown cause, by many deemed miraculous, remains suspended from the roof. At the distance of one hundred and thirty or forty paces was the house in which the spouse of Mary followed his trade of carpenter. The place is still designated as St. Joseph's workshop.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Foster-Brothers.

A TALE OF THE BASTILLE.

(CONCLUSION.)

VI.

SINCE Lady Isaure's flight Beatrice had been in a state of exasperation difficult to describe. The Viscount had received a letter from Lord Wilson, telling him that Isaure had sought his protection; that he was determined to give it to her, and that he would go to law if necessary rather than again subject her to the shameful persecution of her aunt. The Viscount was startled out of his apathy by this letter; the blood of the Mailleverts asserted itself, and he sternly called Lady Beatrice to account for her treatment of his niece.

The Viscountess, for once in her life, trembled at the sight of his wrath; and this

humiliation increased her dislike of the orphans to absolute hatred. On learning of Gaston's escape, she profited by the Viscount's absence to return, with the Marquis of Villegonthier, to her former dwelling on the seacoast, where she hoped to have her nephew recaptured. Her disappointment was great on learning, from the soldiers sent to Maclon's, that he and Jean were peaceably employed at their avocations, and had evidently no part in the Count's escape; however, being determined not to leave the coast unwatched, she had a boat full of armed men cruising all day at a short distance from the shore.

The Count, Jean and Pierre embarked without hindrance; but they had not been long on board when Jean's acute ear brought him the sound of voices, and they discovered they were in the immediate neighborhood of a large bark, which had hitherto been concealed by the thick fog which had aided their escape.

"Stay!" said Jean, in a low voice. "They don't see us yet; but they are fast gaining on us, and soon will. I'll lead them a dance."

Before Gaston could guess his design, he flung off his coat and swam toward the coast. The Count would have followed him in despair, were it not for Pierre's entreaties. The latter assured him that Jean ran no risk, as the sea was calm; when he had given them time to escape, he would let himself be picked up by the enemy's boat; and he conjured the young nobleman, for his sister's sake, not to let Jean's devotedness be useless.

Gaston yielded with difficulty, and the boat sailed rapidly toward the British coast; while Jean, who was an excellent swimmer, called out as soon as he was at a safe distance.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Ay! ay!" came from the pursuer's bark; which at once took to follow the voice.

"What boat is that?"

"Who are you?" called the voice of

the Marquis of Villegonthier, impatiently.

"We are discreet, friend," answered Jean, mockingly. "Tell us first *your* business."

"We are in quest of the Count Gaston de Maillevert; and if you have him on board, we call on you, in the King's name, to give him up."

A peal of mocking laughter was the only answer.

"Do you see that boat?" asked the Marquis of the pilot.

The latter, whose sympathies were all with Maclon, and who had already guessed his ruse, feigned to peer into the darkness, and then muttered some excuse about the blinding fog.

Jean grew weary, and the boat gained on him. One of the soldiers cried out:

"There is no boat, only a man swimming."

"Light the torches!" commanded Villegonthier. "I'll have him, dead or alive!"

In another moment the lurid light of several pine torches illumined the sea for a considerable space around; and, taking deliberate aim at the swimmer, the Marquis fired. The ball struck Jean in the shoulder; but before he sank, the pilot had jumped into the water and caught him by the collar. Both were at once drawn into the boat, which immediately returned to the castle, where Lady Beatrice was impatiently awaiting news.

The Marquis of Villegonthier had no doubt that the wounded man was the Count of Maillevert. Whether from a secret feeling of remorse or some other motive, he did not look at the prostrate figure which the soldiers placed on a stretcher and carried to the castle. He went on before, and announced to Lady Beatrice that her nephew had been wounded in his recapture, and would soon arrive.

When poor Jean was carried in he was unconscious. The servants laid him on the bed, took off his dripping garments, and used what remedies they could while

waiting for the doctor. Lady Beatrice was so universally detested that not one of the servants would tell her of the mistake, which they at once detected. She therefore swept triumphantly into the room, to exult in her victory over the Count of Maillevert, and saw the motionless form of Jean Maclon lying before her. In a transport of rage, she rushed to the door, exclaiming:

"It is not he: it is his foster-brother! They have let the wretch escape!"

But she was confronted on the very threshold by the Viscount, pale, stern, and menacing, as she had never yet seen him.

"Of whom do you speak, Madam?" he asked. "Is it of my beloved brother's only son? You thought I was hunting, but you were mistaken. My eyes have been opened to your perfidious conduct. In an interview with Lord Wilson I learned how false are the accusations against my nephew by which you prevented my seeking his liberation. On my return home I heard of his escape from the Bastille, and your efforts to recapture him, and I followed you here in time. I hope in God to repair some of the misfortunes you have caused, for which my culpable negligence makes me also responsible. You will retire to your apartments. I alone command henceforth in this house."

Beatrice retired, suffocated by rage and spite, but helpless to gratify either. Her accomplice, the Marquis of Villegonthier, had left the castle on hearing of the Viscount's arrival.

Jean's wound was not serious. After a while he recovered consciousness, and his first words were:

"Is the Count safe?"

"Yes, my brave fellow," replied the Viscount, affectionately; "and you must hasten to get well now."

In a few days Jean was able to sit up. And Beatrice, who hoped to set some new plot on foot, wished to return to the Castle of Maillevert; but the Viscount refused to

allow her. She then declared if she were to consider herself a prisoner, she would seclude herself entirely in her own apartments; which she did, to the unfeigned delight of the household.

Gaston meanwhile landed in England, found Isaure very happy in Lord Wilson's charming family, and he himself received the warmest welcome. But the thought of his foster-brother ill, perhaps dying and a prisoner, haunted him incessantly. He determined on returning, at all risks, to France; and all the arguments of his friends were futile to dissuade him from his purpose.

One morning the Viscount was chatting with Jean, who was almost well, when the door opened, and, to the consternation of both, Gaston walked in.

"Ah, my dear Jean!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms round the invalid. "Thank God, you are alive!"

"My dear boy, why did you return?" cried the Viscount. "In a short time I hoped to receive a royal order for your liberation, and this hasty step may compromise all; besides, you may be arrested at any moment, if the Marquis learns you are here."

"No matter, uncle. It is not the part of a Maillevert to fly from his enemies. Whatever my fate may be, I'll meet it like a man."

All the Viscount could do was to take precautions to have his nephew's return kept secret, which the voluntary seclusion of Lady Beatrice rendered feasible for some time. More than a week passed quietly; then some trifling incident awoke the suspicions of the Viscountess, and she did not rest until she discovered the truth. A letter was immediately dispatched to the Marquis of Villegonthier; and the vindictive woman determined to play a part, in order that she might be present at Gaston's arrest, and thus enjoy a double vengeance on her husband and nephew. Waylaying Gaston as if by chance, she

showed him the utmost friendliness, and succeeded in persuading him, as well as her husband, that she was sincerely sorry for the past, and anxious to atone for it. She resumed her place as mistress of the house, presided at meals, and did all she could to render the Viscount and her nephew content.

One evening as she sat at the head of the table, in her accustomed place, she grew suddenly pale and grasped the arms of her chair convulsively. Before the Viscount could rise to her assistance a royal messenger, booted and spurred, entered the room and asked for the Count Gaston de Maillevert.

"I am he," said the young man, rising, resolute and calm, to receive the letter, sealed with the royal arms, which the courier presented to him, and replying to his aunt's glance of triumph by one of sovereign contempt.

He broke the seal, read a few lines, and uttered an exclamation of joy.

"What is it?" asked the Viscount, anxiously.

"The King, not content with ordering my immediate liberation, nominates me captain of a vessel, in compensation for my unjust imprisonment."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Jean, who had followed the courier into the room. "And know, my Lord, that the goods of the Marquis of Villegonthier are confiscated by royal order."

"Quite true," confirmed the courier. "I brought the warrant to Villegonthier a week ago. On that account, this missive which I took from your messenger, my Lady, was returned unanswered."

He approached the Viscountess with her treacherous letter in his hand, but drew back in terror—Beatrice de Maillevert was a corpse!

The Shrines of a Great City.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

(CONCLUSION.)

XII.—"THE PRO."

ON the road beyond Kensington stands an imposing fabric known as the Pro-Cathedral, a handsome and stately pile, of Byzantine pattern, and not unworthy of its title. Within, it is richly furnished, set off with fine painted glass, panellings and carvings, while innumerable side altars line the sides. It is always full to the doors, and has a flourishing, substantial congregation, as might be expected in so wealthy and important a quarter as the "old Court Suburb." But it has had a hard struggle for existence, burdened as it was at starting with an enormous debt. One of the most wonderful phenomena in the cases of these London churches is the almost heroic battle that has to be fought by priests who come to their duties burdened with a load of grinding debt, and the almost superhuman exertions that have to be made to find the interest for these borrowed monies. How it is done we know not, but done it is year after year. The music here, as at all the greater churches, is well executed.

Preaching in London, I am afraid, has become something of a lost art. There is a rather dead level of mediocrity. Everyone seems now to be able to "talk" very well and "eke" fluently, but this is not exactly "preaching." A preacher is one who, full of the responsibilities of his position, and conscious of the general reign of sin around him, strives from his very heart to kindle the sense of compunction and repentance, and show his hearers their real state. Instead we have usually conventional commentaries, delivered in complacent and conventional fashion. When we read a chapter of

"The Imitation," or take up a sermon of Massillon's, the contrast strikes us forcibly. This, however, is but "the form and pressure of the time."

Father Galway is perhaps the most solid and persuasive of all London preachers, and we never hear him without taking away something practical and of value. Then there is Father Rivington, whose style is much admired, but it is rather honied and suggestive of old Ritualistic training. There is also Father Gurdon, excellent, solid and picturesque; Father Robinson, a Fellow of Oxford; and one or two more.

But most of all in our ears linger the tender, pathetic *notes*—for such they were—of the late Cardinal Manning. No one had such elegance and finish of style, such persuasiveness. He made even the tritest sentiments fresh, from the grace with which he invested them. He had those rare qualities "finish" and "distinction," fruits of his old Oxford training. His topics were often novel and striking. A favorite one was his picture of the shutting of the Tabernacle at the Reformation, and of the moment when the last altar ceased to hold the Blessed Sacrament. It was a picture to see him preach in state in the great pulpit at this Pro-Cathedral, arrayed in his mitre, crosier in hand. His voice was low and even weak, but it penetrated everywhere. Again, he would stand on the altar steps, where his frail figure was seen to advantage.

XIII.—A DOMINICAN CHURCH.

Not far from Camden Town, and a short way up Haverstock Hill, we come to a very remarkable religious settlement: a fine priory, schools, gardens, and a very large and commanding church. This is St. Dominic's, founded by the Dominicans some years ago, and now thriving and full of that curious life and vitality which a Catholic institution seems to foster in London wherever it be set down. There

is no mistake as to its flourishing air and robustness; it seems to be a most important factor in the district. Not unpicturesque, too, is the group of buildings, with their peaked spires, high roofs, and numerous gables, showing that yellow brick needs not to be always poor and mean-looking.

The church within is very spacious, from its height and general airiness; but the height and leanness of the columns have before now suggested to architects grave doubts as to the stability of the structure in a storm of wind. The columns seem as though they would snap in twain. But as to the general spaciousness, the quantity of chapels, recesses, oak work, carvings, and general rich furniture, nothing can surpass this church. There must be a score at least of chapels, each fenced off by elaborately gilt and finely wrought railings; while there rambles off to the right an extension of the church—in fact, another great church,—its arches filled in with richly carved altars. The high altar is a wonderful architectural structure, the sides displaying a sort of ascending arcade or flight of stairs, which leads, in a stately way, up to the throne used at Benediction.

The florid richness of the carvings is almost an excess: they seem heavy and "crowded" in treatment. This is the blemish of the modern carving, which contrasts with the lightness and grace of the old Pugin era. Nothing can be more effective than the vast display of oaken stalls and their fine carvings, which came from Belgium, and are admirable. Indeed the whole sanctuary, dappled with the black and white of the friars toward four o'clock in the afternoon, when half a dozen or so come in to say Office, looks picturesque and dramatic. There is much beautiful stained glass, altars, and other rich things.

The mystery of mysteries is a terrible iron footway—not gallery—that runs

round the whole church, below the clerestory windows, in its course actually crossing the great west window. What this monstrosity is intended for, save to disfigure, it is impossible to say. But there it remains, a perpetual problem.

XIV.—THE RETREAT.

To find a pendant to this great abbey church, we pass across the country to Highgate Hill, ever interesting and ever invigorating. As we toil up—for it is steep enough—we see before us on the left a fine Byzantine or mosque-like church,—a high, yellow structure, with cupolas and spires, all of brick. Certainly the great metropolis owes a good deal to the taste and fancy of those who have erected these many churches; there is so much variety and good effect.

Highgate has many interesting things to show; it is always welcome and always charming to visit. There is Waterloo Park, with Nell Gwynne's famed house of "wattle and dab," that so narrowly escaped destruction; the fine old brick mansion of General Ireton, its staircase decorated with carved figures of the Cromwellian magnates; the old barrier where you used to be "sworn at Highgate," with many more curios; to say nothing of the odd privilege to the man who stopped Princess Victoria's horses. But most effective of all, and the real centre of movement of the place, is this great church and monastery, known as St. Joseph's Retreat. There are fine grounds and gardens.

The effect of this huge Byzantine dome is remarkable. It can be plainly seen at a great distance—a perfect landmark. Everyone knows St. Joseph's, its schools and charitable work. The English are a practical people; bigotry is now fast disappearing; the humbler classes have long since recognized the charitable work done by Nazareth House and other communities that serve the poor. This service is well known and appreciated

even by those who do not share in the benefits; and I have often been struck by the grave, honest respect with which, in some squalid slum, the faithful nuns in their French "fly-away-caps" are received. It is well known what brings them there. Strange to say, it is only in the superior classes that I have noticed looks of contempt or hostility. The traders, too, are not insensible to the value of such patrons, or the use to the district of a large establishment.

About twenty years ago, when these courageous nuns ventured into the streets wearing their very conspicuous dress, they had to put up with much insult and annoyance. A Crimean officer has told me that once two of these poor Sisters were hurrying past the gate of the Guards' Barracks, when the soldiers recognized them as their faithful nurses in the Scutari hospitals. Instantly there was a cry to the rescue; a band of the honest fellows rushed out, fell on the mob, and gave them such a tremendous "hiding" as effectually secured the Sisters from any further attacks in future.

XV.—ISLINGTON.

I love to associate our churches and chapels with the picturesque history of the quarter in which they are found. We can often link them pleasantly, in this fashion, with the past. Thus, wandering through Islington, the "merrie Islington" of old—an animated, almost foreign-looking district,—many quaint memories are stirred. Here, for instance, is that curious relic, the New River, Sir Hugh Myddelton's, of King James I.'s time,—perhaps the oldest conduit now in actual use. I once made an agreeable expedition tracking it to its source in Hertfordshire, some thirty odd miles from London. It used to run merrily all the way, quite open; but it was found that boys and others were fond of bathing in it—a disagreeable incident in the case of potable water. From the Angel at Islington it

runs covered in, along Colebrooke Row, and we can mark the mysterious-looking channel which is railed off. It was here that Charles Lamb's friend, George Dyer, on leaving the house fell into the stream, and was with difficulty rescued.

Close to Elia's humble mansion, and looking on the covered-in river, we see a stiff, "priggish"-looking brick building with two small towers—the Catholic chapel; an unpretending place enough and without a history. More interesting is the story of one of its late incumbents, who figured largely in what was known as the Oxford Movement: one of that small but remarkable band of high-souled men, of which there are scarcely any survivors now. Sometimes, indeed, we can see at the Oratory the figure of one who in his day was a conspicuous figure, and was engaged in all the exciting strife of the time—Canon McMullan. This name, I dare say, now will scarcely suggest an idea; but those who know the history of those days consider his share in these transactions important enough. Latterly his sight has failed him, and he has long since retired from his duties at the old Chelsea chapel.

A Favorite Madonna.

BY JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

DEAR Madonna on the wall,
Where the early sunbeams fall,
Sweetly after night's repose
Thou art smiling as the rose.

Waking to a world of care,
Never frown of thine falls there;
Anxious and with fear oppressed,
Thy blue eyes upon me rest.

Ah, when cheek and forehead burn
On the weary home return,
Dear Madonna on the wall,
Smile again and brighten all.

What though heart be wounded sore,
Thy sweet face is balm and more;
Though my soul be weighed with care,
Thou wilt banish dark despair.

Dear Madonna on the wall,
When the twilight shadows fall,
Thy bright smile will bless my sleep,
Thy sweet eyes will vigil keep.

Keep us in thy tender care:
Evil may not enter there;
By thy mother-smile caressed,
Sweet the blessing, safe the blessed.

The Tales that Tim Told Us.

V.—HOW THE PARROT FIRST CAME TO IRELAND.

FATHER had brought home a beautiful parrot—a noisy creature,—in which, to our surprise, Tim became much interested. Sometimes at night he would take the cage down to his room, and amuse himself, teaching it new tricks and listening to its shrill, quaint speech. One night we all sat around him, begging for a story; the parrot, on the table beside him, was making a lively chatter.

"I'll tell you how the first parrot came to Ireland," said he, throwing a cloth over the cage to keep the bird quiet.

"Do they live in the trees there, Tim?" asked some one, innocently.

"Well, well, well!" answered Tim. "And don't you know any more about the products of the different nations of the earth than to ask if the tropical birds do be flying around on the branches in such a fine, soft, mild country as Ireland? No, my boy: 'tis seldom you'll see a parrot in Ireland, unless among the quality, or in the big cities—in a shop maybe, for the enticement of customers. My own aunt had one, though she was neither quality nor an old maid. She had a small shop in the town of Nenagh—a thread-and-needle shop we called it; here it would be a

notion store, no less. 'Twas she told me the story I'm going to repeat. I don't know where she first heard it; but it's quite believable, anyhow:

"There was once a grocer in an English seaport town who had a beautiful bird given him by a sailor from foreign parts, where the parrots grow, along with other queer things and creatures that it's more pleasant to here tell of than have a near acquaintance with. It was a great curiosity in the place, being the first ever seen there. And as it had not been in the habit of travelling about the world, it was an honest, innocent, truthful bird, and thought all others the same. The bird brought many a customer to the shop; for her eyes were bright and twinkling, her plumage green and glossy and long, and she was a fine talker withal. In pleasant weather the cage hung outside the shop door; but when the winter came, the grocer took it inside and hung it from a ring over the counter.

"One day a barefooted little Irish lad wandered into the shop, looking for an odd job of work. The grocer was badly in want of an assistant, but he was such a close man that he had been loath to pay out money to a clerk, so long as he had his wife to call out from the inside rooms where he lived, at such times as he'd have need to go out, or be taking his meals. But the boy was well-looking, and offered to work for anything he'd give him; so the man concluded to keep him for bed, board, and a shilling a week.

"He hadn't been there long when the grocer discovered that he was a clever lad, and could wait on customers as well almost as himself; so he went out and bought him a pair of shoes, and brought them back to the lad, and says he:

"'Ted, you're a good boy, and you'll make a fine, clever clerk. In token of your quickness and good temper and clean, handy ways, I'll make you a present of this pair of shoes, and hereafter I'll give

you full liberty to attend the customers whenever any one calls. And now I'll give you a few lessons in the art of shop-keeping.'

"The boy was deeply thankful, of course, and proffered himself willing to learn all his master wished to teach him.

"'Come here, and I'll begin with the sugar,' says the grocer, taking a fresh bucket of that article from the back part of the shop. 'Here,' says he, 'is a bucket of sugar that has never been opened. Now, Ted, I'll show you how one bucket may be made to be worth three.'

"With that he took two empty ones from a pile and laid them on the counter, and he divided the sugar into three equal parts, leaving about two-thirds of each bucket unfilled. Then he put his hand under the counter and drew out an old can full of sand. He poured this into the buckets till they were well filled, then he mixed the sand and sugar very well indeed, till one would never know there was aught in the buckets but good brown sugar.

"'Now, Ted,' says he, turning round to the lad, who was looking at this devilment with eyes and mouth wide open, 'you can easily see that this method of doctoring the sugar increases our profit in two ways. Besides making one bucket equal to three by measurement, it makes every pound one-third heavier by weight. And the bit of sand'll never injure any one a haporth; for 'twill sink to the bottom of the teacup and never be noticed amongst the tea grounds.

"'Come now to the butter, and I'll show you how to manage that.'

"Ted followed him to the firkin that had come in that morning, but he hadn't a word out of him. The grocer paid no heed to the lad's silence, thinking him lost in admiration of his tricks. First he lifted a clean lop of about four inches from the butter, and laid it to one side on a big tin plate. Then he divided the

butter in the same way as the sugar, only he used two firkins—half and half. With a ladle he mixed it well in with lard; and when that was done, he put a good coating of fresh yellow butter, from the tin plate, on the top of each, and slapped it down fine and even with the wooden ladle.

“‘Do you see that, Ted?’ says he. ‘Now, do you think you could do it yourself?’

“‘No, sir,’ says Ted, like the honest boy he was, ‘I couldn’t,—not if I lived to be as old as Patty Breen, and she was the oldest woman in three parishes. Poor I am and naked; hunger and cold have I suffered; but in the land I came from, sweet Ireland, we are taught to be honest and to speak the truth. And, so help me the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints in heaven, I’ll never forget it, sir, whilst I live!’

“‘Sweet Ireland, do you say,’ sneered the grocer, ‘where they’re taught to be honest and tell the truth? Go back there at once, you dear innocent, and starve on rotten potatoes and musty meal.’

“With that he turned aback, and gave poor Teddy a kick that sent him flying through the door.

“‘Sweet Ireland!’ screeched Poll, striving to have the lad look back at her; but he hadn’t time to do that, or he didn’t dare, for she never saw him after. But, as Heaven always takes care of its own, we may be sure he came into some good fortune.

“The grocer was barely over his rage when an old woman came into the shop and asked for a couple of pounds of brown sugar. He was scooping it up, when all of a sudden the honest bird called out: ‘Sand in the sugar!’ ‘Sand in the sugar!’ The grocer was as much taken aback and twice more frightened than the customer, who picked up her bit of money and walked straight out of the shop.

“Then he flew in a passion, and taking down the cage, he threw it furiously about

the counter till the poor bird’s feathers flew all over the place. ‘You miserable tale-teller of a parrot!’ says he. ‘If ever again you interfere between me and my customers, I’ll wring your neck for you till there’s no life left in your body.’

“The next morning, after he had taken down the shutters, Poll noticed the grocer putting water in the can of milk that he took in from outside the door. A young man stepped in shortly, wanting some milk for his breakfast; and says Poll—I can’t say was it from honesty or a wish to tell what she knew: ‘Water in the milk! Water in the milk!’—‘Ho, ho!’ says the man. ‘That’s what you’re up to now, my friend, is it? My wife said the other day the milk was very blue.’ So he took up his penny and went away.

“This time the grocer was more angry than before. He shook Polly’s cage till she thought it would fall to pieces, and felt as if every bone in her body was broken. He meant to kill her, no doubt, in his rage; but another customer coming in, took his mind away from her till his passion went over. When the woman had gone he walked over to the cage, and says he: ‘Now, Poll, I give you fair warning. Instead of drawing customers, you’re fast driving them away. One will tell another what he hears, and you’ll be the destruction of me. I’m loath to kill you, for people come from all parts of the town to hear your talk; and that can’t but be a good thing for the shop, if you’ll only hold your tongue in the matter of telling tales. But remember, the next time you serve me such a trick I’ll kill you without mercy.’ Polly slunk down in the bottom of the cage, and said never a word. For fear of her life, she resolved never to tell a tale again.

“Some time passed, and Polly behaved so as to please her master. He fed her with bits of apple, lumps of sugar, and all the cracker crumbs she could eat. Her condition was so comfortable, and she was

so admired by all who came to the shop, that she continued in her resolution never to speak out, whatever she might see. But one day a beautiful young girl came in and asked for five pounds of fresh butter.

"'Tis here at your hand, Miss,' says the grocer. 'As fine a firkin of butter as ever you'd wish to see, of the best quality, and fresh this morning from the dairy.'

"Like some other parrots—without feathers,—poor Poll had found it harder to keep her tongue still than she had expected. At this she could stand it no longer, and burst out with—

"'Lard in the butter, Miss! Lard in the butter, Miss!'

"The grocer rushed to the cage, opened it, and, wringing her neck with his strong hand, he threw her on the ash-heap in the yard at the back of the shop.

"At first the bird thought herself dead, but she was not. She waited till night, for fear of the grocer; then she struggled to her feet and tried her wings. They were all right. 'Thanks be to God, my wings are sound, at all events!' said she. 'I'll be off now to some place where honesty and truth are still venerated and practised. It's to "sweet Ireland" I'll make my way; for that's the country Ted came from, and where they taught him principles that neither hunger nor cold nor nakedness, nor the promise of ease, nor the hope of riches, could make him forget.'

"With that she lay down and slept till the first peep of day. Spreading her wings in the morning sun, she flew up and up till she was only a speck in the sky, and never stopped till she reached 'sweet Ireland.' And that's how the parrot first came to the Green Isle."

"Are they all honest, and does no one ever tell lies there, Tim?" asked Rebecca, looking up at the old man with her clear, innocent baby eyes.

"Faith, darling, 'tis a long time since that happened; and, with the 'dint of being shamefully persecuted, I'll not say

but what you'll meet an odd trickster now and then in Ireland. And as for truth—sometimes you'll find an exaggerating tendency with an Irishman, but not of a mean or slandering order. Slander! That's a crime seldom laid to an Irish man or woman. 'Tis so rare, in fact, that they tell a story of one who came to great sorrow through it,—and tell it as a warning and a curiosity. I'll have it ready for ye Sunday evening next, please God!"

The Association of Mary Immaculate.

BY MARY CECILIA CHOMEL.

FOURTEEN years ago there was inaugurated in Paris, in an humble way, a Christian work which has since grown like the little mustard seed of the Gospel, and has been aptly described as a branch providentially grafted onto the admirable Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It is known as the Association of Mary Immaculate for the conversion of heathen women. This excellent work deserves the sympathy and encouragement of all who have at heart the spread of the faith.

The Association of Mary Immaculate owes its existence to the compassion felt by Christian women for the unhappy lot of their sisters in heathen lands, and the desire to co-operate with missionaries for the special conversion of pagan women, by means of prayer and offerings of good works and the daily trials of life. For the purpose of organizing an association to this end, some pious women met in Paris on the 4th of June, 1880, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was a happy inspiration to place the work of redeeming these poor daughters of Eve under the protection of Mary Immaculate.

This pious crusade of prayer had begun to spread, when the women detecting it



heard of another work very much like it, which had been founded for the East by the religious of the Congregation of the Mother of God. This providential coincidence seemed a sign of God's will, and suggested at once the idea of uniting the two associations for a common object—the glory of God through the salvation of neglected souls. The members of the two societies united to offer to the Sovereign Pontiff the assurance of their devoted homage, and presented a petition praying His Holiness to accord them a special benediction, and grant some indulgences in their favor. This Leo XIII. did by a rescript of June 17, 1882; and since then the Association has been able to record many new successes. Besides the approbation of the Holy Father, the Association has the blessings and encouragement of many cardinals, upward of two hundred archbishops and bishops, and sixteen superiors of religious orders.

In 1883 the Association had members in 130 towns and 165 convents; and in 1884, in 297 towns and 394 convents. During that year the total number of prayers and pious works was 16,687,611. The following year this number was swelled to 18,717,417, including 890,574 good works offered by the crusaders of the Mother of God. It is impossible to state the number of associates, as nuns do not give their names, but it is not far from 70,000. God alone knows the number of supplications which daily ascend to heaven in behalf of poor souls deprived of the grace of baptism.

A difficulty almost insurmountable confronts missionaries in pagan countries. To establish a truly Christian civilization, it is not sufficient to convert individuals: it is necessary to influence pagan society as a whole. No general influence can be exerted unless the family is reached. Here a formidable obstacle presents itself. Among almost all pagan races the home is a prison, where, under the pretext of prudence or of

respect, jealousy and ancient customs keep women shut up, and prevent them from even speaking to a man except in the presence of their husbands. This situation is aggravated by the existence of prejudices which, universal in those countries, practically reduce woman's lot to a hard servitude, and which almost force her to believe that there is no other religion in this world, no other happiness to await her in the next life, than the service of her husband. Hence the extreme difficulty missionaries find in converting pagan women, in instructing them thoroughly in the truths of faith, and in effecting through them the moral and religious regeneration of the family and of society.

"How admirable is God in His ways!" writes a missionary from Houang Tong, China. "Whilst He here causes me to deplore the miserable state of the Chinese woman, treated, if not as a brute beast, at least as a slave; and whilst He makes me seek means to regenerate this fallen queen, without whose co-operation we can not obtain a living Christianity, enlightened and stanch, behold in Europe He inspires pious souls with the holy thought of uniting in order to attain this very object! To make plain the importance and opportuneness of the work of Mary Immaculate, I have only to tell you of something that goes on here. Every year I have two or three hundred baptisms of adults, but not a single woman. And why? Because the customs of the land exclude her appearance in public, even in the place of prayer and preaching. Thus there are whole villages in which all the men are baptized by catechists, while the women continue to adore their idols. Now, what happens? This: the women, when they become mothers, have no care for the education of their children; at home there is no Christian life."

Our Lady seems to wish to respond to the solemn proclamation of her Immaculate Conception by preparing for

the liberation of her poor daughters who are still subject to the brutal yoke of paganism. Not only does she found a work of prayer and self-sacrifice for the salvation of four hundred millions of poor women, but she inspires Christian women with the thought to go in person to the relief of these abandoned souls, to penetrate where the missionaries can not. Those who devote themselves to this apostolate are known as missionary catechists.

Nothing can better illustrate the necessity of such an organization, and the vast field for its usefulness, than a brief outline of what woman was under ancient heathenism, and what she is under modern heathenism.

One of the most striking features of ancient heathenism, particularly of Athens and Rome, those centres of early civilization, is the utter indifference exhibited by its customs and laws for children, and particularly for those of the female sex. The young girl was not worthy of attention. Roman legislation, and in general ancient legislation, gave to the father absolute right over his children. The Roman leaving on a journey, ordered his wife to put his daughter to death, if the gods granted him one before his return. These horrors were not confined to Greece and Rome: similar barbarities were practised by the Persians, the Medes and the Thracians.

But, unfortunately, the fate of the young girl is no better in heathen countries of our own days. In Asia, Africa and Oceanica, the condition of the heathen child is what it was before the coming of the Saviour. It is a chattel—a something to be bought, sold, killed, as caprice or prejudice dictates.

Mgr. Coadon, Vicar-Apostolic of Maysour, India, says that the Indians greatly rejoice at the birth of a son, but are cast down at the birth of a daughter, as if a misfortune had befallen the house. At Bombay, India, remarks the Rev. Father Willy, S. J., a first daughter is received

with coldness, the second is looked on as a bad omen, and a third is considered as the sign of an impending evil, and is always done away with, despite the severe laws of the English Government. The inhabitants of Chan Ci, in Eastern China, says Mgr. Grassi, recognize as heirs only their sons. They keep one or two daughters, but never three. A Christian woman in Eastern China, gathered in her own and surrounding villages, within two years, more than one hundred and fifty little girls who had been abandoned. "I vividly remember," adds Mgr. Scaralla, "a region in my vicariate, which was said to be exempt from this horrible custom, but in which a woman, after her baptism, regretted in my presence that her mother-in-law had killed four daughters for her."

It can easily be imagined how pitiful is the lot of the young girls who are permitted to live. They are denied all moral and intellectual training. They know nothing of the precepts of morality. Brought up in utter abjection, kept in absolute dependence, delivered to the brutality of fathers who see in them only contemptible beings, the only wisdom they display is to escape the brutality of each day by cunning and falsehood. As they are even denied all hope of happiness in the future life, their lot is one of continued misery and hopelessness.

Once married, a young woman becomes the property of her husband, and must surrender her will and self-respect. Whether in a hut or in a palace, she is kept a prisoner, without power to communicate with anybody except by the express will of her husband. In Mohammedan countries she can not appear in public unless hidden by a long veil, and as silent as if dead among the living. She receives on her knees the orders of her master; she dare not speak in his presence, and it would be a profanation if she entered by the same door as her husband.

Lamentable as is the condition of the poor wife, that of the widow is worse, if possible. Notwithstanding her age, if she is still able to work, she passes under the control of the eldest son, even if he is a child. Worn out with work, bruised with blows, a constant object of contempt, without intelligence, hope or religion, she is imprisoned in the house, and driven like a slave to the most menial work.

A letter from a catechist of the mission of Nagpore, India, says: "There are in the city of Nagpore thousands upon thousands of pagan widows whose condition is more miserable than has ever been described. We gather into our asylum those whom illness has rendered a burden to their families and castes, and who are driven pitilessly away. These are the lepers—poor human beings with hardly human appearance. One that came to us was already gnawed by worms. All these widows are converted before dying."

The following extracts from the letter of a missionary priest of Quang Tong, China, show the touching piety of these converted widows, and how pleasing they are to God:

"A poor widow was dying of a horrible cancer. I brought her the Holy Eucharist. She lived in a village partly pagan, and I had to go before day. When I entered the apartment where this faithful Christian lay in agony, she said to me: 'Thanks, Father! Thou hast come before the day to bring me my God; but another has preceded thee. Oh, how much He has consoled me!' After her thanksgiving I asked who had visited her. 'Father, it was Jesus carrying His Cross. I suffered, and I prayed for patience. He heard me, and He passed before my bed, carrying His Cross. Oh, the Cross was heavy, the crown of thorns was painful! He approached me, He looked at me; He said nothing, but I understood. Since I have seen my Lord suffer, I feel my pains no more. They have disappeared.'—'O Father!'

said another to me one day, 'but it is beautiful,—the little Child whom during the Holy Mass I saw between your hands; the little Child whom you elevated above your head and offered for our adoration.'"

The Association of Mary Immaculate is under the direction of a general council, whose officers are: Director, Abbé Chaumont, Dean of Paris and Nevers; Honorary President, Most Rev. Mother St. Claire, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Mother of God; President, Miss Mary Stiltz; Vice-Presidents, Miss Cardon, Mrs. J. Renault, Miss Cecil Cheron; General Secretary, Miss Eliza Leon. Every two months appears the *Annals of Mary Immaculate*, a periodical containing extracts of letters from the missionary catechists, and general information as to the progress of the work. China and India are the fields of the activity of the catechists. Their most important missions are at Canton, China, and Nagpore, India, where there are asylums for widows and little girls. In China female children are bought for a trifle. The catechists visit the pagan women in their homes and instruct them in the faith.

Yielding to the frequent appeals of missionaries, the Association undertook the grand and laborious work of training catechists. As soon as this resolution was announced many generous women offered to devote their lives to this sublime mission. The proposals came from France, Italy, England, Germany, and even America.

Candidates spend six months on probation in the novitiate in Paris. The council then decides whether or not they shall continue in their course. The simple and thorough method of St. Francis de Sales is followed in the training of the catechists, who accomplish their great apostolate by the irresistible power of virtue rather than by theological discussion. The recruiting of the catechists' ranks is conducted with extreme prudence. Only those

are admitted who are eighteen years of age and have always enjoyed good health. Necessary characteristics in a candidate are energy, intelligence, willingness to give up their opinions, and zeal for the salvation of souls.

That the Association of Mary Immaculate is entirely supported by the revenue derived from the sale of cancelled postage-stamps seems hardly credible; such, however, is the fact. This work of collecting defaced stamps for charitable purposes has attracted numerous and zealous supporters. The work is confined to no particular country: it exists in every community where Christians are to be found. It embraces all classes, and appeals alike to rich and poor, young and old.

The enthusiasm that has been aroused in the enterprise seems little less than phenomenal, when it is known that the collectors have no distinct idea of what ultimately becomes of the stamps. It is generally known that they are disposed of in some manner, and the proceeds devoted to charity; but just what disposition the purchasers make of their collections is not easily conceived. Naturally, not a little curiosity has been aroused in regard to the subject.

All sorts of stamps can be utilized. They are divided into two classes: rare or antique stamps, and those of the common sort—that is, modern stamps. The rare stamps are sold at various prices, according to their value, and thus find their way into collections and private and public museums. The common stamps are sold at prices ranging from ten to twenty cents a thousand, according to quality or variety, and are employed in making various kinds of mosaics and pictures, or the ornamentation of drawing-rooms. Decorators have become so skilful in blending and arranging the different colors that their work, when finished, has the appearance of something from the pencil of an artist. This novel art is at present in great vogue

in Bavaria and Switzerland, and is finding its way into Belgium and Holland.

In the city of Ghent, Belgium, the Brothers of St. John of God possess three rooms ornamented with old stamps. These are so arranged as to produce a beautiful series of landscapes, agreeably exhibiting most of the prismatic colors, with many of their blendings. A still greater triumph of this form of art is to be seen in a nobleman's house in Rotterdam, Holland. Some of the walls are ornamented with defaced postage-stamps at the enormous expense of \$25,000.

The stamps are not usually used whole, but are artistically cut up, and beautiful border designs are employed with great effect. The stamps are arranged in all sorts of ingenious designs on porcelain, wall-hangings, screens, vases, and every variety of ornaments. Clever designers devise maps with stamps, each country being represented by stamps of its own issue. China pieces are decorated with the portraits and the illuminated borders of the stamps, and then glazed in the usual way. The stamps are made to yield a considerable revenue, as attested by the extent of the work of the Association. Some idea may thus be formed of the almost incalculable number of stamps required and actually received.

After learning the real character of the work of Mary Immaculate, no person who has at heart the spread of the Gospel and the conversion of heathen women will permit a single stamp to go to waste, but will carefully treasure it up for the Association, and thus obtain a share in the glorious apostolate of the missionary catechists.

MANY readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.—*Longfellow.*

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A QUESTION OF EXAMPLE.

"TAKE them away!" said the Philistine, waving his hand toward the chrysanthemums in the vase on the table. "They are monsters. Like the green carnation, they represent artificiality. The worship of these abnormal flowers is a sign of disease. It means decay; for when civilizations begin to decay, they turn to forms of art and literature which lack simplicity. The chrysanthemum—"

"Oh, come!" said the Æsthete, smiling. "The chrysanthemum may be a 'fad,' like a thousand other things; but you take it too seriously. Somebody says that it is like a cabbage. Well, a cabbage is a beautiful thing under certain conditions. Take the outer leaves of the cabbage, for instance; they have the curves of the acanthus leaf. The Philistine always takes everything seriously. He told me the other day that I was a hypocrite."

"That's too strong!" exclaimed the Philistine, nervously hiding behind one of the calumniated chrysanthemums.

"He told me that I kept my theories and my practices apart, because I preach temperance and take a drop of brandy in my tea. To hear him talk, you'd think that my drop of brandy—which is a great comfort to me on cold days, and to the high notes of the tea adds a bass quality which is truly contrapuntal and symphonic. But never mind that. Why shouldn't I take that drop of brandy—no more than a drop, I assure you,—and still insist that total abstinence is a good thing for a great many people? Will my ceasing to take my drop of brandy help one man in a tenement house to be more temperate?"

"There are as temperate people in the

tenement houses as anywhere else," said the Philistine, shortly.

"I admit it, of course," answered the Æsthete. "If the wives of the American and Irish-American wage-earners would learn some lessons from their German neighbors in household economy, and if the men would drink less and smoke less, certain social problems would settle themselves. But because a woman of your acquaintance exclaims against the extravagance of her servants, is she never to wear a silk gown?"

"No," said the Philistine, warmly, "not if the silk gown encourages her servants to spend more than they can afford. I know that if I preached total abstinence, I would not take a drop of brandy on any occasion. If a man's a fanatic, he ought to be at least consistent."

"I hate consistency," said the Poet, trying to conceal a yawn. "It helps to generate a dry-rot in civilization. It makes people stick to error simply because they began by being erroneous."

"I should be content to be an example of what I preached," the Philistine, went on. "If I couldn't give up the brandy myself, I wouldn't ask others to do it—thank you!" (to the Lady of the House), "I *will* take a muffin."

"But I've heard you speak of muffins as cloggy objects and promotive of dyspepsia," said the Æsthete, quickly.

"Oh, yes," said the Philistine, munching his muffin, "for other people! I don't get drunk; I don't spend too much money for brandy or any other spirituous liquor. At the same time I mind my own business: I don't preach at other people. But here you're advising total abstinence for your neighbor—in the Christian sense,—and advocating occasional drops of brandy for yourself."

The Lady of the House was about to interrupt, as was her privilege, with a view of keeping the peace, when the Æsthete said, with unexpected gentleness:

"If I thought my drop of brandy gave bad example, I should certainly never take it again."

"You hesitate to give up a slight comfort, though by doing so you would avoid the charge of inconsistency or even hypocrisy," said the Philistine.

"But where is the charity of people who would make such a charge?" demanded the Æsthete. "I am not a fanatic on the subject of total abstinence, as you seem to think. I merely advise total abstinence as expedient. It might be classed among the counsels of perfection, but it can not be put among the precepts that bind."

"Why not," asked the Young Editor, "if the absence of it leads souls to perdition? There are men who *must* abstain under pain of utter ruin."

"We are not considering monstrosities, like your overgrown chrysanthemums. The sane man, the man of the happy mean, is the man that I think of," said the Philistine. "The man who can not look at a decanter without having symptoms of delirium tremens does not count in my world; he ought to be taken care of."

"That's heartless, un-Christian!" said the Poet. "You are capable of asking, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"I have enough to do to take care of myself," said the Philistine, shrugging his shoulders. "But if I went in for making life beautiful for everybody, as the Æsthete does, I'd be consistent. If it's a sin to drink brandy, as some fanatics hold—"

"It's not a sin for *me*!" interposed the Æsthete.

"I'd refrain from giving bad example; I'd stick to cold water, or even drink the Host's perfumed tea, before I'd spoil my cause by seeming to be inconsistent. Besides," added the Philistine, with a twinkle of malice in his eyes, "it can not be much of a sacrifice to give up an occasional glass of wine."

"But water is so unpoetical, except in a mountain stream," said the Young Editor.

"And if we want the poets to help in the cause of total abstinence, we'll have to expurgate them all, from Horace to Aubrey de Vere."

"The poets don't count. Crown 'em with roses and send them out to graze on the weeds and wild flowers they love," said the Philistine. "Come, I want to know: will you continue to take your drops of brandy and preach total abstinence or not?"

The Æsthete groaned.

"I hate total abstinence as I hate homeopathy—for myself! They're both unbeautiful. But if I must cease to drink Falernian, to help other men to avoid ruin, I'll puncture all my wine-skins. Give me a glass of water! Thank you! But, my Host, if you don't mind—and as we're all among friends—and as the water is *so* cold—just six drops of brandy!"

"Consistency!" said the Philistine. "Here's a man who would not sacrifice a thing which is of little value to him, although his example would give force to a theory which he preaches at all seasons. There's only one way about it—the man who preaches total abstinence must be a total abstainer!"

My Friend the Philosopher.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

"Where does Summer hide, mother?"

"In the heart of a good man, my child."

HE sat perched upon the top rail of an old-fashioned fence one afternoon in November. He was whistling and whittling, and looked the personification of content.

"Dear Philosopher," I ventured, "you will catch cold."

He went on with his favorite air—"Ben Bolt," I think,—and took a neat little splinter off the pine stick.

"If it were summer," I remonstrated, "you might sit bareheaded on a fence

with impunity; but to linger there in November—"

He stopped me with a wave of that white hair which had called forth my remonstrance, and said:

"People can always find the summer, if they know where to look for it. I think this an uncommonly fine day."

I looked about me. Perhaps it was the magic of his words which had wrought a change, but surely there was a softness in the air unfelt before, and a more tender green on the few leaves which lingered on the elms. The sky had the tints which come after a warm rain in June; and was not that the note of a belated robin coming from the hedge?

I, too, had for a little while found the secret of the summer. The Philosopher had never lost it. Not even dire calamity or bitter sorrow has made the winter winds blow in his life. It is always June with him—sweet, leafy, hopeful June. And so fully has the calm of his quiet spirit pervaded the atmosphere about him that his friends believe, with him, that the roses bloom in November, that the bees hum and the robins sing; and when he appears, winter vanishes like the snow in the meadow at the smiling of the Easter sun.

The Philosopher insists that we have not a proper respect for the squirrel. We have, he says, set up Minerva's bird as the embodiment of wisdom; and taken that commercial little insect, the ant, as a model, when it is the fleet animal with the bushy tail that deserves these honors. With the first autumn rains the ant's catacomb-like abodes are deluged, and the owl's hoot forebodes disaster; but Master Squirrel is then the possessor of a smile which would do credit to an aspirant for political preferment. He has anticipated the winter of others' discontent, and knows in just what hollow trees to look for provisions sufficient to sustain him until the edible shoots appear in the spring.

The Philosopher thinks that men and women, with an un wisdom beyond belief, fail miserably if they make the winter of their lives just a querulous or rebellious waiting for the end. Every beautiful verse made fast in one's memory, every thought from the wisdom of the ages tucked safely away in a corner of the brain, is, he tells us, like the squirrel's store of nuts in the hollow tree.

"The old have little else," he says, "but hope of a future life and memories of what is past. If those memories are of youth wasted, of sins which have corroded the soul, of idle triflings with momentous questions, of wilful ignorance of the highest good, a man is like the squirrel that plays in the sun until the food which he might have hidden away is spoiled by frost. And what is there so sad as an old woman who has outlived her beauty and her friends—for whom the motley and the cap and bells have lost their charm; who can not see the flowers because she is growing blind, nor hear the sweet sounds of nature because her ears are deafened,—unless she has something better to remember than the idle gossip of the world, or the hollow pleasures which are now to her as useless as the pebbles in the frozen river to the hungry squirrel? Oh, what are you laying up, little squirrels, for the days which are sure to come?"

Then the Philosopher went away, saying he had almost forgotten that it was the hour to read Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" to the little human squirrels who call him grandpapa.

How shall we know the good books from the bad? Just as you distinguish between persons—by reputation and acquaintance. You are cautious in regard to your company: you make no acquaintance except on the strength of a proper introduction or general reputation. Use the same rule with books.—*Munger.*

The Field of Honor.

A YOUNG man from some remote district—let us say from a country hillside in No Man's Land—would, upon essaying a little journey in the world, be at once confronted with a serious problem. The word *honor*, or its equivalent in his vocabulary, would naturally, if he had been a well-reared lad, represent to him that which was of all things best worth seeking; and so at every turn he would be ready with eager questionings as to the speediest way to make the great prize his own.

But the standards of his informants would be so much at variance that the meaning of this beautiful word would grow to him vague and indeterminate; and he would probably, provided he maintained the integrity acquired in his secluded birthplace, return to that spot with views the reverse of complimentary regarding that which we are accustomed to call civilization.

In many parts of the United States he would find that the possession of wealth entitled one to be held in honorable esteem; that the magic *Hon.* preceding a man's name meant only that he had succeeded, by means fair or foul, in amassing more of this world's goods than the majority of his neighbors. In other districts it might signify that he had obtained political preferment at a good bargain, and was therefore honorable in perpetuity. In States where the "code" still flourishes, our traveller would discover that to avenge an insult upon the duelling ground was the ear-mark of a gentleman; while in portions of the Southwest no one wore the title, save he who had sent a certain number to the graveyard "with their boots on."

If he should cross the ocean, his bewilderment would increase. There observation would teach him that it was not uncom-

mon for men to commit suicide because they could not pay their gambling debts; but he would fail to discover any poignant regret because of the inability to settle with one's tailor. He would learn that the position of co-respondent in a malodorous divorce suit brought no social stigma, provided the accused "perjured himself like a gentleman"; and would soon be aware that cheating at cards, and not adultery or murder, is the one offence which is unpardonable among those "in the swim."

And so our lad, more disquieted than ever, might perchance stop at a book-stall and buy a little old volume, written long ago by a certain good knight who was a faithful "servant of Jesu night and day"; and therein he might read of the meaning of "honour"—spelled with a *u*—in the age which we are wont to deride; of men whose highest pride it was that they defended the weak; that they held fast to their friends; that they shared their substance with the poor; that they redressed human wrong; that they spoke no slander nor listened to it; that they strived to keep themselves without spot of sin; that they were meek and gentle to others and stern to themselves; and that they rejoiced above all to serve their "fair Father, Christ," unto their lives' end, God and Our Lady being their motto.

Then would our youth, reading this, take the little book and go back to the quiet hillside in No Man's Land, and seek no more for the husks which the canons of the worldly deem best worth the quest.

Where one fights and dies for the King of kings, that is the only field of honor.

OUTSIDE of the Church there may be views of truth—theories, opinions; but she holds and teaches the truth itself.—*Dr. Brownson.*

HE that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—*Bacon.*

Notes and Remarks.

A gentleman who would probably classify himself as a minister of the Gospel has an article in one of the current magazines treating of the life of Christ and the time in which He was born. This reverend writer declares that "we know nothing at all of the family and surroundings of Mary"; but a little farther on he tells us that "her life was the simple, uneventful life of a Galilean girl—cooking, spinning; going to the synagogue of a Sabbath, where, with the other women, she might look through the lattice of their gallery at her townsmen; gossiping with the other maidens at the well where they collected to fill their jars of an evening."

This proves quite conclusively that the Rev. Dr. McConnell—they are all doctors—knows "nothing at all of the life and surroundings of Mary"; and it proves also that his irreverence is as great as his ignorance. If we had an advice to give to this dominie, it would be to "search the Scriptures," and abstain totally from the use of printers' ink.

Of all the changes that have come over Protestant sentiment of late years none is more striking than the new attitude of our separated brethren toward the Bible. It is notable, too, that with the dislodgment of Protestantism has come a return to Catholic belief respecting the Holy Book. Reviewing a recent work in which the author, the Rev. Dr. Cust, attempts to explain the failure of Protestant missions, the *Asiatic Review* observes: "Dr. Cust fails to class among the difficulties of converting the 'heathen' the indiscriminate circulation of the Bible, sometimes wrongly translated. That book never was meant as a missionary agent; and if it bristles with difficulties which try the faith of even the Christian believer, it can simply be a means for defeating the object of its circulation, when read, uncommented upon, by the non-Christian."

This is the reasonable view to take, and it is confirmed by the testimony of the missionaries themselves. However, "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers"; and our Protest-

ant friends will no doubt continue to deluge pagan countries with copies of the Bible, whose leaves and covers the natives find various ways of utilizing.

The escape of Father Rossignoli from a bondage worse than death recalls one of those shocking tales of cruelty that are not uncommon in missionary countries. Father Rossignoli was one of the priests taken captive by the armies of the Madhi after the fall of El Obeid. Father Ohrwalder, who escaped about two years ago, has told the story of their sufferings in a work of thrilling interest. It was one of his griefs that Father Rossignoli was unable to escape with him, but the friends of the missionary at Cairo have since been indefatigable in their efforts for his deliverance. At last the favorable moment arrived; and, aided by a friendly native, he stole away in the night, and began the perilous march to the coast. He hid among the hills by day, and continued his journey along the Nile under cover of darkness. The hunger, fatigue and dangers of this terrible march were a fitting *finale* to the long years of living martyrdom which preceded it.

Many persons are at a loss to understand the importance of saving cancelled postage-stamps, or how these unconsidered trifles can contribute to the support of foreign missions. An article in our present number describes the Association of Mary Immaculate, one of the most important branches of the Society for the Propagation of Faith. This glorious apostolate is mainly supported by the revenue accruing from old stamps, so many of which are allowed to go to waste. It is emphatically a work in which every little helps, and to the support of which all, even the poorest, can contribute. Those who can not collect these cancelled stamps in sufficiently large numbers to send direct to the headquarters of the Association, may forward them to Brother Valerian, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind. This good religious devotes his free time to the work, and has already sent upward of 2,070,000 old stamps to the Rev. Director of the Association of Mary Immaculate, in Paris. Their value is not inconsiderable. If all who

have it in their power to make collections of old stamps were to send them to Brother Valerian, his yearly contribution to the fund of the Association would be immeasurably increased. The cost of mailing is only one cent for every two ounces, provided the wrapper is not sealed.

Those who were privileged to hear the lecture recently delivered to the students of the University of Notre Dame by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, and witnessed its telling effect on the youthful audience, must have felt the wish that the Bishop's earnest, uplifting words might be heard in every educational institution in the land. The subject of the lecture was education from a moral point of view, and the eminent prelate spoke with more than his wonted earnestness. A more powerful and persuasive discourse has never been heard at Notre Dame, and we like to believe that it made a lasting impression on every young man who had the good fortune to hear it. It would be unreasonable to expect that one who writes so much and so well as the Bishop of Peoria should also appear constantly on the platform of lecture halls. However, those who can not have the benefit of hearing him speak can read his books; and Catholic educators should recommend them to young persons, and see that they are accessible to them. To hear a lecture by Bishop Spalding, or to read one of his books, might well be the making of any young man.

The *Bombay Catholic Examiner* corrects a widely-spread error respecting the Catholic population of Corea. The Hermit Kingdom contains 22,419 Catholics. The number of Protestants, according to both the *Statesman's Yearbook* and the *Almanach de Gotha*, does not exceed 300.

Many non-Catholic authors, Dean Stanley among them, have expressed disbelief in the authenticity of the Holy House of Loreto. It is plain from their writings that they examined the venerable sanctuary, and the testimony relating to it, most superficially, or were too blinded by prejudice to do so at all.

At the instance of Cardinal Wiseman, as we are informed by the Rev. O. H. Blair, O.S.B., Mgr. Bartolini instituted a special examination as to the points of exception taken by non-Catholic authors and travellers. He obtained special leave to remove two stones from the walls of the Santa Casa; these, together with two specimens of stone from Nazareth, were subjected for analysis to the professor of chemistry at the Sapienza, without indication of their origin. Professor Ratti, in his detailed report on these fragments, declared that all four were of the same nature—viz., were of limestone, identical with that of Nazareth, whereas the stone in the neighborhood of Loreto is a red volcanic rock. The reddish tinge is due to the fact that Clement VII., in order to prevent the stones being loosened and carried off by pilgrims, more than three centuries ago, ordered the joints to be filled up and "pointed" with cement made of the local stone pounded up. In the upper part of the walls, however, this was not done; there the ancient mortar remains intact; and this when analyzed was found to consist of lime worked up with vegetable charcoal—an entirely different substance from the cement used in Italy.

It has long puzzled the American mind to understand how certain countries in Europe, known to be overwhelmingly Catholic in population, can submit to Masonic governments, which persecute the clergy, insult the laity, and systematically antagonize the Church. The truth is that in these countries Catholics are a disorganized and disunited host. They have none of the traditions of freemen, are hardened to oppression, are deficient in political education; and, most important of all, the real popular opinion never finds public expression. We are glad to note the beginning of a reaction against this condition. In Italy, for instance, the people are organizing into religious and beneficent leagues, the result largely of the Catholic congresses recently held there. The Liberals, of course, are up in arms against what they term the "clerical propaganda"; but the movement has received its first impulse, and the results can not now be

predicted. From the violence of the Masonic opposition, however, and the enthusiasm of the Catholic body, it may be inferred that Signor Crispi's recent liberal declarations may prelude a new era of prosperity to the Church; and that Rome may enjoy what it has not enjoyed since the coming of the Piedmontese—a representative government.

In spite of the violent clamor of the bigots and the opposition of well-meaning but ill-informed men, the movement against "contract schools" for the Indian seems not to be gaining ground. Those who are in a position to know the Catholic schools best are most opposed to any legislation that should lessen their efficiency. In his annual report, which has just been published, Mr. Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, declares that "something of the missionary should be in the heart of every employee at an Indian agency or Indian school." Speaking more definitely of the contract schools, he says:

"I agree fully with those who oppose the use of public money for the support of sectarian schools. But this question should be considered practically. The schools have grown up. Money has been invested in their construction for the time when they were recognized as wise instrumentalities for the accomplishment of good. I do not think it proper to allow the intense feeling of opposition to sectarian education, which is showing itself all over the land, to induce the department to disregard existing institutions."

This reasonable view will commend itself to all right-thinking men. The Indian must be instructed; and the instruction should be imparted by those who, according to all testimony, are most competent to give it.

Emile Zola is not so impassioned a realist as he would have the world to believe him. There is nothing realistic about a lie, yet M. Zola is convicted by Henry Lasserre of the most flagrant mendacity. In an interview with a reporter of the Parisian *Echo*, Zola made the following statement: "It was from M. Lasserre himself, and from no other, that I obtained all the details of this sad story. *It was he who conducted me to the chamber of Bernadette and to the grave of the Abbé*

Peyramale; and all the words that I have put in the mouth of Dr. Chassaigne in the fifth chapter of the fourth day in my romance, I took from the very mouth of M. Lasserre. I know that he has had a manuscript finished this long while, entitled 'Defence of the Abbé Peyramale,' which he does not publish, for fear of scandalizing Christianity; but since he confided to me under no conditions all his thoughts on the subject, I had not the same reasons for preserving silence."

Anent this statement of Zola's, M. Lasserre declares that, with the exception of the italicized clause, it is pure falsehood; that he never mentioned to the doughty realist either the details spoken of or the manuscript referred to; and, moreover, that no such manuscript exists. As between Lasserre and Zola the world will not have much difficulty in awarding the palm of veracity; and it is rather to be deplored that the notorious apostle of realism should not cultivate a little more strictly the realism of truth.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Anthony J. Strueder, of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, who departed this life on the 25th of October.

Mr. William Dalton, whose happy death took place on the 13th ult., at Waterbury, Conn.

Mrs. Mary Joyce, of Amesbury, Mass., who yielded her soul to God on the 19th ult.

Mrs. James S. Murphy, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 23d ult., at Roxbury, Mass.

Mr. Thomas Smith, of New York city, who died a happy death last month.

Mr. John Devlin, of Buffalo, N. Y., who passed away on the 23d of September.

The Rev. James Quinn, of Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. Caroline Perks, Franklin, N. J.; Mr. Thomas Haren, Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret Tracy, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Sarah C. Dardis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. James O'Brien, Smartsville, Cal.; Nellie D. Trumaghin, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. Alex. Reynick, Sr., and Mr. A. G. O'Leary, Galena, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen McCormack, Hanover, Ill.; Ellen Coyle, Baltimore, Md.; and James Connell, Trenton, N. J.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

To Our Queen.

© MOTHER Immaculate, Virgin most pure,

We come on this feast-day to thee,
Imploring a grace that thou lovest to grant—
Oh, give to our hearts purity!

May never a thought that might sully our souls
Find room in our hearts, Mother pure;
May trust in thy goodness, and watching and
prayer,

Our souls against evil secure!

As Children of Mary, our hearts, dearest
Queen,

To thee in their youth have been given:
Oh, keep them e'er pure from the least stain
of sin,

That we may be with thee in heaven!

The Colvilles in Ireland.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

XV.

THE beginning of the week saw the Colvilles making the final preparations for their westward voyage. Their bright visions of a joyous return home, and of the glad welcome from dear friends awaiting them beyond the seas, were dimmed for the time, however, by regret at the prospect of leaving this beautiful

land of their ancestors. Hence a light cloud obscured the sunniness of their spirits as, early in the afternoon of their last day but one in Ireland, they quietly boarded the steam-packet that started for the sail down "the silver Lee," called by the poet Moore "the noble sea avenue from Cork to Queenstown."

A few minutes later the small vessel pushed off from the shore, and began threading its way among the shipping. Now it passed the sombre Custom House, the Marina, a pleasant promenade, and the racing park. Next they had a charming view of the suburbs. Surmounting a gentle eminence, they saw the Father Mathew Tower, a graceful monument erected to the memory of the Apostle of Temperance by one of his personal friends.

"Oh, what is this picturesque little fortress on the promontory to the right?" cried Alicia, presently.

"Black Rock Castle, built in the reign of James I. for the defence of the river," her father replied. "It is used as a light-house. According to some authorities, William Penn embarked from here for the New World."

Shortly after the steamer left Passage, the town at the extremity of the lovely Lough Mahon, Joe called the attention of the others to a spray-dashed cliff, upon whose surface jut out a succession of huge knobs of rock, like a mammoth flight of steps:

"Oh, I know!" cried Kathleen. "Those are the Giant's Stairs. The maid at the hotel told me the Giant O'Mahony was

wont to stalk down them at midnight to take a plunge in the river."

"The shores all along the way are dotted with such pretty fishing villages and white villas," remarked Claire. "I do not wonder a traveller from the East once observed that a few minarets placed among these hanging gardens would realize the Bosphorus."

At Monkstown they beheld, rising above the fishers' cabins, the ruined gables and towers of O'Mahony's Castle.

"I was told a curious story about the building of this stronghold," said Alicia. "In the seventeenth century an English colonist was lord of this district. Having cast his lot with the Irish, he took service in the army of Philip of Spain. His wife, wishing to aggrandize his fortunes in his absence, resolved to erect a stately castle, to surprise him on his return. To obtain funds, she established stores, at which her retainers and workmen were required to buy their supplies; and out of the profits of this clever venture she paid for the building. When the accounts were made up, the expenses exceeded the gains by one penny; therefore the property acquired by her thrift is known as Penny Castle."

At length, passing Haulbowline island, the party found themselves opposite to Queenstown.

"What a charmingly picturesque place, with its gleaming white houses built on a series of terraces, ascending one above the other to the very top of the rugged hill!" exclaimed Alicia.

"Except for that magnificent church crowning the summit of the craggy hill, erected, as it were, between earth and heaven, it might be mistaken for a port of the Levant," rejoined Claire.

"Ah, that is the Church of Mary Star of the Sea! You remember we descried it when some miles away on the ocean?" said Mr. Colville.

The principal street of the town is built along the quay, facing the Cove. The

packet having arrived at the dock, our travellers proceeded to the Queen's Hotel; and, after resting a while, went out to stroll on the esplanade at the water's edge.

It was a perfect evening. Beyond the green meadows, azure creeks, and wooded knolls, the sun was setting in a splendor of golden, purple, and roseate clouds; and its light cast a pale glory upon the southern horizon and the calm, mirror-like waters. Unruffled, and lovelier far than the fairest picture the imagination could portray, extended the great Bay before them, diversified by numerous islands and inlets, almost surrounded by smiling shores, and reaching out to the sea in a deep, broad channel, as if inviting all the storm-tossed ships of ocean to its shelter.

"But for an occasional glance up the stony lanes and byways, one would not suppose, from the serene beauty of this scene, that there was such a thing as poverty or suffering in all Ireland," sighed Claire.

"A boy whom I met a few moments ago said this inland sea, so curiously cut into meres and straits, is large enough to furnish anchorage for the whole navy of Great Britain," announced Joe. "A creek behind the strip of land opposite to us concealed the fleet of Sir Francis Drake when, in 1587, it was chased into the harbor by a Spanish squadron. Its sudden disappearance bewildered the Spaniards, who, after cruising about for several days in a vain search for the ships, sailed off, declaring they must have been spirited away by magic."

Having dined at the hotel, the Colvilles spent the remainder of the evening in their rooms, which overlooked the Bay. The windows stood open; for, owing to the mild climate of the Cove—often compared to that of Madeira,—the night was as balmy as June. The peaceful waters seemed even more beautiful beneath the gentle radiance of the stars than by day. The street below was thronged with

promenaders, many of them American wanderers homeward bound, waiting for the steamer of the morrow.

Along the esplanade hung rows of colored lanterns; the porticoes of the hotels were wreathed with them,—the town was illuminated that its beacon lights might be discerned far out to sea. The girls recalled how they had watched them sparkling, from the deck of the *New York* on the way to Liverpool, so many months before, when the great transatlantic liner had stopped after nightfall at the mouth of the harbor, to transfer passengers and mail for Ireland to the waiting launches, that amid the darkness appeared like fairy craft. Then Queenstown had been to them a shadowy, unreal place, and its lights like the Druid fires that burned of old upon the hills of Ir. To-night its unusual gayety was due to the fact that a Cork Yacht Club was giving a round of festivities here. Anon, above the din of cheery voices and careless laughter, arose the sound of music; from the pavilion on the quay the marine band broke forth into one of the national airs.

Mr. Colville and his children lingered at the windows for an hour or more, while the breeze was laden with the sweetest harmonies. All the old melodies were played as only those of Irish birth could play them,—only those whose hearts were attuned to the strains, like the strings of the Irish harp. Long it continued, as if the musicians could never tire of discoursing of Ireland's greatness and Ireland's sorrows. Even when our party separated, it had not ceased; and, until nearly midnight, through the dreams of the young people floated the tenderly pathetic tones.

An early hour the next morning found our friends kneeling before the altar of Mary Star of the Sea. They had fortified themselves by the reception of the Sacraments for any perils the voyage might bring. As they came out of the church and stood a moment on the crest of the

hill, looking far off to the ocean, the shadow of apprehension, that at times appalls alike the most thoughtless and the bravest when on the point of embarking upon the trackless deep, seemed lifted from their hearts, as the mists had been drawn up by the sunlight from the surface of the water. Whatever might betide, they were in God's keeping.

About the middle of the afternoon all the passengers for the United States were assembled on the deck of the puffing and wheezing little tender of the American Line, which still remained at the quay, waiting for the appearance against the horizon of the smokestacks of that great ship, *The Paris*, as a signal for it to steam down and meet her at the entrance to the harbor. On board, cabin and steerage passengers were crowded together, to their mutual inconvenience. Luggage was piled about promiscuously; all was discomfort and confusion.

Along the dock were gathered a score of poor women, who had for sale treasures of bog-wood in the shape of walking-sticks, tiny carved boxes, and pipes; occasionally also one offered a root of shamrock growing in its native earth. To pass the time, some of the voyagers chaffed and bartered with them. But all except the venders were impatient at the delay; not only the returning tourists, restless in inactivity, but the few emigrants coming at that season as well; because to the end they must needs keep brave, smiling faces turned toward their friends on the strand; and "the pain of parting is more keen the more it is prolonged."

The Colville young people were as eager to start as any; for, now that they had stepped from the Irish sod, their hearts, like migrating birds, seemed already winging their flight toward home.

Ere long Joe, who was looking seaward, saw against the sky a faint, dark line.

"There she is!" he shouted.

The captain's quick eye had evidently perceived it a moment before, as the tender was already casting off. In a few minutes more the white funnels and rigging of *The Paris* could be plainly seen; and presently the mighty ship came in full view, and "lay to" just outside the harbor. Swiftly the lighter bore down upon it, and within half an hour came alongside the great ocean racer.

Several hundred pairs of curious eyes looked over the gunwale as our passengers climbed on board. The steamer was speedily under way once more; and, in the hurry and bustle of locating their quarters, the majority of the tourists forgot to glance back at the land they had left.

But the Colvilles stood at the stern of the vessel, regretfully watching the green shores so fast receding in the distance; for although an hour previous they had wished for the coming of the steamer, at the last they felt a tender sadness in bidding farewell to the "old land" they had learned to love so dearly during this happy visit.

Below them, on the steerage deck, were a group of emigrants. Among these they noticed particularly a woman sitting upon a coil of rope, with two small children clinging to her, and an infant in her arms. Beside her stood a man, stalwart and erect, with a frank, honest face, wherein poverty and privation had wrought stern lines.

More and more undefined grew the objects along the coast. Now the white cabins seemed but patches of early snow, or scattered flocks of sheep in the verdant valleys or upon the shamrock-clothed hills. But high above all still stood out prominently, upon the summit of the terraced steep of Queenstown, the grand Church of Our Lady Star of the Sea, and in the rays of the setting sun its gleaming cross could still be clearly distinguished.

The woman saw it, and, bowing her head over the sleeping babe, wept silently.

Her husband laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, but remained otherwise motionless, gazing upon the sacred symbol with tear-dimmed eyes. Then the night began to fall and everything grew indistinct. But as our little band of Americans turned their faces toward the west, Mr. Colville said, with feeling:

"Our last glimpse of Erin has revealed her to us clad in her robes of royal green, incomparably fair in her fadeless beauty; and, like some noble Christian matron condemned to suffer for the faith of old, bereft of her children, but with the Cross clasped to her bosom."

The Interest on Six Sous.

Boieldieu, the eminent French composer, when a child revelled in the possession of the six *sous* a week which his father allowed him, and the delicious *bonbons* and fruits which in those days six *sous* could buy.

But one morning, on his way to Holy Mass in the Cathedral of Rouen, he saw at the church door a beggar, whose wretched appearance so moved his compassion that, after a moment's hesitation, he laid his week's allowance in the poor man's hand.

"God bless thee, child!" said the old man; and then, with prophetic earnestness that impressed the lad: "You have given to the poor and lent to the Lord. The happiness He will send you will be the interest on these six *sous*."

In after years, when Fame and Fortune had come to him, Boieldieu never forgot the old beggar of Rouen. In the moments of his great triumphs—the first nights of his operas, while the public was applauding the productions of his genius—there rose to his lips words whose meaning was plain only to his intimates. "*Mes six sous!*" he would exclaim. "*Voilà*, it is the interest on my six *sous!*"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

VOL. XXXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

No. 24.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

He Comes.

"Lift up your gates, O ye princes; and be lifted up, O eternal gates; and the King of glory shall enter in."

© H, open wide, eternal gates,
The Holy One is nigh!
The voice of Israel pleading
Hath reached the throne on high!
The days of waiting now are passed,
Salvation is at hand;
O Sion, swift arise and see
The joy that fills the land!

Oh, open wide your waiting hearts,
Ye princes of the throne!
The King shall pay your ransom price,
And ye shall be His own.
His Star is rising in the East,
Cleanse ye your souls from sin;
Lift up the portways of your hearts:
The King would enter in.

CASCIA.

Mary on Earth.

BY THE REV. P. PHILPIN DE RIVIERE, OF THE
LONDON ORATORY.

HOLY images have a celestial power of attorney, which seems to identify them with those whom they represent. We speak to Mary in her statue; we offer her flowers and crowns; we entreat her in the name of her Divine Child to listen favorably; and the image is instrumental in

effecting that which more spiritual means might have failed to secure for us. It is in consequence of this personification that one image smiles, another sheds tears, another appears all luminous. The Virgin of the Church of St. Augustine de Narni gave the Infant Jesus to St. Lucy, and the senseless marble lent itself to all the caresses of the innocent child. Elsewhere the stone Virgin extended her hand to receive the ring of betrothal. One image has the gift of healing, another of interior consolation; each, so to speak, has its individuality, in order that, as a whole, they may the better represent the Queen of Heaven, so varied in the multitude of her prerogatives.

Images, however, form only a portion of that class of objects, more or less symbolical, employed as means of intercourse between the Mother of the Creator and the creature. Some are conventional signs to which custom or the benediction of the Church has given currency, such as monograms, rosaries, and religious vestments. Others, as the flowers of the field, the diamond and the marble column, are destined for their office by the choice or the use we make of them. We find in the Divine Family, as in the natural family, a little world of tenderness and pleasant superfluities, which render life beautiful and harmonious. The altar, like the domestic mantle, has its flowers and its chandeliers; the chapel, like the



drawing-room, has its decorations and its etiquette. Poetry and music belong to one as to the other, exciting the senses to the profit of the heart. If the family has its walks abroad and its social evenings, piety has its stately feasts, its illuminations, its salutations, its processions, for the recreation of the soul. All that human passion has conceived of gracious homage and poetic invention to interest the heart and lay hold of the affections, has been placed at the service of the soul. Equally above the gilded ceiling and the roof of bark, filial love has multiplied the initials of the Most Holy Virgin as never flattery exalted those of kings.

Since the Blessed Virgin, while on earth, chose the natural tint of the woollen stuffs and the blue mantle of the women of Nazareth, blue and white should be for us at the same time a reminder, a symbol, and the livery of our choice. It should be a signal of a favored child devoted to its mother. The intention of the Carmelites and of the Trappists in enveloping themselves in their brown and white woollen, of the Annunciades in putting on their blue mantle, is to surround themselves with a reminder of Mary, to live close to the thought of her purity, and to die under her protection. The Servite wraps himself in the mourning garb of the Mother of Sorrows, and seeks consolation in her self-sacrificing love.

The science of symbols, which the age of materialism enfeebls, is, above all things, preserved in the devotion we are now considering. This science has its own history, its own proofs, and its own triumphs. Notwithstanding delays, one can see it always advances, profiting by fresh development of the other sciences, each revival of piety and of learning. It began with the language of man, and holy writers tell us that the great events in the lives of the patriarchs form part of a symbolic system. The Canticle of Canticles was the first classic of its literature, and

the parables of Our Lord, so to speak, are His commentaries upon it.

Next come the Fathers of the Church, who happily unite the parables of the Saviour with the realities of the Crib and of Calvary. All are guides who lead us by an instinct of love to the Incarnation as to the centre and the key of universal symbolism. With them the figures of speech are based upon profound realities, as we may see in the devout writings of St. Ambrose or in St. Augustine, by whom the symbolism is doctrinally systematized. As for St. Bernard and his school, all science, all literature, all history and all human life, find their centre and unity in the love-song of those virginal nuptials of which St. Gabriel the Archangel was the herald. In their eyes, every spirit animated with a virile sanctity is a companion of the Divine Spouse; every tender and devout soul is one of the numerous company of the holy spouse, Mary; all visible creatures should form part of the nuptial feast. The world to them is a comb of virgin wax, which encloses the delicious honey of divine things; and the wax should dissolve itself, consume itself, and transform itself into light.

There are, however, some Protestants and some philosophers—such as Swedenborg and Bernardine de St. Pierre—who came to teach their century that even to become acquainted with the material world it is necessary to study the higher harmonies, and to look upon it as part of a concert most sublime. They have taught us to know—or better to appreciate—certain physical laws. They have really advanced the natural sciences. But, after all, they are only proofs of the incurable infirmity of symbolism when it is not a link of the mighty chain which binds all to the Redeemer of the world.

Yes, the natural sciences have advanced, and their progress has opened many mines of the pious mysticism of the nineteenth century, which is able to give to its

symbolism a wider and more steadfast material basis. Let us hope that it may not prove less tender nor less profound than that of the Middle Ages; for in the vast number of works on the Blessed Virgin which is being increased every day, we see growing up a learned symbolism, the legitimate heir of the symbolism of the Fathers and the saints.

One of the most beautiful features in a great many of the revelations of the Blessed Virgin is the language of flowers and precious stones, of perfumes and lights, which she uses with her servants, conforming herself in turn to their simplicity or their genius. With a St. Bridget or a St. Gertrude, for instance, she clothes her instructions in the highest spirituality with symbols of the utmost sweetness, simple and most familiar; adding now and then some favor or miraculous sign to impress the symbol more vividly upon the senses and the heart.

The use of the name of Mary in Catholic families merits particular attention, as another example of the close intercourse between the Blessed Mother and her children. When we remember that this name has been the object of divine predestination, when we consider the mysterious significance the saints have given it, we may say that, like the name of the Divine Spouse, it is a delicious perfume spread abroad, which penetrates all places and impregnates all with its pure fragrance. It was known of old and uttered in prophecy; the present and the future shall embalm it; only those who lurk in the shadows of hell find no pleasure in it. It comes to us from the nations of old, bringing sweet suggestions of virginity, of deliverance and glory. It was the name of the sister of Moses, the virgin who led the daughters of Israel when they chanted in chorus the song of Israel's deliverance out of Egypt. When the time for the figures of the Old Law was past, and when Jesus, the new Moses, had

delivered His people through the waves of His own Blood, there were present with the Mother of the Divine Victim two other Marys: the one a woman of the people and the mother of a family; the other a sinner, out of whom Jesus had cast seven devils. Of a truth, this name is like the shadow of the Cross, extended as a sign of salvation over all the Church of the saints, the sinners and the just, represented by these women.

And Holy Church has ever loved to bestow this name upon the children she regenerates by the Blood of the Saviour. She looks for the mothers and the god-mothers of the new Marys to be new St. Annes, who shall make of the child a faithful copy of its Patroness. The name of Mary surrounds the little creature with an aureole of sanctity, forms for it a shield against the angels of darkness, a title to the tender care of the pure spirits, an encouragement to every virtue.

And if to those who have borne the name of Mary from their baptism we add the number of those who have chosen it, out of love, for their name in religion, or who bear it collectively with the spiritual family they have adopted, one easily perceives there is no name more widely nor more nobly borne, no name which sheds abroad more charity and holy tenderness, no name which calls down upon its possessors more blessings. Worn in love as a diadem of purity, it recalls to the faithful the most loving and holy memories. How think you, then, will it appear to Jesus and the angels upon the brow it has honored during life? Surely, having been upon earth "a perfume shed abroad," it shall become in heaven a crown of glory and of divine favor.

Thus our Holy Mother introduces herself into the familiar domain of human life. With Our Lord, though under different titles, she penetrates the exterior element of our individual and social existence. The saints have their gift of

unending life in all times and in all places. They possess the earth as a domain of grace; they have their feasts, their images and their altars; the glory and the power accorded to them on earth by God are immense. But incomparably greater, more active, more profound, and more universal is the glory and the power accorded to the Blessed Virgin, who is their Queen and the Mother of their God.

The General's Conversion.

ABOUT twenty years ago there lived in a very small town, in the south of France, a retired army officer, who unfortunately cherished the violent prejudices which so many soldiers permit themselves to feel against the Church and her ministers. To such an extent did he carry his dislike to all persons and things religious that he would never knowingly remain in the company of a priest; the very sight of a cassock put him in a fury. Nor could he witness any of his friends or acquaintances performing the least act of religion without either a reproach or a sneer.

The old General had been elected mayor of his commune,—an honor to which he was entitled by his rank, education, and military services. And it must be said that he discharged the duties of his office in a most satisfactory manner. But his zeal against religion was so great that, under the pretence of reforming abuses, he made the *curé* of the place suffer many petty annoyances.

The *curé* was a modest and amiable man by nature, while grace had still more softened and spiritualized a character which was wedded to a mind of no mean order. It was by choice that this learned and excellent man had cast his lot in this obscure place, instead of accepting a charge which his talents justly merited.

From the first advent of the General he had endeavored to propitiate him by every means in his power, bringing sweetness to meet acrimony, and showing the greatest humility under continued petty insults. But his kindness and submission seemed only to aggravate the ill-will of the General.

On the other hand, the wife of this obstinate and perverse man was a model of piety; and as her husband, opposed to religion as he was, allowed her the same liberty he claimed for himself—provided she made no display of her sentiments in his presence,—she tried in every way possible to counteract, by her charity and zeal, her patience and her prayers, the effect of his tyranny.

Things were in this state when an event occurred, which, though it seemed at first of slight importance, was destined to work an entire change in the mind of her husband.

It was in the month of June, the eve of the Feast of Corpus Christi. There had been a terrible storm the night before, and the square where the repository was to be erected was covered with mud and fragments of branches, the natural *débris* of the tempest deposited by the wind in this open space. The *curé*, full of solicitude for the success of the procession, and above all for the perfect cleanliness of the spot whereon the altar was to be erected, had called the villagers together, and earnestly requested them to repair the ravages of the storm by clearing away the mud and dirt.

They all set themselves to work at the voice of their pastor; and the square, with the street in the vicinity, soon began to resume its usual appearance, with the exception of that portion just in front of the house of the mayor which fronted on the square. So great was their fear of incurring his displeasure when he discovered, as he surely must, that they were performing this duty in the interests of the

forthcoming celebration, that none of the villagers had the courage to face his ill-humor.

"Come, my children," said the *curé*, endeavoring to reassure them. "You are working for the honor and glory of God. A little mortification more or less—what does it matter? Consider it this way, for instance. Here is a handsome house, which looks very ill with the ravages of the storm uneffaced from before the entrance. With a little good-will from all of you, and a few moments' quick work, the sidewalk will be as clean as before, and perhaps the master of the house will be grateful. If not, you will have performed a good work for Heaven, all the same; and done an act of kindness to our good mayor, which, even though he should not appreciate it, will not go unrewarded. Come now, begin at once."

"No, no, Monsieur le Curé!" said an old peasant. "We know Monsieur le Maire very well. He is quick as a ferret and cross as a badger. If any one dares to sweep before his door without his permission, there will be war in the camp very soon."

His comrades assenting very volubly to these remarks, the old peasant looked around with a self-satisfied air, as if to say: "This time at least I am master of the situation."

The *curé* heaved a sigh, for his heart was sad.

"Very well," he said; "we will leave it for the present. I have no desire to expose you to the anger of the mayor. I shall try, if possible, to devise some other means."

A short time afterward the *curé* was announced at the house of Monsieur le Maire. The General received him, and was the first to speak.

"Monsieur le Curé," he said, ironically, "as no doubt it is my wife's purse with which you wish to have an interview, I suppose my presence here is *de trop*;

therefore, if you will permit me, I shall ring for a servant to summon her."

"Your judgment is rash, General," replied the *curé*, with a smile. "I am deeply grateful to Madame for her charity to the poor, but it is with you that I desire to speak to-day."

"That is different, then. I will hear you, provided you do not keep me too long."

"I shall be brief, for I have no time to lose. To-morrow will be the Feast of Corpus Christi. According to immemorial custom, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament passes before your door in order to reach the repository, which is to be erected in the square, at the foot of the cross. I have come to ask you to have your sidewalk cleared of the mud and scattered leaves left there by the terrible storm of yesterday; or, if it be more agreeable to you, allow me to have it done by some of my people."

"Monsieur le Curé," said the General, "as what you call the Feast of Corpus Christi is not found mentioned in the decree of September 28, 1791, treating of rural customs and festivals, I shall neither sweep nor have swept the pavement in front of my house; nor, as I am the master of my own property, shall I permit any one else to do it."

"But, my dear," timidly hazarded the General's wife, who had entered during this announcement, "you really show ill-humor in this case. What Monsieur le Curé asks is only a very little thing. We have servants, and I have but to order them to clear away the *débris*."

"My dear Anna, I beg you not to meddle," replied the General. "I positively forbid any one to sweep the pavement before my door. It belongs to me, and I have a right to do so. And whoever dares to disobey my orders will make acquaintance with my stick, or I do not know my own name."

"God forbid that I should be the means of bringing discord into the house!" said

the good *curé*. "I had better retire. Is this your last word, General—that you will neither permit your servants to sweep the street nor allow your neighbors to do it for them?"

"Not even with a feather duster!" cried the General, impatiently.

"That is enough," answered the *curé*; then, making a slight inclination, he withdrew.

"Pierre! François! Nicolas!" called the General, in a loud voice.

The three servants responded quickly to the command, and stood immovable before their master.

"You all know that I have a good, solid fist?"

"Yes, General," the three lackeys answered, with one voice.

"Well, if any one of you dares to sweep the pavement in front of this house before I have ordered him to do it, I promise him so sound a drubbing that he will not very soon forget it. You have understood me?"

"Yes, General."

"Very well. You may retire."

And the three robust servants returned in silence to their occupations.

It is not unusual with those who, not really wicked or depraved by nature, give way on occasions to ill-humor, or who are wont to be disturbed by certain causes, that, having accomplished their desire, and vented their spleen on others, they feel a dissatisfaction with themselves, which is manifested toward their whole surroundings. Such was the case with the General: he was insupportable during the whole evening.

He retired to rest early, but could not sleep. Time and again he left his bed and paced the floor, hoping thereby to end his insomnia. But all was without avail: he still remained sleepless. Finally, as he lay with eyes wide open, the only one in that large household awake after midnight, he thought he heard a strange noise. He

raised himself on his elbow. The noise continued. Said he to himself:

"What in the world can that noise mean? Surely some one is sweeping. Now we shall have some fun. Doubtless it is a rogue of a servant, or some one paid by the *curé*. Ah, Monsieur le Curé! so you permit yourself to make use of these little *ruses de guerre*? Very well, very well! I am going to dislodge the enemy in the twinkling of an eye."

While delivering this little monologue the General had been donning his clothes; and, whip in hand, he softly descended the stairs, and passed on tiptoe into the street. During all this time the poor broom—for it was indeed this useful domestic article that had still further disturbed the wakefulness of the General—had been performing faithfully the service required of it. He advanced, the whip lifted, ready to descend on the shoulders of the unfortunate who had dared to disobey his orders. But he paused, the whip fell from his hand. while he cried out:

"What! Is it you, Monsieur le Curé,—you sweeping at this hour of the night in front of my door?"

"It is just I, General. It was a work which had to be done. It would have been insufferable that we should have borne Our Lord across your pavement,—in front of the house from which your estimable wife has so often issued forth on beautiful errands of mercy,—without having had it made worthy of His presence. You had menaced all who would perform the task with such frightful consequences that the neighbors and your servants were afraid to undertake it; therefore I was obliged to do it myself."

"Hm! Ugh!" grunted the General, kicking at the fallen whip.

"Do not hesitate," said the *curé*, resuming his occupation, as though loath to lose the few moments still remaining to him. "I had hoped to have done the work quietly, so as not to have awakened any

one in the house—you least of all. But it seems I have bungled, not being well used to it."

"Ugh!" grunted the General once more, kicking the whip still farther from him.

"I repeat, do not hesitate," continued the *curé*. "My shoulders are broad: they can well bear your blows. And I shall be very happy to receive for our Saviour the thousandth part of the stripes and outrages He endured for me."

"Ah!" said the General. "That is how you take it, is it? Very well. Now we shall see something else."

Re-entering the courtyard, he called out at the top of his voice:

"Pierre! François! Nicolas! Get up, you lazy fellows, and fetch me a broom,—the first you can find."

The three servants roused thus suddenly from sleep came running out, thinking the house was on fire.

"Where is the broom?" shouted the General.

"What broom?"—"The broom!"—"A broom!" they responded, in tones of astonishment, beginning to think their master had gone mad.

"Yes, stupids!" said the General. "I have been asking for a broom the last quarter of an hour."

Pierre, coming to his senses, without understanding anything of the General's purpose, fetched the desired utensil. The General seized it with both hands and began sweeping furiously.

"But, General," said the *curé*, sweeping in his turn, "take care lest you injure yourself. You are not accustomed—"

"Let me alone!" was the response. "You sweep on your side, and I on mine. We shall see who will win in this duel of brooms."

The *curé* said no more, but swept on calmly. The General at the end of five minutes' fierce sweeping confessed himself beaten.

"Here!" he said, relinquishing his broom to Pierre. "Take this; and, with those two over there, who are not yet fully awake, clean this pavement so that one may eat off it."

Then turning to the priest, he said, with an air of solicitude:

"And now, Monsieur le Curé, go home and to bed. You are tired, and need all your strength for to-morrow. If I live until morning, please God, I hope to prove to you that this night you have preached the best sermon of your life."

So saying he retreated hurriedly within doors; and, returning to his bed, found for a few hours the rest which he had previously sought in vain.

Early the next morning the General summoned his servants, who had had but little sleep the previous night, and bade them strip the trees in the garden of their most luxuriant branches. For himself he had reserved a task less difficult, but quite as important, as he at once set to work to gather every available flower in the garden. Never during his most aggressive campaigns had he made a more fierce onslaught. The grass was literally covered with flowers and blossoms. Finally, when there were no more to be gathered, he crossed his arms and looked contentedly upon the work he had accomplished.

"If Monsieur le Curé is not satisfied this time," he said, "he will be hard to please. Come now, we must transport all this foliage and these fragrant flowers to where they belong. François and Nicolas will carry the branches, while Pierre will help me with the flowers."

The orders of the General were so well and speedily executed that, besides a beautiful parti-colored carpet in front of the door of the house, the repository at the foot of the cross in the square was the most complete and tasteful that had ever been arranged under the first beams of the morning sun on the great Feast of Corpus Christi.

From her window the wife of the General had seen all that had passed in the garden; she could hardly believe her eyes. But her astonishment was still greater when her husband announced that he intended to accompany her to Mass, and afterward join in the procession. She could with difficulty believe that such good news could be true. But all took place as the General had promised: he assisted devoutly at Mass and followed the procession.

Several days later the *curé* was invited by the General to dine at his house. The priest, well pleased at the turn affairs had taken, gladly accepted the invitation. When dinner was over, and the three were seated in the drawing-room, the wife of the General, unable any longer to restrain her joy and curiosity, said, laughingly:

"Ah! Monsieur le Curé, you may now truly be called a worker of miracles."

"I, Madame?" was the reply. "Indeed not. Neither in life nor after death do I expect such a privilege and grace to be mine."

"Tell me, then," she continued, placing her hand affectionately on the shoulder of the General,—“tell me, then, I beg, what means you made use of in order to convert my husband?”

The *curé* laughed as he replied:

"The simplest in the world, Madame. I merely made use of a broom."

Then the General related to his wife, between intervals of hearty laughter, what had passed between himself and the *curé* the night before Corpus Christi.

The Sanctuary of the Incarnation.

(CONCLUSION.)

NAZARETH has been destroyed several times, the present miserable-looking town or village being built out of the ruins of the former city. The basements of many of the habitations in the Holy Land are hewn in the rock, and in some places there are chambers excavated in the rock and communicating with buildings erected adjoining them. Such a one was the house of St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin; and all that remains now of it at Nazareth is the basement, with a few mementos of the olden time. At the extreme end of this basement, in the right-hand corner as you enter, is a recess cut in the rock, to serve the purpose of a fireplace. The chimney, a small, funnel-shaped aperture, bored through the rock, is still to be seen there.

The inhabitants of Nazareth, young and old, even to the children, are conversant with the particulars of the translation of the Holy House to Dalmatia, a distance of twelve hundred and thirty-one miles. It is recorded that just before the disappearance of the building, the Mahometans, maddened by serious reverses to their arms, had threatened in revenge to demolish "the House of the Christians' God," as they sneeringly termed this object of Christian veneration. They had often made such threats before, but had been bought off from the fulfilment of them. This time, however, they were fully intent on demolishing the house, and notice was given the Mahometans of the neighborhood to assemble for the purpose. True to the appointment, the vengeful Moslems assembled from all quarters, armed with their implements of destruction. Having reached the place, what was their astonishment when the rising dawn revealed the fact of the disappearance of the Holy House to parts unknown!

RELIGION is the true source of perpetual youth, and communicates to all our sentiments duration, brilliancy, and peace. The body changes and the senses lose their energy; but the soul floats on the surface above all these ruins, as the rays of the sun gild with their light the columns of a fallen temple.

On the same day there appeared a house on a small eminence between the towns of Tersatto and Fiume, on the coast of Dalmatia. It was about thirty-two feet long, thirteen feet broad, and eighteen feet high, with a chimney and a small belfry. The inhabitants of the place had never seen the house before; and, astonished at its strange and sudden appearance among them, they ran in crowds to behold what at first seemed to them a chapel, but which, from its unusual form and appearance, was evidently not of recent construction.

The extraordinary appearance of this house, its altar, and the statue of the Virgin and Child, convinced the Dalmatians that it was a holy place, consecrated to the worship of God, in honor of the Immaculate Virgin. The fame of this event immediately spread abroad throughout the whole country. The faithful flocked in crowds to the mysterious house to implore the divine mercy and favor, through the intercession of Mary; and the sentiments of piety with which its appearance inspired them seemed to afford an assurance that God would hear their prayers with special favor in that place. Many who were then suffering under various infirmities recovered their health by a visit to this mysterious temple, which seemed to diffuse around it an odor of health for the relief both of spiritual and corporal infirmities.

Alexander, the pastor of the Church of St. George at Tersatto, was a man of distinguished piety of life, and beloved by all his people. He was then lying ill of a violent fever, which threatened to prove fatal. This venerable ecclesiastic, having heard of the extraordinary gift which Heaven had vouchsafed to confer upon his country, and of the miraculous events which accompanied the prayers offered up to God therein, was most anxious to visit the Holy House, and implore Mary, to whose honor he felt assured it was

dedicated, to obtain for him the restoration of his health. But as he could not undertake the journey without imminent danger of his life, he implored her intercession with all the confidence which so recent a proof of her clemency was calculated to inspire.

On the following night, between sleeping and waking, he beheld the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by angelic spirits, and heard from her lips that this mysterious chapel, of which nothing certain was as yet known, had been her house while on earth,—in which she was born, and brought up, in which she received the message of the Angel Gabriel and conceived the Son of God, and in which her Divine Son had lived with her until the time of His manifestation among men. She also declared that after her decease the Apostles had converted this house into a church, and that the altar which was now seen in it had been consecrated by St. Peter. Furthermore, she said that He with whom no word is impossible had now, by the ministry of angels, transferred this sacred temple to Dalmatia from Nazareth, where it had been exposed to the insults of the infidels, and neglected by the few Christians that dwelt among them. As a proof of the reality of this vision, she declared that Alexander should be from that moment delivered from the infirmity under which he was suffering, and ordered him to announce to his fellow-citizens the wonderful truths he had learned from her mouth.

On awaking, Alexander found himself perfectly restored to health. He immediately rose, and on bended knees returned thanks to God for the favor he had received. He hastened to visit the Holy House, and there poured forth his soul in prayer and thanksgiving to her who had procured for him health, and had conferred so signal a mark of favor on his country. He publicly announced to the people the vision he had had; and exhibited

sudden restoration of his health, the proof of its reality. His words were received with all the confidence which his well-known character for probity and the miraculous recovery of his health were calculated to produce.

Nicholas Frangipani, a devout and learned man, was then Governor of Dalmatia and Lord of Tersatto and Fiume. Convinced, both by the account of the people and the testimony of Alexander, of the supernatural character of the house which had thus suddenly appeared on his territory, he imitated the piety of his subjects, and enriched the sacred shrine with costly gifts. Wishing, however, to omit nothing that might be necessary for the complete investigation of so extraordinary a fact, and to justify his own conduct with posterity, he determined on sending commissioners to Nazareth, to examine whether the House of the Blessed Virgin was not yet really there; and if not there, to learn when and under what circumstances it had disappeared. They were also directed to ascertain its dimensions, from any traces of it that might yet remain.

He accordingly selected four intelligent and trustworthy persons, among whom was the priest Alexander, and sent them to Nazareth. On their arrival, they found the few Christians of that place inconsolable at the loss of the Holy House of Mary; and, by what they learned from them, they perceived that the time of its disappearance from Nazareth exactly corresponded with the period of its appearance in Dalmatia. The commissioners were conducted to its site, where they beheld the foundations of the building yet remaining, and which appeared as if the walls had been lately separated from them. On measuring them, they were found to correspond exactly with the dimensions of the building which had appeared in Dalmatia; so that no doubt could reasonably be entertained of the identity of this latter one with that which

had formerly rested on these foundations.

Rejoicing at the successful result of their commission, the deputies speedily returned home, and reported to Frangipani and the people the inquiries they had made and the answers they had received. A solemn service of thanksgiving was ordered at the Holy House, on which occasion the venerable priest Alexander, in a most impressive manner, related what he had seen and heard, and solemnly called on God to witness the truth of his words. The devotion of the faithful toward the Holy House was wonderfully increased by the result of the commission; the fame of the miracle spread abroad into all the surrounding nations; and multitudes of pilgrims from Istria, Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, and other more distant nations came to visit and to venerate the House of Mary. From Pasconius, who cites the annals of Tersatto as his authority, we learn that a worthy priest, named John of Grobnio, was appointed by Frangipani to the guardianship of the oratory.

The joy of the Dalmatians was not, however, to be of long continuance. God, who had given them this signal mark of His favor in so extraordinary a manner, was pleased to deprive them of it in a manner no less wonderful. On the night of December 10, 1294, just three years and seven months after its appearance in Dalmatia, "while all things were buried in silence," as Martorelli, in his "*Teatro Storico della Casa Nazarena*," relates, "and Night was in [the middle of her course, a bright light from heaven was seen by many of those who dwelt near the shore of the Adriatic Sea, and a melodious sound attracted the drowsy inhabitants to witness this great prodigy. They beheld, with wondering eyes, a house surrounded with great splendor and borne aloft through the air by angels. The shepherds and other rustics, full of astonishment at the sight, fell prostrate on the ground, awaiting with anxiety the termination of

so stupendous an appearance. Meanwhile the Holy House was placed by angels in the midst of a thick wood; and the trees themselves bent down in veneration of Heaven's glorious Queen, and are yet to be seen retaining that posture, as if Nature herself were exulting on the occasion."

This wonderful apparition was first beheld by some shepherds, who, like those who heard the first announcement of Christ's birth, were keeping the night-watch with their flocks, not far from Recanati, on that part of the Italian shore of the Adriatic which is opposite to Fiume. The wood in which the Holy House was deposited was about a mile from the seashore, and four miles from Recanati. The splendor by which it was surrounded excited the attention of those who were keeping watch; and these, awaking their companions, directed their wondering eyes to the extraordinary appearance, which they felt assured was of a supernatural character. As soon as day dawned, they approached the mysterious object; and, having fully examined it, they hastened to communicate to the people of Recanati the extraordinary event. At first they were disregarded; but as they persisted, the citizens repaired to the spot, where they found a house of ancient and unusual form and structure, in a place where none of them had before known a house to be. The woods where the Holy House rested were in a district called Lauretum; and hence the appellation of *Domus Lauretana*, or House of Loreto, which has ever since remained attached to it.

Although nothing was known of this house, it seemed evident that it had served for a church, and that it was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, whose statue occupied so prominent a place within it. The miraculous character of its appearance, and the indescribable feeling of awe and delight which those who visited it experienced, as also the miracles obtained by

the faithful through the intercession of Mary, on whom they called with increased confidence, procured for it a celebrity that caused it to be frequented by thousands from the surrounding country.

After a time, however, the devotion of the people was retarded. Some bandits, profiting by its retired situation in the woods, far from the public road, beset the paths that led to them, and robbed and otherwise ill-treated the unsuspecting faithful who went to present to Mary their pious supplications. Owing to this fact, the venerable oratory was for a time neglected, as the civil wars which then desolated Italy were but too well calculated to afford impunity to these free-booters. To remedy this inconvenience, by which the Holy House was again in danger of being abandoned to neglect, it pleased God to transfer it to a small hill, not far from the road, where the faithful might approach it without fear of molestation. This hill was the joint property of two brothers, who at first cordially united in honoring the gift of Heaven, toward which this new miracle had wonderfully augmented the devotion of the people, many of whom declared they had seen in the woods that same house which they now beheld on the hill. Discord, however, originating in avarice, arose between the two brothers who owned this new site of the Holy House; and the affair threatened to lead to the effusion of blood, when this miraculous House was once more transferred, and placed in its present site, a short distance beyond the property of the unworthy brothers.

After the disappearance of the Holy House from Tersatto, in Dalmatia, Nicholas Frangipani, the Governor, caused a small model of it to be erected in its stead; and this chapel was frequented by the people, who sought to assuage their grief for the loss of the venerated sanctuary it represented. He intended to erect over this model a magnificent church, but was

prevented by a war with Ottocar, King of Bohemia. In his last will, however, he commanded his heirs to erect a suitable memorial chapel; and this command was executed by Martin Frangipani in 1453. Pope Urban V., in 1368, when passing that way from Avignon to Rome, was much affected at the grief of the Dalmatians, and presented the chapel with an ancient picture of the Blessed Virgin to console them for their loss. From that time the Chapel of Our Lady at Tersatto became more and more frequented by the people; but, notwithstanding the veneration in which they held it, they never looked on it as other than a memorial of the Holy House itself, which had formerly occupied its site, but was mysteriously removed. Many privileges and indulgences were granted this memorial chapel, which contains an ancient marble slab with the following inscription: "This is the place in which was formerly the Most Holy House of the Blessed Virgin of Loreto, which is now in the district of Recanati."

The Popes have from time to time given witness to the authenticity, and their firm belief in the identity, of the Santa Casa of Loreto with that in which our Blessed Lady was born and in which she conceived Our Lord; they have done this, some of them by the grant of spiritual favors to those who devoutly visited the Holy House, others by their actions or express declarations regarding it.

At the time that Pius II. died in Ancona (1464) the pestilence raged in that city; and one of the Cardinals, Pietro Barbo, Cardinal of St. Mark, who had accompanied him thither, was attacked by it. Remembering that Pius II. had formerly been restored to health by visiting Loreto, the Cardinal had himself conveyed thither, the distance being only eighteen miles from Ancona; and there he implored the intercession of the Blessed Virgin in his own behalf, and still more in behalf of the Church. On recovering from a gentle

slumber into which he had fallen while at the Holy House, he found his health perfectly restored. On leaving the chapel, not a vestige remained of the mortal malady with which he had entered it. Shortly afterward he was elected Pope, under the name of Paul II., and began the erection of the beautiful sanctuary that at present encloses the Holy House,—a noble monument of his piety and munificence. In his bull dated November the 1st, 1464, he speaks of the Church of our Blessed Lady at Loreto, "where, on account of the great wonders and countless miracles which are there wrought by means of the same Holy Virgin, and which we in our person have experienced, multitudes assemble from various parts of the world."

Sixtus IV., the successor of Paul II., confirmed and augmented the spiritual favors granted by his predecessors. Pope Julius II. conferred new privileges on the Holy House, and employed the famous Bramante to finish the temple begun by Paul II. In a *Motu proprio* dated November 1, 1502, he makes express mention of the various translations of the Holy House.

Succeeding Pontiffs continued to show it special marks of favor; and Clement VIII., being anxious still more to strengthen, if possible, the piety of the faithful, caused a new investigation of the facts relating to it to be made. For this purpose he ordered three trusty officers of the Papal Court to proceed successively to Loreto, Tersatto, and Nazareth; and examine at these several places, as far as possible, the historical evidences of this extraordinary event. The historian Riera professes to have learned the result of the journey from one of these commissioners. At Loreto they made all the necessary inquiries, took the dimensions of the Holy House anew; and crossed the Adriatic to Tersatto, where they witnessed the grief of the inhabitants at its loss, and were

shown the memorial chapel modelled after it and erected on its site. Its dimensions, they found, exactly corresponded with those of the chapel at Loreto. Proceeding thence to Nazareth, they saw there the original foundations of the Holy House, and they also corresponded exactly with those of the Loreto chapel.

One of the commissioners, Giovanni of Siena, brought with him to Italy two of the stones of which the buildings in Nazareth were composed, and found them to be of the same material as the Holy House. This latter having been examined by Saussure, the celebrated geologist, he states that it is a kind of stone, cut in the form of large bricks, placed one above the other, and so closely joined as to leave but very small interstices. These stones have almost the color of brick; but on examining them carefully it is seen that they are a sandstone of very fine and compact grain, which, in consequence of having been frequently touched by the devout and curious, have acquired a degree of lustre somewhat similar to that of Eastern whetstones.

The present site of the Holy House is on what was formerly the public road from Recanati to the sea-shore; and on digging under the wall during the pontificate of Benedict XIV., the dust of the old public road was found still under it. The Holy House has no foundations,—simply resting on the superficial earth of the road; and there it has stood for centuries, notwithstanding the general fears of its tumbling down, through age, for want of foundation or support. It has been examined by a commission of builders and architects, so that there can be no fear of drawing wrong inferences in its regard. In this way it has stood there for seven centuries, an instance of the wonderful manner in which God confounds human wisdom; and all the efforts of men to bring a support to bear in sustaining it seem hitherto of no avail.

Two Decades.

AT TWENTY.

©H, for a touch of the world, a draught of its wine!

Tired of this dullard's life: the low of the kine,
The droning hum of the bees, of dreary days

Whose long, slow rounds lapse into still,
still nights.

Tired of cattle and clowns, of fields and
rural ways,

I long for a taste of the town, for its keen
delights.

Eager and bold and strong is this heart of
mine

For a spin in the joyous world, for a draught
of its wine.

AT FORTY.

Oh, for the pleasant fields, with the lambs at
play!

Oh, but once again for a long, long summer
day,

Far from the jest and the sneer, the clang
and the cry:

Under the shade of the trees, beside some
lazy stream,

Far from the sight of the haggard thousands
hurrying by,

With closed eyes to shut out care—only to
dream!

Harsh is the touch of the world, bitter its
wine,—

Oh, for the meadow-grass and the scent of
the breath of the kine!

M. E. M.

WHEREVER there is contest as between artistic and moral beauty, unless the moral side prevail all is lost. Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman, yet if the lip have a certain fulness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor, unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose, may as well give over his marble for paving-stones.—*Sidney Lanier.*

Legend of the Wunder Kreuz.*

THE cruel tide of war had swept over the smiling little village, and left it all in tears. Past smouldering ruins of dwellings, over devastated fields, Guntz, the young chamois hunter, taking his sad and lonely way up the rugged mountain, one evening came upon a cottage which, nestled at the foot of the Silverberg, seemed to have been overlooked by the destroying bands. Faint and athirst, he stopped and asked for food.

"Alas!" said the old woman who responded to his knock, "I have naught left but the share of my little Efflam. But enter and rest till she returns. She has gone to say her Rosary at the altar of our Blessed Lady."

In a short time the door opened to the music of a bird-like voice.

"Ah, grandina, here I am!" and "little Efflam" tripped into the room, lighting it with the sunlight of her golden hair.

Perceiving the stranger by the fireless hearth, she crossed straightway to the table, and taking up her bread, broke it in two, presenting the larger half to him.

"I give with all my heart," said the girl, smiling.

The young hunter pressed his lips to the outstretched hand; and as, strangely strengthened and heart-lightened, he continued his journey up the mountain, he prayed that God would some day permit him to reward that sweet maiden.

For the first time in a long while, his hunt was successful. The following day, carrying a huge bunch of fragrant balsam, for which he had exchanged one of his chamois skins, he sought again that cottage on the mountain side.

"Good mother," he said, laying his offering in the old woman's tremulous hands, "I dare not speak to little Efflam.

On her brow, to my eyes, rests the aureole of a saint. But it is permitted to the most unworthy to pray for blessings. I ask of you her hand. My arm is strong and my foot is light. Mournful are the days that have fallen upon us. It were better that, dwelling here alone, you should have a son and Efflam a husband to protect you."

So in the first days of autumn, in the little church of Kraunitz, Guntz and Efflam were married.

Seeing her child in such safe-keeping, the aged grandmother folded her labor-weary hands.

"It was only for Efflam I lingered so long," she said. "Only for her that I outlived the destruction of my people. Now I can die in peace."

And in peace, ere the moon changed, she died.

Then whispered Guntz to his young, weeping wife:

"Come, my white bird; let us fly from this ruined nest, and build a new one over the mountain."

But Efflam replied:

"No, no, my beloved! We should not leave the dear *curé*. We are the last of his scattered flock. The princes from the castle and the peasants from the cottages, all war-driven, have fled hence. Let us remain, to share with the good priest who baptized us all that God is kind enough to send."

And the holy man blessed his two dear children—his two dear *fidèles*,—who, while the others forgot God in the contemplation of their misfortunes, never failed to kneel side by side each morning, filling the emptiness of the tiny church of Kraunitz.

But one Sunday, alas! Guntz came alone. The next day he came not at all. With the Wine and the Bread of the sacred chalice mingled the tears of the priest. Efflam was dying.

"After the Mass thou wilt carry her the Sacrament," Guntz had said; "and thou

* For THE "AVE MARIA," from the French of Paul Féval, by Dawn Graye.

wilt abide with her till I return. She has craved some milk of the wild goat, and I go to seek it for her."

Her bed drawn near the window, clasping close her crucifix, Efflam lay waiting her Lord's coming,—radiant, beautiful, the aureole of a saint seeming indeed to encompass her pure young brow.

"Never fear, *petite chèvre*," murmured Guntz aloud, as he bounded recklessly from crag to crag in his perilous pursuit, "I would not harm thee or thy little one. Never more will this hand carry death to one of God's creatures,—death the cruel, that threatens to take from me my beloved, the white soul of my heart. Halt! halt! It is but a drop of thy milk that I ask for Efflam,—she of the sunshine hair and the sapphire eyes. Surely didst thou know how fair she is, how gentle,—my joy! my life!" And, lifting his face to Heaven, he added: "O Lord Jesus! O Divine Mother of Mercy, leave me not alone in that desolate dwelling, whence the spirit will have fled with Efflam's! Leave me not in exile when she is summoned Home. Suffer us to die together—together—together!"

One can not at the same time look down at the earth and up to the sky. Guntz had reached a sort of landing-place among the jagged ridges of the mountain-side. In the frozen snow his foot slipped; in the effort to recover himself, he was borne over the treacherous edge. Holding by both hands, he hung suspended. Above him heaven, around him space, within him *faith*; below him—far, far below—the gilded steeple of the little church; in the valley, his little cottage, the door and window open for Efflam's soul to pass.

"Ah, sweet Mother," he thought, "thou hast heard my prayer! I am to die first; but oh, the Blessed Sacrament, the Divine Bread of my journey!—who will bring It to me here?"

The pale lips of Efflam had parted to

receive the Viaticum. In that moment's solemn thanksgiving her eyes sought the sky. Bathed in the scarlet glory of the rising sun rose the snow-crowned Silverberg. But, ah, that black silhouette!

"Guntz! Guntz, my husband!" The human love in Efflam's heart cried out the first. Then, with a supreme effort rising in her bed, joining death-chilled hands, "O my God, my Saviour," she cried, "save him! He too is about to die, but all alone there. Lord, I have Thee with me for the journey, and Guntz has Thee not. Thou hast come to me. O Lord my God, go to him!"

At these words the priest, forgetting the impossibility of reaching him in time, rushed to the door. As he did so, a consecrated Host fluttered from the ciborium,—up, up, mysteriously borne upward, as the soul of Efflam asked, to where the soul of Guntz awaited. Nearer, still nearer, he saw It floating—a shining white star of divine love.

"*Non sum dignus!*" Guntz murmured, as the Bread of Angels reached his parted lips; and, closing his eyes, in a few minutes he loosed his hold and fell—just as Efflam sank back upon her pillow, dead.

Lying at the foot of the precipice, composed as one who has fallen asleep upon a bed of flowers, they found Guntz, and bore him back to be buried with Efflam, in one grave.

Half way up the grand old Silverberg, that holy landing-place is marked by a cross of black granite, reared by the old *curé* of Kraunitz. It is known to all the peasants as the Cross of the Miracle—the *Wunder Kreuz* of the Tyrol.

JUST as the withered and unsightly leaves trodden into the soil help to form new beauty in the coming spring, so even the past that we regret may, if used aright, help to form a better and a fairer record in the future.

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A CERTAIN KIND OF NOVELS.

"I SEEM," said the Poet, "somehow, far behind the times. Everything is becoming so 'twentieth' century. I don't know where I am. In my time so much was not demanded of people. A girl, if she was not expected to earn her living, learned bits out of Shakspeare, and elegant extracts, and a little music and a little French. If she was expected to earn her living—though, of course, everybody hoped she would marry and help some estimable man to earn his living,—there were not so many accomplishments. Still, the making of wax-flowers was looked on as a necessity."

"It is changed," said the Conservative, lifting his head from a big book,—“and for the worse. Where is this higher education going to stop? Even the small girls are going in for modern literature. They don't talk about Miss Alcott or Mrs. Whitney any more. It is 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' forsooth!”

"Well," said the Indiana Student, "why not? You do not think that young people are to be kept out of the currents of the time, do you? He who runs may read nowadays; and even young girls ought to be permitted to discuss what they read. I am afraid you are not modern, sir."

The Conservative gazed at the young man's football head in silence. Visions of the precious birch twig of the past flitted before him.

"Modern?" he repeated, laying down his big book. "Not so very long ago no respectable man parted his hair in the middle."

"There's warrant for it in the pictures of the old masters,—and high warrant,

sir," promptly retorted the Student. "The other day I saw an old print of an Italian Cardinal with a 'bang.'"

The Conservative took up his teacup in silence. There was a pause, during which the modern Student did not show proper compunction for his audacity.

"There are certain books that ought not to be discussed, and least of all by young girls," remarked the Conservative. "Would you care to have your sister read 'The Heavenly Twins' or 'The Yellow Aster'?"

"No," answered the Student, promptly. "They might affect her literary style,—they are both in such bad form."

"But the morality?" said the Conservative, with a look of alarm on his face until he had made certain that the Lady of the House had left the room.

"I don't think my sister is a fool," replied the Student. "She's an American girl, brought up in a good school. Her mother and the Sisters have taught her the difference between right and wrong. What would be the use of all her education if a badly written novel could harm her? And I don't think that 'The Heavenly Twins' is immoral,—it's vulgarly plain-spoken: it might have been written by the old nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"And I presume," said the Conservative, solemnly, "that *you* read everything. You forget that there is such a thing as the Index."

"I do not know much about the Index, but I am not so utterly conscienceless as to read any book forbidden in that way," said the Student, with some warmth. "But during vacation one always reads the book that is most talked about. Everybody does. I don't read Zola, because he is nasty. I did begin 'Lourdes' in the New York *Herald*, but couldn't manage it. If you don't want us to read current literature, you'll have to keep the newspapers out of our way,—that's all. The newspaper has changed things. My sister

wouldn't read 'Lourdes' even if she saw it printed in a serial in the newspaper every day. She is too well brought up for that; she is too reverent; and, besides, coarseness shocks her. But there'd be no use in locking up the book, since all the newspapers have been full of it."

The Conservative groaned.

"All the girls have read 'Ships that Pass in the Night,'" said the Student. "And, gracious! who'd give a cent for a girl who could be spoiled by a book? You people have been living in the nineteenth century. You don't know the twentieth-century girl. She's not a tender white violet, to be blighted by a touch of frost."

"You seem to have studied the subject, young man?" said the Conservative.

"No," answered the Student; "but I am writing an essay on it."

"I sincerely hope that no mother will permit her daughter to discuss either of these novels, if she has had the misfortune to read them—"

"If she has had the misfortune to read them," said the Poet, "she had better discuss them with her mother. Indeed, if the reading of such books should lead a girl to go to her mother, and prevent what Coventry Patmore calls 'modern undivine silences,' one could almost forgive their authors. Coarse as they are, they are better than the hot-house romantic novels, which idealized evil and wrecked thousands of young lives.

"It's all a muddle," said the Conservative, with a groan.

"You don't mean to say that 'Ships that Pass in the Night' is a bad book?" put in the Student, fishing the sugar out of the bottom of his cup.

"For some people—yes," said the Poet. "It could not harm any well-instructed Catholic; in fact, it seems to me that its effect might possibly be good."

"Young girls have no business to keep up with current literature," remarked the Conservative, sharply. "They ought to

stick to the English classics, or to such books as are chosen for them."

"But they don't," said the Poet, "and they won't. 'Ships that Pass in the Night' seems to me to come from a sad heart,—a heart as sad as Hamlet's. It represents the pessimism which must always exist without dogma. I confess that the story brought tears to my eyes."

"The Poet is easily affected," said the Philistine, suppressing a yawn.

"I am not ashamed of it. The Philistine objects to the story because the Disagreeable Man and the heroine went out so often without a chaperon."

"I do, decidedly. I consider 'Ships that Pass in the Night' sentimental bosh. A well-brought up girl would have been circumspect and minded her own business."

"And missed an opportunity of doing a heavenly kindness," said the Poet. "Miss Harraden's book shows that there is a struggle toward the light in nearly every human soul. She does not recognize the supernatural; her hero and heroine have been deprived of the faith that consoles; but I fancy that the book will affect Catholics with hearts for their good. 'Oh,' one can not help saying, 'if these people only believed!' The human heart may be deceitful, but it yearns for good. Deprived of faith, it yearns for good yet more strongly. And the yearning and sadness we find in 'Ships that Pass in the Night' fill me with a deep desire that this longing human heart—the heart of our century—should be guided to the Crib of Our Lord."

"A Poet can make anything pretty," said the Philistine.

"The old man is—I beg pardon,—he's about right," said the twentieth-century Student. "That's just the way my sister looks at it, and she's up to date."

IF sensuality were happiness, beasts were happier than men; but human felicity is lodged in the soul, not in the flesh.—*Seneca*.

A Word in Season.

THE words "grant us peace" were added to the *Agnus Dei* in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at a time when the peace of the Church was disturbed by factious spirits, and her progress arrested by dissension among her followers. Sad to say, a similar condition of things now exists in the Church of America. It were quite useless to close our eyes to this fact, which is as stubborn as it is deplorable. We are in great danger of becoming a divided host. The spirit of dissension has taken possession of us. The weak are scandalized, the good disheartened, the erring hardened. Our enemies wonder and exult.

The evils ever consequent on disunion are beginning to be felt in various ways. The cause of religion is suffering. A decade of years ago all was harmony with us. Nowhere in the world was the growth of the Church more vigorous, nowhere was the faith making greater progress than in our own country. Our leaders were united among themselves; their subordinates were obedient and dutiful; the laity, devoted and loyal. Who that knows aught of the situation at present will say that a lamentable change has not set in,—that there is anything like the old-time *esprit de corps* among those who should be one; the same spirit of obedience and self-sacrifice among priests, the generous devotion and respect for ecclesiastical authority that formerly characterized the laity?

The harm done to the Church by organized bigotry, the evil occasioned by individual scandal, the injury resulting from lack of zeal, or incompetency, is trifling compared to the ruin wrought by dissensions. If this conviction were not shared by others better qualified than are we to judge, we should hesitate to express it. We hold in our hand a letter addressed

to a friend by one of the most prominent men in the United States, a publicist whose views are widely quoted, and everywhere regarded as those of a great and good man. He has often before given proof of deep sympathy with the aims of our holy religion. The fact of his not being a Catholic lends a certain weight to his opinion. These are his words: "During one hundred years of American experience, the Church grew, prospered, and gained continually in power and numbers. A more encouraging condition could not be imagined. All was right, and no quarrel disturbed the peace; but now there are quarrels everywhere. Progress must be stopped, as far as it is possible."

If those who are guilty before God of destroying the peace of the Church in this country could only be brought to realize the evil they have done, they would be appalled at its magnitude. They have outraged decency, wounded charity, violated truth and justice, relaxed discipline, injured good works. Theirs is the crime of scandalizing Christ's little ones, and of confirming non-Catholics in their deep-rooted prejudices against the Church, which all are commanded to hear. What shall be said of an ecclesiastic who would rather cause scandal than suffer a wound to his dignity, or endure some slight abuse of power? We say *slight*, though *seeming* would be a more exact term. Abuse of authority is rare in our country. The very air we breathe is fatal to any form of oppression. The reign of a tyrant is necessarily brief; an arbitrary ruler is made to feel the error of his ways at the first offence. The class of men who are always "against the Government" are the ones who would abuse authority if they were vested with it. An ecclesiastic who sets his reputation above the general interests of religion is a whited sepulchre. What virtue can there be in any one who having it in his power to stop scandal, lets it grow and spread, perhaps foment it? Such

men as these are unworthy of their high calling, and if put to the test would promptly deny Him whom they profess to serve. It will take a long time to repair the evil that has been wrought. Woe to those by whom that evil has come!

The approach of Christmas, when angel choirs proclaimed peace on earth to men of good-will, should remind us of the duty of praying for the reign of peace,—peace with God, peace with our neighbor, peace with ourselves. *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem!*

Notes and Remarks.

A devotion that is spreading with unexampled rapidity in France is that to St. Anthony of Padua as the friend of the indigent. Each city, each parish is erecting a statue to St. Anthony; and what is known as *l'Œuvre du Pain* (the society for providing bread for the poor) is effecting great good among those whom the distress of recent years has reduced to a state of actual misery. The more wealthy members of Catholic congregations voluntarily contribute to this excellent work, in gratitude for favors obtained through the holy Thaumaturgus; and an incidental result of their charity is an appreciable lessening of that spirit of hatred and envy which in these days too often exists between different social classes. It is ardently to be hoped that the spirit of St. Anthony may become more general. The question of the social conflict—the war of poverty against wealth—will be practically solved wherever that spirit reigns.

The Rev. Dr. Barry has published in the *Catholic World* some admirable articles dealing with "Prof. Huxley's Admissions"; and in the current *Century*, Prof. A. J. Dubois asks the question, "What has Science to Do with Religion?" It is an interesting circumstance that these two writers, representing very different beliefs, and starting from opposite

theological camps, should have attacked Mr. Huxley at almost the same point. Dr. Barry contends that as much faith is required to believe in the natural as in the supernatural; Prof. Dubois undertakes the verification of the spiritual life by daily experience. Dr. Barry's is much the abler article; but the following passage from the Professor's paper will be interesting, as illustrating the most recent Protestant thought about the Bible: "The only basis upon which any religion can stand, or has a right to stand, is at bottom identical with that upon which science rests—viz.: the basis of universal experience, the testimony of universal consciousness, the result of daily verification.... This is a basis which lies outside of the 'relations of biblical authors concerning the Old World'; and therefore, if allowed, it does not follow that to invalidate the one is to destroy the other. On the contrary, faith still remains in 'contact with fact'; and such contact is not impaired simply because an added warrant is found in the Scriptures. Indeed, it is because of this basis that the Scriptures exist. We do not accept it because of the Scriptures: we accept the Scriptures because of it. They are the record of a fact, but they are not the fact."

It may be doubted whether either of these articles, admirable as they are, will greatly affect Mr. Huxley's point of view. A man who declares that until his dying day he will labor for the overthrow of the Church can hardly be credited with a scientific frame of mind, though he may pass for a great scientist.

A conference of Episcopalian ministers, held recently in Boston, furnished an excellent illustration of the discordant elements which go to make up that sect. There were men of narrow and intolerant views, and others, evidently men of holy life and honest purpose, who rose almost to the heights of Catholic faith. One of these latter was the Rev. W. B. Hale, whose writings in the *Forum* have lately attracted much attention. Among other good things Mr. Hale said:

"The programme advocated by those who have addressed the congress is that the church should cease to devote herself exclusively to the Gospel,

and open libraries, gymnasiums, and music-rooms. It is even said that this is the Gospel, and that a church has not attained its definition till it has these adjuncts. I have no theological brickbats for the ministers who look down from the dizzy heights of their superiority with some contempt for men who find sufficient exercise for their lesser ability in preaching, visiting the sick, and administering the sacraments; but against them I protest that the church is something with an immediate, particular and definite office; that it is an institution which a description of the varied work in which they are engaged, simply does not define....

"This century is talking a good deal of solemn nonsense about itself. With its new woman and its new philanthropy and its new theology, it thinks it wants a *fin-de-siècle* church. It is a wonderful age, but there is something more wonderful far—the Holy Catholic Church, whose life spans the ages, and is the marvel of them all....

"Let the zeal and ingenuity now given to the invention of attractions be devoted to the spreading of the story of Jesus and His love. Let vulgarity and sensationalism be put away; let the sermons of the church's prophets ring with the call to Christian warfare,—with the proclamation of the gospel of faith, righteousness, and judgment to come. Let the hearts of her people, gathered before the Cross, burn again with the fervor of devotion to the Crucified Saviour. Let her priests feel again that their highest duty is to stand at her altars, and from week to week commemorate before the eyes of men the Sacrifice of Calvary."

Nobly said, Mr. Hale! The Christian life is a warfare to which men can not be urged by sentimental sermons, gymnasiums or music-rooms. The stern truths of real religion alone have power to do that. In proportion as any sect ignores or fails to emphasize these truths, its power over heart and life is minimized. There are others than Episcopalians who are sometimes tempted to feed their people upon *bouillons* instead of strong meats.

Church choirs have always been difficult to manage. Even in the good old days of faith, it would seem, sermons were sometimes preached to a *pianissimo* accompaniment by the choir. In the *Holy Cross Magazine* we find the following regulation made by the parish council of Aberdeen, in 1505, "for the uphaldin and sustening of divine service in the queir and kirk of Aberdeen, in the honor of God, the gloriouse Virgin Mary, Sanct Nicholes, yar Patron, and ale Sanctis: Quha that beis fund absent sal pay for ilk falt on

the ferial days iid, on the haly day four pennies and in ilk principal fest VIIId vnfor-given... and quha that cumis to the queir and will nocht sing, or that beis notit haldan tauk in the samen sal be report as absent."

We are not told the effect of this ordinance upon the giddy choristers, but we may hope that the canny legislation bore good fruit. We throw this out as a hint to distracted pastors, whose choristers "beis fund absent," and sometimes even "beis notit haldan tauk."

The late General Gibson, U. S. A., besides being a brave soldier, was skilled in the gentler art of speech, and his utterances were characterized by a candor and earnestness which made him eagerly sought after on public occasions. In an address delivered some years ago, he thus referred to the influence of religion in our great civil war:

"When I was a young man, before the great struggle between the North and South, I was somewhat prejudiced against the Catholic Church.... Well, the cry came, 'To Arms!' and I presume it is hardly necessary for me to tell an Ohio audience that I had the honor of commanding an Ohio regiment—the 49th Volunteers. After a day's engagement, in which our forces were badly beaten, I looked out from headquarters—which were located on an eminence—upon the scene of the conflict; and through the field-glass I could see black-robed figures going around among the wounded and dying soldiers. I immediately ordered my aid-de-camp to go down and see who those black-robed figures were, and report as soon as possible to me. He hastily returned, almost breathless, and exclaimed: 'General, those figures are Sisters of Charity, who are ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers.'... I was amazed, and concluded to make a personal investigation. I went down into the scene of the great conflict, accompanied by some of my staff officers. I didn't have to go far before coming across a black-robed figure that was cold in death. This heroine of heroines died at her post. She was not regularly mustered into the service, she received no pecuniary compensation; but oh, what a reward will be hers! Her companions were still engaged in succoring the wounded and dying. When I saw this with my own eyes on that eventful day, I returned thanks on bended knees to the Omnipotent God for opening my eyes to the sublime grandeur of the Roman Catholic Church."

These glowing passages convey a faint intimation of the important part played by the Sisters in breaking down the ramparts of prejudice and in preparing well-disposed

men for the gift of faith. If Catholics in time of peace showed half the courage and virtue displayed by these noble women in time of war, how many strayed souls would be brought home, and how many others would exclaim, as General Gibson exclaimed toward the close of his days: "Oh, how often have I since prayed that God might forgive me for my wrong impressions of the Catholic Church!"

That there is a very dark side in the contemporary history of the Independent State of Congo is becoming clear from recent correspondence in our French exchanges. Not long ago a writer in the *Univers*, speaking from personal observation, formulated the charges that intolerable abuses against the morality and the liberty of the Blacks were being perpetrated in that State. Thereupon the Belgian correspondent of the *Univers* protested against the charge, accused the first writer of error or exaggeration, and appealed to Bishop Augouard, of Upper Congo, to support his contention that the charge was false. But Mgr. Augouard, far from denying the charge, bears testimony to its manifest truth, and in a long letter to the *Univers* discloses a state of affairs that is eminently deplorable. Among other statements, he makes this: "It is a disgrace to practise slavery under a humanitarian cloak." And he speaks of "certain agents who not only practise wholesale polygamy, but commit monstrous abuses which no decent pen can describe." It seems that the offspring of a white man and a native woman are held to be the *property* of the State. On the whole, it would appear that there is strong need of turning the white light of truth on some matters in the Congo State; and it is to be hoped that this recent *exposé* will tend to the cessation of the veritable slave-trade and flagrant immorality which are too clearly prevalent in portions of the Dark Continent generally supposed to be enjoying the salutary influences of European civilization.

Death found the proverbial shining mark in his Eminence Cardinal Gonzales, who passed away in Madrid last month, after a

long life spent in the service of religion. He was a member of the Order of St. Dominic, and held many important posts in his community before being called to the bishopric of Malaga in 1874. He was afterward transferred to the See of Cordova, and subsequently became Archbishop of Seville. It was in the seclusion of his convent that this great Dominican acquired that perfect mastery of the spiritual life which found expression in his life as well as in his admirable books. His "History of Philosophy" and his compendium of scholastic teaching are imperishable monuments to his learning. The robber-King of Italy found in Cardinal Gonzales one of the most powerful and persistent opponents of the policy by which the Pope was despoiled of liberty and temporal estate. Of late years Cardinal Gonzales had been occupied with scientific, biblical, and archæological studies, by which he rendered valiant service to the Church. He was regarded as one of the foremost Catholic apologists of the century. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Vincent Jolly, O.S.B., pastor of Purcell, Ind. Ter., whose happy death took place on the 25th ult.

Mother M. Aloysius, of the Presentation Convent, Aberdeen, Dakota; and Sister Mary Sylvester, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, St. Louis, Mo., who were lately called to their heavenly reward.

Mr. R. Rae Moyer, who departed this life on the 7th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Stephen Kelly, of New Haven, Conn., who yielded his soul to God last month.

Miss Martha C. Estee, whose life closed peacefully on the 16th ult., at Charlestown, Mass.

Miss Mary A. Powers, of Somerville, Mass., who died a holy death on the 30th ult.

Mr. William Conway, of Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Dalrymple, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Hannah McAlister, Wilmington, Del.; Patrick McKeone, Keokuk, Iowa; Margaret L. Murphy, Baltimore, Md.; and Eugene B. Farrell, Williamsport, Dakota.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

* -

Christmas is Coming.

AS Christmas, the Feast of the Infant,
draws near,

Its spirit creeps into the air;
The sleigh-bells ring out with a music more
clear,
The joy of the children they share.

The stars seem to twinkle with happier light,
As if proud that a beautiful Star
Was chosen to guide the old Magi aright
To the Cave from their dwellings afar.

The Angels of God, with fluttering wing,
Are poising 'round Him they adore,
Awaiting the hour when heaven shall ring
With "Glorias" loud as of yore.

So, children, prepare for the beautiful day,
The birthday of gladness and peace;
Ask Mary to place the sweet Babe in your
arms,
And gladness shall nevermore cease.

Johnnie's Convert.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.



HERE was no innocent mischief concocted among the boys at St. Gregory's School in which Johnnie O'Brien was not a ringleader. Sister André, his teacher, called him her "despair,"

the reproof on her lip all the while denied by the smile in her eye. But he was first

in the catechism class, in spite of his mischievous ways; and while serving at the altar, it would have been something extraordinary indeed that could have coaxed from him even the ghost of a smile. This is, I know, unusual among even the best boys; but of Johnnie O'Brien the fact is strictly true.

His mother was a widow. His father had been a soldier, and had died from the effects of wounds contracted in the service of his country. Johnnie and his mother lived on their pension money, supplemented by what Mrs. O'Brien could earn by washing and house-cleaning.

One day an old friend of the family made his appearance, in the shape of Sergeant Blinn, who, after several years' absence, had wandered back to the coast, in search of the health and length of days that the beautiful, even climate promises to those who take advantage of their opportunities before it is too late. Having persuaded Mrs. O'Brien to take him as a lodger—something it was not difficult to do, as the sum paid for his board made a little addition to her small income,—he and Johnnie soon became confidential friends.

The first Sunday of his sojourn in the O'Brien household, a touch of rheumatism in his elbows and knees caused the Sergeant to remain in bed. But when the second Sunday arrived, and Johnnie saw him making no preparation for church, he said:

"Sergeant, it's getting kind of late. Last Mass is at ten."

"Mass!" said the Sergeant, screwing up his eyes and assuming a quizzical smile. "What should I be doing at Mass? I'm no Cawtholic."

Johnnie's countenance fell.

"Not a Catholic!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"And why should you be sorry, my boy?" inquired the old man, not unkindly.

"Well, first of all, because it's the true Church," said Johnnie, bravely; "and, then, you see, I like all my friends to belong to it."

"The true Church be hanged!" said the Sergeant, brusquely. "I call that cant, Johnnie; and, if I were you, I'd drop it at once. God never made any man to damn him, says I; and I'll stick to it as long as I have breath in my body. Your father was as good a man and as brave a soldier as ever lived, Johnnie; but his being a Cawtholic had nothing to do with it; for I've known hundreds just as good and quite as brave, and they were nothing in the way of religion."

Johnnie hesitated a moment.

"Sergeant," he said at last, "I know my father was a good man; but he told me himself that if it hadn't been for a mission he attended once, when he got into the way of going to the Sacraments regularly again, he would have been a terrible drunkard; for he was falling into bad habits. That mission saved him."

"Well, Johnnie," replied the Sergeant, in a tone that intimated a desire to end the conversation, "I haven't anything against the Cawtholics, but I can do my duty just as well without going to church as if I went every Sunday of my life, and sang long psalms through my nose, and shouted 'Amens' and 'Halleluias' till I split my throat to pieces."

"We don't do like that in the Catholic church," said Johnnie, a trifle haughtily. "I think you would like it very much if you went to Mass. We have a beautiful choir and—"

"Run along, Johnnie; run along!" called Mrs. O'Brien from the bedroom. "And don't keep the priest waiting for you on the altar. It isn't for the like of you to be instructing a man as old as Sergeant Blinn."

With Johnnie his mother's command was law, so there was nothing left to do but comply with her behest. But his mind was much troubled. All through the Mass he thought of what had occurred, and more than once reflected upon what would be the unhappy fate of Sergeant Blinn in case he should continue in his present irreligious state of mind, particularly if he had not been baptized.

Dinner over, the Sergeant took his customary seat on the back porch, preparatory to having a smoke and a nap. Here Johnnie found him.

"Sergeant," said he, abruptly, "were you ever baptized?"

"Never," said the Sergeant, tersely, taking the pipe from his mouth and looking fixedly, and not very pleasantly, at the little boy, who did not seem in the least alarmed by his attitude.

"Were your folks infidels?" he asked, returning the Sergeant's gaze without fear, yet not impertinently.

"No!" thundered the Sergeant. "My father was as good a Presbyterian as ever lived. I defy any of your Cawtholics to beat him in Christianity."

"Sergeant," continued Johnnie, "are you an Englishman? You say *Cawtholic*, you know, instead of Catholic, and it sounds funny."

"I'm a border-man," answered the Sergeant. "That is, I was born on the border between England and Scotland. But I've been in America since I was a boy of your age—say twelve. Come here, and I'll tell you a story about the time they burned the martyrs in England. I'd like to tease you a bit, my boy, you're such an evangelizer."

But Johnnie waived the invitation. He

had no intention of thus dismissing the subject now nearest his heart.

"And so you're not baptized?" he said, leaning firmly against the post.

"No," replied the Sergeant, in a mollified tone; for the situation began to seem humorous to him. "My mother was what they call in England a Friend—you say Quaker in this country,—and they do not believe in baptism, or the like."

"But if you were dying, Sergeant, you would have a desire to be baptized, wouldn't you?"

"No, of course I wouldn't," answered the Sergeant.

"Then do you know what would become of you?" asked Johnnie, in the most solemn tone of which his little voice was capable. "You would never be saved,—you would never see the face of God."

"And how do you know that?" asked the Sergeant, who was beginning to find Johnnie's seriousness very amusing.

But at this juncture Mrs. O'Brien interposed. She had been washing the dishes, and had heard the greater part of the conversation.

"Johnnie!" she said, coming to the door with the dish-cloth, in her hand. "What did I tell you this morning? What an opinion the Sergeant must have of a small boy like yourself dictating to him on the matter of religion, when your father—God rest his soul!—just attended to his own, and never mentioned the word, and they such comrades together from year's end to year's end! I can't think what's come to you at all, at all. Come inside and get ready for Sunday-school."

Rather shamefacedly now, the boy turned about and re-entered the house, where, in the privacy of the bedroom, his mother continued her lecture, which she enforced by a strict prohibition against any further religious discussion; concluding, however, with the following wise and Christian counsel:

"At the same time, I'll not say but what

it would be a fine thing if the Sergeant could find the grace of God; and it would not be amiss if the both of us said a prayer for him now and again. That'll be the best way to convert the like of him."

After which Johnnie hurried off in the best of spirits.

I hope my young readers will not think that Johnnie was what is called "a prig." Not so, by any means. On the contrary, the day following this Sunday experience he was "kept in" for having tied the legs of another boy to the desk,—an offence which had caused not a little merriment in the schoolroom when the unsuspecting victim of Johnnie's playfulness arose to recite.

When Sister André came to dismiss him and close the schoolroom, she was surprised at his serious demeanor: he generally took his punishment, as she thought, too lightly. A few moments' conversation revealed to her that he had indeed been thinking more deeply than she had ever believed he could do; and the Sisters were much edified that evening at recreation by her account of what had occurred, with the further result that another "intention" was added to their already numerous list. Suffice it for us to know that as Johnnie ran gaily home, swinging his book strap around his shoulders, he said to himself:

"It's the same thing mother told me to do, and I'll do it every day of my life from this day forward."

Time passed. Johnnie and the genial Sergeant continued close intimates, but there was never a word said on the subject of religion.

One morning the old man remained in his room: he had been seized with a violent attack of rheumatism. The doctor was summoned, and shook his head when acquainted with the symptoms of his patient. Danger to the heart seemed imminent, but this was to be kept a secret from the Sergeant.

Johnnie waited upon him most willingly and faithfully; Mrs. O'Brien nursed him as well as she knew how. But the sick man grew more irritable every day, his sufferings being extremely great. He accused the good woman of neglecting him, told her her fingers were all thumbs, and made special complaint of the way she arranged his bed. Mrs. O'Brien bore his humors with great patience; for she had a kind and tender heart, and knew that the murmurs of the invalid were caused by his condition, which gave him not a moment's freedom from pain.

One morning the doctor came in. Before his departure he said to the widow:

"Mrs. O'Brien, has the old man any money or any relatives?"

"Neither the one nor the other," was the reply. "He has often told me he hadn't one belonging to him. And his pension dies with him,—it has been his only support."

"Well, then, it is hardly worth while to disturb him by telling him he has not long to live. He won't last more than a fortnight."

As he left the house, the widow turned to her son, and said very solemnly:

"'Tis borne upon me, Johnnie, that we ought to do something for his soul, now that he's near his last end. But how we'll come around it, and he so cross and cranky with pain, I'm sure I can't tell."

Wiping a tear from her eye, she looked at the boy, as if expecting him to make a suggestion. For a moment he was silent; then he said—and there was a sob in his voice as he spoke:

"Mother, you told me once that all we could do was to pray. Sister said the same thing, and promised to ask the other Sisters. I've been praying ever since; but we've got to do an awful lot of it now, and do it in a hurry too."

At that instant the Sergeant called:

"Johnnie!"

The boy went to his room.

"What can I do for you, Sergeant?" he asked, standing in the darkest corner, so that the old man might not see his agitation.

"This bed is so hard," said the sick man. "Maybe if a cot could be put up at the side of it, and I could be moved into it instead of to the rocking-chair, I would rest better,—keeping the bed for the night. But your mother really doesn't know how to make a bed, Johnnie,—and that's the truth."

A sudden inspiration—for it was nothing less—seized the boy.

"Sergeant," he said, eagerly, "I know some one that *does* know how to make beds; for she served three years in the hospital."

"Who?" asked the Sergeant, carelessly. He was not partial to hospital nurses.

"Sister Augustine. She teaches at the school."

"One of the Cawtholic Sisters? She would not come here to me."

"Indeed she would, and be glad to come. She would know some way maybe to help your pain better than mother does, for she is a fine nurse. May I ask her?"

"Oh, I don't care, I don't care!" said the sick man. "Anything, anybody that will help me a little."

Away Johnnie flew. It was Saturday morning and a holiday. When he returned after a short absence, two Sisters accompanied him.

Mrs. O'Brien welcomed them joyfully, glad to be released from a task for which she had willingness, but not fitness. Johnnie and a companion who lived in the neighborhood were next dispatched to borrow a cot, upon which the old man was placed, amid a multitude of fresh comforters and pillows brought from the hospital.

He soon fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke one of the Sisters was fanning him. He smiled gratefully in her face, but said nothing. Presently he fell asleep

again, and so continued during the greater part of the day. The Sisters went away, but he seemed very quiet and content. In the evening they returned, made up the bed—which had been put to air,—gave him a light sleeping draught, and retired. That night also he slept well. The next morning he felt much better.

So it went on for several days; the old man seemed to be rapidly improving. But one morning the rain fell in torrents, and the pain in the sufferer's limbs became intense. Until now the Sergeant had been able to hobble from his bed with assistance, but to-day he found it impossible to rise. He grew very cross, declared to the Sisters they were hurting him, and finally ordered them, in no gentle tones, to leave the room. Indeed, the words he made use of were: "Get out of here!" They obeyed him silently, leaving Johnnie behind, red with shame and mortification.

Poor Mrs. O'Brien had a terrible time that day, but the good woman kept her patience. When evening approached, the Sergeant looked longingly at the door. Sister Augustine soon made her appearance, inquired cheerfully how he felt, and asked him if he thought he could bear to be moved.

"I have brought a couple of convalescents over," she said; "they will assist you from your bed to the cot, while I prepare it for the night."

Ashamed of the occurrence of the morning, the Sergeant meekly acquiesced in all she said or proposed to do. But when he came to be moved, the young men went about it so awkwardly that, half crazed by the pain, the Sergeant lifted his hand and struck, as he supposed, one of them across the face. He commanded them to restore him to his bed, which they did, and he was left alone.

The next morning the pain was much decreased; and when the Sister entered his room as usual, followed by Johnnie, the old man wished her a pleasant "Good-

morning!" to which she responded cheerfully, with the hope that his disease had passed the crisis, and that he would now get on nicely. It was evident from his manner that the Sergeant wished to apologize for his rudeness of the preceding day, but did not know how to go about it. Suddenly he looked at the Sister intently.

"Sister Augustine," he said, "what made that red mark on your cheek?"

Before she could reply, Johnnie, who could keep peace no longer, cried out:

"Sergeant, that's the mark you left last night when you hit her in the face; and I think it's an awful shame, so I do."

The old man turned crimson.

"Sister," he exclaimed,—*"Sister, tell me, is it true I did that? It was bad enough when I thought I hit the young fellow, but to think it should have been you, that's an angel of mercy and patience! Tell me, is the boy saying the truth?"*

But Sister Augustine only shook her head playfully, and went on making the bed. It was Johnnie again who made answer.

"Yes, it *is* the truth, Sergeant," he said. "And she wasn't mad one bit either. She just went there in the dark corner, and said a decade, and acted as if it was all a joke."

"Sister, come here," said the old man, in a pleading voice. "*Do* come over to me, for I can't go to you."

Sister Augustine did as the Sergeant begged her to do. Without waiting to finish her task, she approached his chair.

"Stand right there in front of me, please," he said, clasping his hands tightly together before him. "Now, Sister," he continued, "fancy, if you can, that I'm on my knees to you begging your pardon, as I ought to be, and as I would be if I could stir these old legs in the least. Do you forgive me?"

"Sergeant, do not distress yourself, I beg of you," said Sister Augustine. "I did not mind it at all, I assure you."

"God bless you!" returned the old man, fervently. "And now the next time you come, Sister, bring one of those catechisms with you, and I'll begin to study it; for it must be a good religion, and the best of religions, that can produce women like you."

The old man's voice trembled, and there were tears in the eyes of the smiling Sister of Charity. But Johnnie gave a wild whoop, which frightened his mother, who ran into the room, fearful that some terrible accident had happened. When she heard the good news, she cried and laughed by turns, and ended by kissing Johnnie, who, escaping from her arms, ran off to school, with his face wreathed in smiles and a prayer of gratitude in his kind heart.

And that was how Johnnie O'Brien converted the Sergeant,—who did not die, after all; but lived to do many a good turn for the kind Sisters, who had taught him lessons of patience and humility, not by words, but through the force of their meek example.

The Boy who Earned the Woodchuck.

It is a great pity that the grown people should hear all the witty things which are said after dinner, and that the young folks should be sent upstairs to learn their history lessons. There are, of course, many things said in what are called after-dinner speeches which children can not understand, or which would do them no good; but once in a while a little story is told which, I am sure, would be just as well appreciated by Jack and Tom as by their papas.

There is one man in America, and I leave you to guess his name, who is celebrated as a maker of these little speeches; and he never says anything coarse or irreligious, as so many people do who pretend to be witty, but only succeed in being blasphemous and unrefined.

It was this gentleman who once said to a table full that it was a well-known fact that it took about a year for a Scotchman to understand a joke.

"I do not see anything very amusing in your remark," said a native of the land of the heather, who sat at his elbow.

"Oh, but you will *in a year*," answered the genial speech-maker, who had forgotten until that moment that his neighbor was Scotch as an oat-cake.

It was Mr.—(there! I had almost told you his name) who said that he was like the old woman who declared there were three things she never could remember: names, dates, and she had forgotten the third. Everyone laughed, except a staid-looking Englishman, who in about an hour asked: "I say, my dear sir, was not that story about the old woman a bit of a puzzle?"

But it was what I will call the woodchuck story which strikes me especially as one which a boy can have a good, healthy laugh over.

A teacher, so this witty anecdotist tells us, was in charge of a country school; and one day, while hurrying to his duties, found a woodchuck in the woods, which some sportsman had killed and failed to carry away. The teacher himself had no use for a woodchuck, but at once arranged a plan by which it might be useful as a lesson to his boys; so he took it along with him. After school was in session he addressed his pupils, telling them how he had found the animal, and offering it as a prize to the one who could give the best reason for his political opinions. People say that there is nothing a boy will not accept, provided he thinks another boy wants it; so each little fellow began to put his reasons together and get ready with his arguments. The first boy stood up.

"I am a Republican."

"Why are you a Republican?"

"Because Abraham Lincoln was one, and he freed the slaves."

"Next boy. What are you?"

"I, sir, am a Prohibitionist."

"Why?"

"Because the insane asylums are filled with the victims of strong drink. Because it makes widows and orphans and criminals."

"That will do. Next boy stand up. What is your politics?"

"I am a Democrat."

"Why are you a Democrat?"

"Because I want the woodchuck."

He got it; and I believe that every boy who reads this, no matter what his politics, will say he deserved it.

FRANCESCA.

The Only Guilty Man.

A characteristic story is told of a certain Governor of a Southern State. He was passing through the penitentiary on a sort of inspection tour at a time when prisoners were permitted to accost the Governor whenever they saw him, to plead for pardon. He spoke to several of the convicts concerning the crimes of which they were accused, and the duration of their sentences.

"I," said one, "am here for a murder I never committed."

"I admit," said the next, "that I killed a man; but I did it in self-defence."

"Honestly, Governor," exclaimed another, "I am here for nothing at all! They say I stole, while I never took so much as a pin."

So it went on. The Governor spent an hour in investigating the cases of the convicts, and failed to find one who would admit that he was guilty of the least fault. Finally, as he was about leaving, he met a stalwart young man wearing the prison dress, and carrying a load of some sort of produce for use in the kitchen. The man saluted the Governor respectfully, and was about to pass on.

"Hold on, my man!" said the Governor.

"Don't you want a word with me?"

"Why, I wish you good-morning, sir. I don't know that I have anything else to say."

"Don't want to be pardoned?"

"Why, your Excellency, I should like my freedom as well as any man, but I don't know why I deserve it."

"What are you here for?"

"Stealing horses, sir."

"And you are innocent, of course?"

"No, your Excellency: I did steal them, and have three years more to serve."

"Well, you needn't serve but three months more," said the Governor. "The men in this place, it appears, are all innocent. You will contaminate them, being guilty by your own confession."

The young horse-thief, who had won the Governor's good-will by telling the truth, was set at liberty the next day, and at last accounts was an honest and useful citizen.

The Carthusian Table.

In old Mexico, not far from Monterey, there is a large plateau situated 2,500 feet above sea level, called the Carthusian Table. This plateau contains no less than 80,000 acres of level land, and is in the form of a crescent. It abounds in running streams, an unusual and desirable thing in an arid country. One is obliged to traverse a path five feet wide and three miles long before reaching the top of this singular mountain, and the ascent is very perilous.

The Carthusian Table was named after the Carthusian monks by a tribe of Indians who formerly occupied it, and who were taught by the Fathers. It is now used as a summer resort by a wealthy banker, who is known as Señor Don Patricio Melmo, but who was called in his native Ireland just plain Patrick Mullens.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XXXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

No. 25.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright Rev D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

A Christmas Hymn.

BY THE RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

HEARKEN what songs the Angels sing!
For lo! this night is born
In Bethlehem the soul's high King,
More gracious than spring morn.

To God be praise, to men good-will,
For Peace begins her reign;
No more shall good be slave of ill,
Nor highest hope be vain.

See how the stars with new delight
Send forth their conscious beams,
And spirits watch through the blest night
While the Infant Jesus dreams.

The Shepherds, staying near their sheep,
In silent rapture stand;
The Mother holds her Babe asleep,
Who sits at God's right hand.

Oh, let glad Christmas carols sound,
Let children's voices rise,
Through the whole earth and seas around,
In echo to the skies!

The Saviour Christ is with us now;
We have nor dread nor fear:
We read God's seal upon His brow,
And know that He is near.

—♦♦♦—
MARY is the ever-blooming and unfading paradise in which was planted the Tree of Life, that yields to all the fruit of immortality.—*St. Proclus.*

The Heart of the Virgin Mother.



OUR devotion to the Immaculate Heart of the Blessed Virgin flows from, and is intimately connected and wound up with, devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. Next after the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, Mary is the creature dearest and most deeply interesting to mankind. Every act of hers, every word, every thought, is worthy of our most earnest and devout meditation; nay, every portion of her being, every faculty of her most holy soul, is worthy of our contemplation, of our homage and of our love. But devotion to the Heart of Mary is peculiarly useful and interesting, because it places and keeps before us not what our Blessed Mother said or did, but what she was. We are brought by this devotion, more perhaps than by any other, into personal contact with the ever-blessed Virgin,—a contact which makes the service of Jesus and of Mary easier, more consoling, more practical. It is, therefore, of no little importance to the devout client of Mary to understand the nature and the motives of this devotion to her Immaculate Heart.

And, first, what is the object of this devotion? What is it that the Church

commends directly to our veneration when she exhorts us to love and honor the Heart of Mary? There may be some who think that the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, as well as the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is merely a form of devout thanksgiving to Jesus and Mary for the exceeding love with which they have loved us. They consider that the Heart of Jesus surrounded with flames, and the Heart of Mary pierced with a sword, are suggested only as emblems of that burning and bleeding charity of our Redeemer and His Blessed Mother; but they do not conceive that we are invited to pay homage also to the material Hearts which beat in the bosom of Jesus and of Mary. It is a true Christian, a true Catholic instinct which prompts us all to feel and say that devotion to the Heart of Mary is something more than a mere commemoration of Mary's love for us.

The direct object of this devotion is Mary's own substantial, throbbing Heart of flesh and blood; not because it is flesh and blood, but because it is *her* flesh and blood. We are entitled and we are bound to adore, in the truest and strictest sense, the Sacred Humanity of Christ. We are entitled and we are bound to reverence the bodies, the relics, of God's canonized saints. So also are we entitled and bound to honor the body of Mary, most especially her pure Heart, with a special homage, transcending the honor we pay to holy relics, and falling short only (though falling short infinitely) of that adoration which is due even to the Body of Christ.

And why is the Heart of Mary selected as the special object of our love and homage? What is the formal object, as it is sometimes called, of this devotion? The motives of devotion to the Heart of Mary are many—more than can be enumerated. But what seems the chief motive is a very simple and a very obvious one; and it is this very motive which gives to this devotion a peculiar significance,—which

connects it with the essence of our holy religion, and makes the practice of it not merely an outpouring of our filial love for Mary, but, moreover, a solemn declaration of our belief in a fundamental dogma of Christianity,—the dogma proclaimed more than a thousand years ago by the Fathers of Ephesus,—the dogma of the Divine Maternity: that Mary is truly and literally the Mother of God.

We honor the Immaculate Heart of Mary because it was the centre of her life, the reservoir of that blood out of which was formed the material substance of our Divine Lord's sacred Body. That Body which was broken for us and by whose stripes we are healed; that Blood which has washed away from our souls the stain of original guilt, and which has removed, and daily removes, from the soul of each of us the stains of actual sin,—that Body and that Blood which under the Eucharistic veils are our chief comfort here below, the chief food of our souls, the chief pledge of our Redemption,—that Body and that Blood were formed out of the blood of Mary; that precious treasure was from the mine of Mary's Immaculate Heart.

We read of pagans of old who dwelt by the banks of the Ganges, and worshipped that river as a god, that once in their lives they made, each of them, a pilgrimage to its source, and there prostrated themselves and offered sacrifice before that spring, which they foolishly believed to be the source of all power and all goodness. Well may the enlightened Christian make a pilgrimage, not once in his life, but every month and every day and every hour, to the Heart of Mary. If he feels, with St. Paul, that he has been redeemed at a great price; if, with St. Peter, he values more than the corruptible gold and silver of this world the Blood of Christ, in which he has been redeemed, well may he go and prostrate himself before the Heart of Mary, and worship with humble reverence

before that fountain from which the saving tide of Redemption has flowed upon him.

Other motives there are for loving and honoring the Heart of Mary, each good and solid and sufficient in itself,—motives which Christian piety suggests to all. Thus, we love and honor the Heart of Mary because it is the emblem of her undying maternal love for Jesus and for us. We love and honor the Heart of Mary because for our sake it was pierced with a sword of sorrow. When we dwell, as it is good for us to dwell, on the thought of her many dolours, we can not but feel how each of these griefs acted on her tender Heart,—how that Heart was well-nigh broken under the strength and acuteness of her pains; and how, on the other hand, its nerves and fibres and muscles held together and resisted the strain that was on them, and gave her the courage to drink her chalice of affliction to the last drop,—to follow her Divine Son to Calvary and to the tomb. We love and honor the Heart of Mary because we know and feel that every throb of that pure Heart beat in unison with the throbbings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We love and honor the Heart of Mary because it was there she stored up all the words of grace and salvation that fell from the lips of her Divine Son during their long sojourn together in Nazareth.

In fine, we love and honor the Heart of Mary—and this motive is not the least telling, for it is a practical motive,—because it is the model upon which we would fain mould our own wayward hearts. Our sanctity, depends on this moulding of our hearts. "Place me as a seal on thy heart, for love is strong as death." The heart is the centre of love; and love is the motive of all we do, whether for good or for evil. Why does the worldling stray away from God and live and die in sin? Is it from the want of knowing how he should walk? Full well he knows his duty. 'Knowledge,'

says St. Paul, 'puffeth up; but love is patient and doeth no evil.' He is lost because he has set his heart, with all its affections and all its energies, upon treasures that are perishable, and joys that pass away as a cloud. 'My Son,' says our Divine Lord to each of us, 'give Me thy heart; and be not of those who serve Me by word of mouth, and whose hearts are far from Me.'

We have in the Heart of Mary a model according to which we may educate our hearts to God's service. True, the Christian has a still higher and holier model to copy—the Heart of Jesus Christ Himself. But in striving to copy in our hearts the Heart of Mary, we have the consolation of knowing that hers was the heart of a mere human creature; and, besides, we are assured that if our hearts be like to hers, they can not but be like to the Heart of Jesus. The Heart of Mary, humble, patient, detached from everything that was not God, rejoicing and sorrowing, with Jesus, is a model which every Christian should study and imitate.

If we are afflicted let us draw our aching hearts near the Heart of the Virgin Mother, and try to forget our own sorrows in sympathizing with hers; and through the dolours and merits of her bleeding Heart will be poured out upon us the grace of patience and long-suffering. If we have sinned and have not yet repented truly, let us approach the Heart of Mary and pray for the grace of conversion. Well may we pray confidently, knowing that from that pure Heart has flowed Christ's Most Precious Blood, which can wash our souls whiter than snow.

—♦♦—

IN time of danger Christians should fly to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, who contained Christ as manna in the ark of Her womb, and brought Him forth to be the food and salvation of the world.—
Cornelius à Lapide.



The Organist of Seville.

I.

"A H, Señora Baltasara, so you have come to Santa Ines for Midnight Mass? Well, let us go in before the church is quite full. On nights such as this it is generally so crammed that there is not room for a grain of wheat. The nuns have a treasure in their organist. When did one ever see the convent so much favored as now? Other communities have made enticing proposals to Maese Perez. The Archbishop himself offered him heaps of gold if he would go to the cathedral, but the good man would as soon part with his life as leave his favorite organ. Do you not know Maese Perez? Ah! you have been in this neighborhood only a short time. He is a saint. Poor enough, but more charitable than those who have much. He has only one child, his daughter; and only one friend, his organ; and he passes his whole life in watching the innocence of the one and in repairing the keys of the other. You must know that the organ is old. What does that matter? He shows so much skill in repairing it and in playing it, that it is full of a marvellous music. He knows it so well by means of groping about it—I do not know whether I told you he was blind, and with what resignation he bears his misfortune? When some one asked him what he would give to be able to see, he answered: 'Much; but not so much as you suppose, for I have hope.'—'What! The hope of sight?'—'Yes, surely,' said he, with the smile of an angel. 'I am now seventy-six; when so much of my life has passed, it can not be long before I shall see God.'

"The good man! He will surely do so; for he is as humble as the stones of the street on which we walk. He often says that he is only the poor convent organist, but he could give lessons in

music to the master of the Primate's chapel. He was employed here, one may say, when he got his teeth. His father followed the same profession as himself. I did not know him; but my dear mother, who is in paradise, used to tell me that the lad was always at the organ with his father, who used to employ him to blow the bellows. The child showed such disposition for the work that when his father died he naturally inherited his post. What hands he has! Heaven has blessed him. They ought to be taken to the Calle de Chicarreros to be chased in gold. He always plays well—very well; but upon a night such as this his playing is wonderful. He has a special strain for Midnight Mass; and just after the Consecration the sound of the organ is like the voice of the angels.

"But why should I tell you about what you will hear for yourself to-night? It is sufficient to see that all the *élite* of Seville, and even the Bishop himself, have come to this humble convent to hear him. Do not think that it is only the instructed—those who are learned in music—who can appreciate his skill. The common folk are equally sensible of it. Those groups of men whom you saw arrive with the burning torches, singing Christmas songs; which they accompany with timbrels and drums, filling the church with clamor, will all become as quiet as the dead when Maese Perez sets his hand on the keys; and when the music ends there is a great sigh drawn, for all have been holding their breath while they listened. But let us go in. The clocks have already struck, and the Holy Sacrifice is about to begin. Let us go in. This is the Blessed Night for all the world, but for us it is better than for any others."

And speaking thus, the old neighbor, who had served as a *cicerone* to her friend, passed into the porch of Santa Ines, entered the church, and was lost in the midst of the crowd which stood about the door.

The church was illuminated with an immense number of lamps. The rays of light from the altar danced in the rich jewels of the women who, kneeling upon cushions of bright velvet, formed a brilliant circle around the screen of the high altar. Around the same screen, wrapped in their cloaks decorated with gold, the town councillors and nearly all the noted nobles of Seville appeared to form a wall intended to defend their daughters and wives from contact with the common people. Those who murmured in the background with a noise like that of a swelling sea, broke out into an exclamation of joy, accompanied by the discordant sounds of stringed instruments and drums, when they saw the Bishop approach. Having taken his place by the altar under a scarlet dais surrounded by his attendants, he blessed the people thrice.

The bell for the Mass to begin sounded. Some minutes passed, however, and the celebrant did not appear. The crowd commenced to wonder, to show its impatience. The cavaliers exchanged remarks with one another in low voices. The Bishop dispatched one of his attendants to the sacristy to inquire the cause of the delay.

"Maese Perez has been taken ill, very ill, and it will be impossible for him to attend the Midnight Mass."

Such was the attendant's reply. The announcement spread through the crowd, and produced an effect such as it would be impossible to describe. It is enough to say that there arose such a murmur in the church that the *corregidor* rose to his feet, and the *alguazils* went about mixing with the crowd to restore silence.

At that moment a man of mean figure, thin, bony, and squint-eyed, advanced to the seat occupied by the prelate.

"Maese Perez is ill," said he. "If you wish it, I will sit at the organ in his place. Maese Perez is not the only organist in the world, nor at his death need this

instrument be mute for lack of one worthy to play upon it."

The Bishop bowed his head in sign of assent. Some of the worshippers, already guessing that this was some envious rival—the enemy of the organist of Santa Ines,—expressed their disgust with him in high tones. All of a sudden, however, there arose a great noise at the vestibule.

"Maese Perez is here! Maese Perez is here!"

Pale, and with his features distorted, Maese Perez was, in truth, entering the church upon a couch, which all were disputing to have the honor of helping to carry on their shoulders. Neither the commands of his doctor nor the tears of his daughter had been able to keep him in his bed.

"No," he had said; "'tis the last time: I know it; and I can not die without being at my organ once more, especially upon this night—the Blessed Night! Let us go. I wish it, I command it! Let us go to the church."

They had complied with his wishes. Those nearest carried him in their arms to the organ-loft and the Mass began.

At the solemn moment of the Consecration a cloud of incense, scattering itself in azure waves, filled all the church. The bells rang with sonorous vibrations, and at the conclusion of the solemn act Maese Perez placed his nimble fingers upon the keys of the organ. The hundred voices of the metal tubes broke out into a majestic and prolonged burst of melody, which lost itself little by little, as if a gust of air were bearing it away.

After the first notes there came, as it were, a voice which raised itself from earth to heaven, and this was answered by another. At first it was far off and low; then it swelled and swelled, until it was converted into a torrent of harmony. It was the voice of the angels, who, traversing space, came down to earth. Then seemed to rise distant hymns, sung by choirs of

Seraphim,—a thousand hymns at once, which ended in blending into one alone,—that one a strange melody, which floated upon an ocean of mysterious echoes, like a cloud of mist upon the waves of a summer sea.

As the chants died away, others commenced; the combination became simpler. There were no more than two voices, the tones of which blended together; then one alone, sustaining a clear note, like a ray of light, which, quivering, multiplied itself; and the whole church trembled at the outburst of harmony. The compressed air vibrated in the nooks, and the colored windows shook in their casements.

From each of the notes which formed this magnificent outburst was evolved a theme. Some of them were afar off, others near; these clear, those low,—as though the brooks and the birds, the stars and the flowers, men and angels, earth and heaven, chanted, each one in its own language, the hymn of the Saviour's birth.

The multitude listened anxiously. In every eye was a tear, in all hearts reigned profound abstraction from earth.

The organ continued to sound; but the notes became gradually lower, like notes which lose themselves in fainter echoes,—notes travelling as it were away, and growing weaker in flying. Then came a shrill cry from the organ-loft,—a cry piercing, acute,—the cry of a woman. The organ emitted a strange, discordant sound, like a groan, and remained mute.

A few men ran to the steps leading to the loft; and the other worshippers, recalled from their religious ecstasy, turned their heads in wonder.

"What has happened? What is it?" asked one of the other. No one could answer. The confusion increased; the tumult outraged all order and the proper quiet of the church.

"What is the matter?" asked the women of the *corregidor*, who, preceded by his ushers, had been one of the first to

ascend the steps to the organist's seat, and who now, pale, and with an air of profound sorrow, was making his way to where the Bishop waited to know the cause of the disorder.

"What is it?" inquired the prelate.

"Maese Perez is dying."

The chief worshippers, when they ascended the steps and came to the loft, found the poor organist dead, his head upon the keys of his old organ, which moaned faintly; while his daughter knelt at his feet.

II.

"Good-evening, Señora Baltasara! Why, are you also going to the Midnight Mass? For my part, I thought of going to our parish church, but you see what happens. To tell the truth, since the death of Maese Perez it seems as if a stone weighs on my heart every time I enter Santa Ines. Noble man! And to think that the organist of San Roman—that squint-eyed fellow who always speaks ill of all other organists, that wretched fellow who looks more like a butcher of the Puerta de la Carne than a master of music—is going to play to-night in place of Maese Perez! You must know, for all the world knows it—it is known all over Seville,—that no one wished to undertake the task; not even his daughter, who is an acknowledged artist, and who has since her father's death entered the convent. It was only natural, too; accustomed as we have been to hear such music! Everything else would appear mean beside it, so the organists seek to avoid comparison. You must know, then, that folk decided that, in honor of the dead, and in order to pay respect to his memory, the organ should not be played to-night. But this fellow comes forward and declares himself ready to play it. Nothing is bolder than ignorance. However, the fault is not his, but theirs who allow the profanation to take place. So goes the world.

"Just look at the crowd! One would

say that it did not change from year to year. The same folk, the same grandeur, the same elbowing at the gates, the same bustle in the porch, the same number in the church. Ah, if the dead could but lift up his head! He would die again at hearing his organ played by such hands. If what the folk around me say is true, they are preparing a fine welcome for the intruder. When the moment comes for him to put his hand upon the keys, they will begin with tambourines, timbrels, and stringed instruments, and all kinds of things,—such a noise as one has never heard. But silence! There goes into the church the hero of the function. Good gracious! What a smart jacket, what a scent, what a conceited air! Let us go in. The Bishop arrived a moment or two ago, and the Mass is about to begin."

Speaking thus, the good lady, to whom we have already introduced our readers in a preceding specimen of her chatter, entered the Convent of Santa Ines, making herself a way, according to her custom, through the thick of the crowd by means of pushing and working with her elbows.

The Introit had already begun. The building was as brilliantly illuminated as it had formerly been on like occasions. The new organist laid his finger on one key after another with a gravity which was as affected as it was ridiculous. In the body of the crowd which filled the background of the church one could hear a low, confused noise—a certain presage of the storm which was about to break.

"He is a mountebank, who can do nothing well, and who considers none better than himself," murmured some.

"A fool, who, having played the organ in his parish church worse than a rattle, has come to commit the profanation of trying to play on the instrument of Maese Perez," whispered others.

As they spoke thus, one freed himself from his cloak, that he might be the better able to play his tambourine; another got

ready his timbrel, and all prepared to make the greatest noise they could. Only a few ventured to utter a word or two in favor of the newcomer, whose insolent demeanor contrasted so strikingly with the modesty of Maese Perez.

At last the moment arrived immediately following the Consecration. The bells had sounded, sending out sharp, delicious notes into the air. The incense rose in diaphanous waves, and the organ pealed. At that same moment a horrible noise arose in the church, which entirely smothered the first notes. Tambourines, flutes, timbrels—all the instruments of the people began at once to sound in hideous discord. The confusion and the noise lasted only a few seconds. All of a sudden the tumult ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

A second burst of music, strong, powerful, magnificent, poured forth from the metal tubes of the organ, like a torrent of harmony inexhaustible and sonorous. Celestial chants, like those which charm the ears in moments of ecstasy—chants which the spirit dreams of, and for which the tongue can not find description; detached notes of a far-off melody sounding at intervals, carried on the gusts of the breeze; the rustle of the leaves as they embrace on the trees with a murmur like that of rain; the tremulous sound of the lark's song as it rises from the midst of flowers; sounds such as have no name, solemn as the raging of a tempest; choruses of Seraphim full of rhythm and cadence; the unknown music of the sky, to which the imagination alone can attain; winged hymns which seemed to mount up to the throne of Heaven like a whirlwind of light and of sound,—all this did the hundred voices of the organ express with more power, with more mysterious poetry, with more beauty of coloring than had ever before been expressed.

At the conclusion of the Mass, when the organist came down from the loft, the

crowd which came to the steps was so great and so desirous to see and admire him that the *corregidor*, rightly fearing that he might be suffocated, ordered some of the *alguazils* who were near to take their staves and clear a passage for him to the sacristy, where the Bishop awaited him.

"You see," said the prelate to him, when he had at length come into his presence, "I have left my cathedral to come here to hear your music. Will you be as cruel as was Maese Perez, who would never spare me the trouble of coming here, and refuse to play the Mass of the Blessed Night in the cathedral?"

"Next year," said the organist, "I promise to do what you ask, but for all the gold in the world I will never again play on this organ—"

"But why?" asked the prelate, interrupting him.

"Because," replied the organist, endeavoring to master the deep emotion which betrayed itself in the pallor of his face, "the instrument is old—so bad that one is unable to express upon it what one would wish."

The Bishop withdrew, followed by his attendants. The groups about the porch melted away; all the worshippers dispersed in different directions. As the convent servant went to shut the gates of the building, one might have seen two women, who, after having made the Sign of the Cross and murmured a prayer before the altar-piece of San Felipe, went on their way along the Calle de las Dueñas.

"What do you think, my dear Señora Baltasara," said the one to the other, "is my idea about it? Every fool has his ideas. The barefooted Capuchins have often assured me, and I never believed it at all. The man we went to hear could not play like that. I have heard him a thousand times in San Bartolomé, which is his parish church, and he was driven from there by the priest as a wretched fellow,—the priest had to fill his ears with cotton.

Why, one has but to look at his face. I remember, as vividly as if I saw it now,—I remember the face of dear Maese Perez when on a night like this he came down from the loft after having carried away the people with his music. What a delicious smile, what an animated color! Old as he was, he looked like an angel. As for this fellow, he came stumbling down, as if a dog were snarling at his heels. He looked like a dead man, and one—well, my dear Señora Baltasara, I suspect there is something behind all this."

With these words the two women turned a corner of the street and disappeared.

III.

Another year had passed. The Abbess of the Convent of Santa Ines and the daughter of Maese Perez spoke together in low tones, hidden in the shadow of the choir. The big bell in the high tower noisily summoned the faithful to worship, but only a few persons appeared in the building. Having sprinkled themselves with holy water, these retired to a corner of the nave, where a little congregation of the people of the neighborhood quietly waited the commencement of the Midnight Mass.

"You see," said the superior, "your fear is perfectly childish. There is no one in the church. All Seville has gone to the cathedral to-night. Play the organ,—play it without any fear. We shall be by ourselves. But you are so silent, and you are constantly sighing! What has happened? What is the matter with you?"

"I am—afraid!" exclaimed the young girl, with an accent of profound fear.

"Afraid! Of what?"

"I do not know—of something supernatural. Listen and I will tell you. Last evening I heard you say you would ask me to play the organ at this Mass; and, proud of the honor, I thought I would try the keys and give you a surprise. I came to the choir. I was alone. I opened the door which leads to the loft. The

church was deserted and dark. Afar off in the background shone, like a lost star in the night, one flickering light—the light which burns before the high altar. By its dim rays, which seemed to make more visible the profound depth of the shades, I saw—I saw—do not doubt me, Mother,—I saw a man, who, silent and with his back turned to where I was standing, passed one hand over the keys of the organ, while with the other he tried its registers. The organ sounded; but it sounded in an indescribable manner. Each of its notes seemed like a smothered groan dying away in the metal tube, which vibrated with the compressed air within it, and produced a low harmony, hardly perceptible but exact. Fear made the blood run cold within me. I felt myself cold as ice, with the exception of my forehead, which seemed on fire. I would have cried out, but could not. The man turned his head and looked at me—no: I express myself badly. He did not look at me, for he was blind. It was my father!”

“Hush, my Sister! Repulse these phantoms, with which the enemy seeks to trouble the minds of the weak. Recite a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria* to the Archangel St. Michael, the leader of the heavenly guard, and go to the organ-loft. The Mass should now begin, and the worshippers are already growing impatient. Your father is in heaven; and from there, far from coming to disquiet you, he will rather inspire his daughter during this solemn ceremony,—a time of such special devotion.”

The superior went off to take her seat in the midst of the community. The daughter of Maese Perez opened with a trembling hand the door leading to the organ-loft, seated herself on the little bench, and the Mass began.

The Holy Sacrifice proceeded, and went on without interruption until after the Consecration, when the organ pealed forth, at the same moment a terrified cry escaped

the lips of the daughter of Maese Perez.

The nuns and some of the worshippers ran to the loft.

“Do you see him? Do you see him?” cried the novice, her distended eyes fixed on the seat which she had quitted in her terror, holding on with clutching hands to the rail of the tribune.

All eyes were directed to the same spot. No one was at the organ, and nevertheless it still pealed on—played, as it were, the song of the archangels,—the song they sing in the raptures of their mystic joy.

“Did I not tell you a thousand times, my dear Señora Baltasara,—did I not tell you that it was strange? Listen to me. Were you not at the Midnight Mass? In any case you will know what happened. All Seville talks of nothing else. The Bishop is indignant, and he has good reason to be so. Think of a simpleton presiding at the Cathedral organ,—for all those who went to hear that blessed organist of San Bartolomé declare he is nothing else. I said it would be so. The idiot does not know how to play. I told you there was something else at the bottom of it; and that something was, in truth, the spirit of Maese Perez.”

OF a truth art is a revelation from heaven, and a mighty power for God. It is a merciful disclosure to men of His more hidden beauty. It brings out things in God which lie too deep for words,—things which words must need make heresies if they try to speak them. In virtue of its heavenly origin it has a special grace to purify men's souls, and to unite them to God by first making them unearthly. If art debased is the earthliest of things, true art—not unmindful that it also, like Our Lord, was born in Bethlehem and cradled with Him there—is an influence in the soul so heavenly that it almost seems akin to grace.—*Faber.*

Our Lady of O.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The Mosarebs called Our Lady when she was in the ardor of her desires for the Incarnation, and especially on the day of the Incarnation, Our Lady of O.... The seven anthems of the *Magnificat* which the Church sings during the seven days before Christmas, and which all begin with O, refer to this.—ST. JURE.

⑥ SEAT of Wisdom, glowing with the light
Of the Most High, which through all
space doth reach!

Come, and dispose all things with sweetest
might,

And to thy sons the way of prudence teach.

O Mother of the Chief of Israel's house,
Of the Adonnai seen by Moses grave
In fiery bush and on the Mount of Laws!
Bid Him, with outstretch'd arm, His people
save.

O Earth Immaculate, whence Jesse's Root
Brought forth its Flower, signal luminous!
To whom the Gentiles pray—while kings are
mute—

Let Him delay not to deliver us.

O Keeper of thy father David's Key,
Which heaven's gate doth shut, at will,
or ope!

Guardian of Israel's sceptre, come and free
The imprison'd captive, flood death's gloom
with hope.

O Morning Star, preceding with thy rays
The Orient brightness of Eternal Light,
Our Sun of Justice! come, illumine the ways
Of all who sit in death and darkest night.

O Mother of the long-desired One,
The Gentiles' King, joining in God's good
time

The two walls with His mighty corner-stone!
Pray Him save those He form'd from
earthly slime.

O Mother of Emmanuel, our King!
Lawgiver, Expectation and Reward
Of Gentiles, and their Saviour. Mary, bring
Thy Son to save us: bring our God, our
Lord.

The White Hood.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

THINGS were in a bad state indeed in France, and especially in Paris, during the year 1793. The great French Revolution was going on, and people were being beheaded by scores every day. Those who were in sympathy with the revolutionary party wore red caps; and so frightful were the crimes they committed that the mere mention of *bonnets rouges* makes the reader of history shudder even to this day.

Now, in the midst of all these red caps that thronged the streets of Paris in '93, the white hood or headdress of Sister Teresa appeared like a dove in the midst of a deluge. Gentle and merciful as an angel among a horde of demons, she threaded her way through the pikes and drums from prison to scaffold, from scaffold to prison. There was no longer either king or church, or altar or God, for the Parisians; but there were still left the poor and the unfortunate, and to these the white hood of Sister Teresa was an ensign of hope and of love.

Of all the heroism, the virtue and devotion which that white hood covered, the distracted history of that awful year makes very little mention; but the indigent and the martyrs of the guillotine knew and appreciated it fully, and it was known in heaven.

It was rumored among the *faubourgs* that this nurse of the sick, this friend of the people, had exchanged silks and satins for her rough serge dress, and had given up diamond necklaces and bracelets for her rosary. The people knew, venerated and loved her. Her bravery and cheerfulness, no less than the favors she lavished on them, endeared her to the hearts of all with whom she came in contact.

One day she was denounced to the tribunal that was condemning so many hundreds to the guillotine.

"If you want my head," said she, smiling, "you can have it; but I want to be guillotined with my white hood on, and have all my friends of the *faubourgs* accompany me to the block."

They did not condemn the white hood that time.

On another occasion Sister Teresa was crossing St. Michael's Bridge, with a basket, when a troop of lawless soldierly surrounded her, and ordered her to dance about a pole, on which they had stuck a red cap.

"I can not dance, my friends," said she: "I am too tired, for I have visited more than twenty sick people to-day. And I have upward of thirty newly-born children to care for besides. Every day one or two more are added to the number. Up in that garret yonder a little patriot has just come into the world.

"Is that really so?"

"Come," continued Sister Teresa, seeing her advantage, "open your purses, and let me hurry to the relief of the poor mother. Yes, and one of you had better come with me to carry this basket."

The Sister's hand was soon filled with pieces of money, and the people shouted: "Long live the white hood!"

One Christmas night Sister Teresa was in a garret on the street once known as Taitbout, but recently re-named Brutus Street. A poor young mother had just given birth to twins. She was lying on a miserable mattress, while on a squalid straw tick at a little distance a child three or four years old was raving with fever and hunger. The father was dead. That day the poor Sister had met with nothing but humiliations and menaces; her half-frozen hands were entirely empty. While trying to fix the garret window so as to keep out the cold, her eyes fell on a fine hotel, all illuminated, farther down

the street. It was the splendid residence of a wealthy revolutionist. This man, who owed all his fortune to the favors and benefits he had received from the illustrious De Montmorency family, was now one of the most ferocious members of the party known as the Mountain.

"We are saved," said the Sister to the sick woman. "I will return in a few minutes." And a moment later she was briskly entering the hotel.

At sight of her the servants—or, as they were called in those days, the "brother servants,"—were stupefied. A Sister! The *white hood*!

"Kindly announce Sister Teresa," said she, with a smile. "I am in great haste."

"What do you want?" gruffly asked the master when she was introduced into his office, and he looked at her robe with no friendly eye.

"I want an alms, sir."

"Alms for you?"

"No: for my masters."

"Who are your masters, pray?"

"The poor. I am their servant."

"Yes, but—"

"Well, up the street there, in a garret, a poor woman has just given birth to twins. There is no fire, no linen, no bread. She is your neighbor, and I ask you to help her."

"But your costume?"

"The *faubourgs* know it and respect it; the people love it. They call me 'the white hood.'"

"You speak of twins?"

"Their mother is cold and hungry, and this is Christmas."

"Christmas! What is that?"

"It is the festival of the Christ-Child, the world's Redeemer; and when His children are poor and abandoned, charity should make it a double festival."

"Are they patriots, these little twins of yours?"

"I presume so,—at least their lungs are vigorous; but their mother is very weak."

"Well, take this for them, and make them shout: '*Vive* the nation!'"

"You will have to wait till they grow up," said the Sister, smiling.

"Very well," answered the terrible revolutionist, surprised at her pleasantry. "But take care of your white hood. It may happen some of these days that its wings will be clipped."

"As God pleases. My life is His. I am ready, and so are my poor. More than a thousand of them have promised to accompany me to the scaffold."

"They would not be allowed."

"They will go anyway."

"Here, take this, too, for your poor."

"Thank you, sir, in the name of their young mother."

"By the way, what is your name, white hood?"

"Sister Teresa."

"That is not a name."

"I have no other now."

"Oh, you understand me well enough! I ask your name—your real name."

"Sister Teresa."

"Sister Teresa! That is nothing but a nickname. What did they call you before you took that *sobriquet*?"

"Formerly," replied the white hood, drawing herself up a little,—"*formerly* I was called Louise de Montmorency."

THE servants of Mary desire, in order to be saved, the protection of their merciful Queen at the hour of their death. How many times every day do they repeat the words, "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death"! Daily experience proves that this kind Mother never fails to aid her children at this critical moment. The thought of the coming judgment seldom fails to strike fear into the hearts of the dying; the servants of Mary, however, are seen frequently to depart this life in the peace of a quiet conscience, with sentiments of steadfast hope and holy joy:

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"ADESTE FIDELES."

"**T**HINK of it!" exclaimed the Poet. "Christmas next Tuesday! Time is an express train, limited,—not stopping at any station. We reach our destination before we know it,—and then we know everything!"

"I hold," said the Conservative, "that the train goes more slowly when we are young. Think of the long days before the Christmas vacation. How time dragged along! Ten days before the 20th. Five, four, three hours,—and those three hours seemed a year. In waiting for the signal to depart, one began to fear that, through some unforeseen combination, unknown to Pope Gregory, Christmas might have been left out of that year. During the feverish wait of the last hour, I should not have been surprised if Brother E. had arisen in his rostrum and said: 'Young gentlemen, owing to an oversight in the arrangement of the calendar, Christmas was left out this year,—hence you will resume your studies as usual.' Yes, time went slowly in those days."

"Still, there was no pause," said the Poet. "And the train that carries us now goes faster and faster every year. It must whiz with a man over forty, like our Host. What a store of reminiscences you must have treasured in your long journey! How does it feel to be over forty?"

"One doesn't remember anything about it until he is reminded of it by amiable friends. I have observed that politeness has gone out of fashion. In the days of Marie Antoinette age was never made the subject of conversation. And wasn't it the young Marquis de Valence who thanked the executioner for drawing aside the curls that fell on his neck? Politeness—"

"Good gracious!" said the Philistine, trying to conceal a yawn, "the man is much older than we thought he was. And what a memory! I myself recall a time when Christmas was not so generally celebrated as it is now. Among Christians it was a spiritual feast; and in families of English or German blood there was the flaming plum-pudding or the glittering Christmas Tree. But now a certain fury for the keeping of Christmas has taken hold of the whole English-speaking world. Dickens—when Dickens was a power in the world—fostered the spirit of kindness and good-fellowship, with his famous Christmas carols. We have forgotten that the Epiphany is properly the day of gifts, and that St. Nicholas' Day ought to be the feast of the children."

"And all the better," said the Poet. "There is no feast like Christmas for the children. And in every house there ought to be set up a Crib, with St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin and all the animals, with one little lamb to symbolize all the children. The Crib was St. Francis of Assisi's thought, and it ought to be the centre of all the glow and glory of the Christmas time."

"But much of the fuss and flurry about Christmas comes from merely human motives," said the Host. "Dickens' Christmas kindness is a mere human thing: there is nothing supernatural in it. This modern Christmas-keeping is largely humanitarian. In the Ages of Faith—"

"The man is much older than we thought," interpolated the Critic; "and, as somebody remarked, what a memory!"

"In the Ages of Faith there was a more spiritual idea. The general Christmas-keeping of to-day," pursued the Host, not noticing the irreverent interruption, "is, as I said, intensely human; it is pathetic and pitiable."

"With all due respect to the Host and his age," said the Critic, whose temper had not been improved by the absence

of tea, "I am tired of this kind of talk. I am a good Catholic, I hope, but I wouldn't go back to the Ages of Faith for anything you could give me."

"Not even for the biggest building in Chicago," put in the Philistine.

"The further you get from the Ages of Faith, the more you admire them. You'd think that we had fallen on evil days in our century," said the Critic. "It is the best of all centuries. I do not believe that there is any less holiness in the Christian world now than there was when your St. Francis found it on the verge of ruin. Talk of the Ages of Faith! Why, Leo XIII. has more power over men's hearts and minds now than Innocent III. had. And why scorn poor humanity? Is there nothing good in humanity? It strikes me that too many people of faith omit works; and, as an excuse for themselves, sneer at humanity when it does the things they ought to do."

"You don't know your theology," said the Host, rather brusquely.

"I expected that," retorted the Critic. "In a few minutes you will call me a heretic. I don't know *your* theology, that is true; and I have never dared—not believing in private interpretation—to invent one of my own. But I know this, that human kindness and neighborliness and generosity are not to be despised. They may serve as a ladder to the supernatural. Take the Christmas literature for this year—I mean the American Christmas literature, not the queer stuff the English periodicals work off at this season of the year,—and you observe the Blessed Virgin in all the best of the pictures. The human love of mother has begun to bring the world back to the ideal Mother. You can't have Christmas without thinking of Christ, and you can't think of Him long without going back to His Mother. And that is just what the human world is doing. You'll not make many converts by talking of

the Middle Ages, young man—I mean old man. Let us thank God that humanity has not gone in the opposite direction, and forgotten how to keep Christmas or to make innocent childhood happy. If you care to take old John Calvin as a patron, you may rail against humanity; I don't. Give me St. Philip Neri, and I think that he would have hailed the modern American keeping of Christmas as a truly good sign. As for some of the honest people who lived in the Ages of Faith, I think that they'd come to the conclusion that they were among good Christians if they visited New York or Chicago or any quiet American village on Christmas Day."

"And, then," said the Poet, "suppose they could see the crowds at the altar rails—say, for instance, in the great Redemptorist churches in New York or in the Jesuits' church in Chicago! Christmas is the happiest day of all the year!—there goes the piano! The children are singing the *Adeste Fideles*. Let us join them,—God bless everyone, said Tiny Tim. Peace to men of good-will, sang the Angels. And a merry Christmas and good hope, say I!"

And the company all repeated his words, while the shrill voices in the next room sang out:

"Adeste fideles,
Læti triumphantes—"

Everybody ought to know the rest.

To the Christ-Child.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

DEAR Christ, Thy coming makes a two-edged sword
Turn in those stricken hearts that, loving
Lord,
Murmur against the loss of kindred hands
Passed to the silence of far twilight lands.
O Star, shine clear! O Child of Bethlehem,
Eternal rest and comfort give to them!

Christmas in Ireland.

THE *Gloria in Excelsis* is a song to which Ireland's heart has ever throbbled responsive. When even in her darker times the Great Day of the year came upon her as she sat and wept, she took her harp from the willow and made its chords thrill anew to the joyous numbers of the "song of the Lord." That past has a spirit which in this season of retrospection whispers, above all to aged Irish ears, things sombre yet glorious,—memories of faithful hundreds hieing stealthily to Midnight Mass on the bleak hillside; of sudden alarms, of military onslaughts, and of souls sent shrift in martyr's blood to end the feast in heaven. Thus ever at Christmastide the past has a first and special claim upon Irishmen, as upon others; but the Irish past is fraught with gloomy memories,—memories from which, however, we are quickly recalled, by merry bells and cheerful voices, to the universal joy of the living present.

Christmas in Ireland is traditionally a festival of the deeply spiritual and not—as some would have it—of the gastric order. Mere creature-comforts are not much insisted on, and are taken, as the Apostle recommends, with thanksgiving and simplicity. It is a day specially abounding in grace and charity and good-will. Good wishes flit plentifully about, the crisp air rings merrily, and almost every face you meet is "like a benediction," as Don Quixote will have it. Good deeds multiply, and charity expands till its far-reaching arms embrace all the untold miseries of the Irish poor. Forth from a thousand homes go ministering angels on errands of mercy, each with—

"a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

Through them the substantial fare of the middle classes, as well as the other *addenda* of Christmas-time, and clothing

old and new, find their way into the wretched hovels of the poor, seasoned with good wishes that bubble over from the soul's depths, and set long-mute joy-bells a-ringing in many a heart and home. Between the giver and the receiver, between people of all classes, fellow-feeling goes forth and back, back and forth. Social grades disappear before the Manger in which lay the great Benefactor and Equalizer, who came to fill every valley and to bring every mountain and hill low.* Were this bond of mutual charity the only fruit of the mystery of the Incarnation, even then indeed Christ's sufferings and sorrows were not in vain. Not all the range of human philosophy could dream of aught beyond a cold philanthropy, the very quintessence of which is as far removed from "the charity that is in Christ" as "from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole."

Long ago many beautiful customs were in vogue, which, owing to force of circumstances, have dwindled down to mere local observances. It is strange that the Midnight Mass should have been allowed to die out in a land like this. And yet it is true. It has been here and there revived by the Trappists and other religious bodies; and is, I believe, still preserved in Cahirciveen, the native place of Daniel O'Connell. Living grandmas and grandpas saw the pious custom flourish and decline. They look back to it as the happiest memory of the olden Christmas-time, and—*laudatores temporis acti*—roundly rate the present generation, which will not kneel to the Divine Babe at the hour when, according to a pious belief common here, even the oxen and the asses "go on their knees" in mute adoration of Him whom it was their privilege first of the brute creation to behold.

Far north, "where bright bound the streams," in dark Tyrone, young and old still wend their way at midnight to the

chapel, where the Rosary and other devotions are carried on till Mass time.

In many places the "Christmas candle" is kept alight in honor of the festival; and in Westmeath pious Catholic families use candles instead of oil on the vigil. In certain parts of the County Cavan people watch all the night long with Mary and Joseph. To enliven the fervor of the drowsy, groups of young men "go the rounds," and with sounding instruments loud and harsh mar the rest of those who take the joyous festival so tamely as to go to bed.

In Tyrone a strict fast is observed on the vigil, broken by a frugal repast about 6 p. m. This dispatched, a touching devotion follows. All kneel and pray for the absent members of the family. The words of your great national poet,

"There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair,"

are doubly true of this poor country; for in the wake of the Rider on the Pale Horse loom the white sails of the emigrant ship. The one and the other bear their plentiful burdens away, leaving a void in many a home and heart. No marvel, then, that the devotion of the Tyrone peasantry often ends in a tempest of weeping. But the "tidings of great joy" that the morrow celebrates overwhelm, I trow, all darker thoughts, and by contrast make the reversion of feeling more grateful and sincere; as—

"The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe."

Christmas, then, in Ireland, as it is and ever shall be elsewhere, is a season for thoughts of sadness as of joy, albeit those of joy preponderate. Its bells, like the bells of memory, conjure up with magic voice the ghosts of things past and forgotten. To retrospective old age, it calls up more of thoughts and memories sad and sombre; more of bright visions and of fair hopes to prospective youth, whose life is in the future.

AIDAN.

* St. Luke, iii, 5.

The Star of Bethlehem.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE Little Child was born; and afar, from the East, a strange procession was advancing. Three Kings, wise with a wisdom which to the unbelieving would be foolishness, were coming, in all the Oriental splendor which accompanies royalty, to find Him. The applause of the privileged class had become to them as empty as the sound which lurks in the shell cast on the shore of the sea. And then, as they yearned and pined for a fulfilment of the old prophecies, behold a strange Star flamed in the sky, seeming to beckon to them! As if it had been a light in God's hand, they followed it night and day. And it led them to a rude manger, where Jesus lay upon His Mother's breast. And the Star shone on.

At this blessed Christmastide let us send our thoughts back to a day, many centuries ago, when a little band of Christians had met in the catacombs of the Eternal City to celebrate the birthday of their Lord. Without and above in the noisy streets, the people were keeping the mad season called the Saturnalia; within and below, the faithful sang their hymns and knelt before the Sacramental Presence. Cut in the hard wall round about them were words which told of those whom savage persecution had translated, by means of fire and sword and wild beast, from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. And as the light from the flaring torches illumined those revered names, many a prayer was breathed for the repose of the souls of those Christians whose warfare in this world was happily accomplished.

At last the time came for confidential and earnest speech, and an old man arose. A murmur ran through that subterranean chamber; for he was known to be on the

list of proscribed, and had escaped death thus far only by what seemed a miracle. Pointing toward heaven, he said:

"A roof of stone hides the stars, but they shine; and they that persevere in righteousness shall shine as those stars in heaven. Well I know that when the Saturnalia is past my body shall be given to the beasts. But the hosts of the righteous will increase, shining in their beauty, and Bethlehem's Star shall never set."

Time went on. The aged saint had long since become a victim of the lions of the arena, but his prophecy had been fulfilled. Again it was Christmas. St. Patrick had instilled his own glowing faith into the hearts of the idolaters of the Green Isle, and, in the palace where the harp of Tara hung, sung to them for the first time the hymn he had written. "Christ be with me," it began. The hosts of the righteous had indeed multiplied, and the Isle of Saints had received the gift of Christmas, to be its precious heritage for evermore.

The Star of Bethlehem did not set, but lighted the dark night of pagan superstition, and brought Rome, prostrate and humble, to the feet of the Holy Babe. It illumined the way of the golden-mouth Saint as he uttered his burning words at Constantinople; it was with St. Augustine and his dark-skinned followers on the burning sands of Africa; with St. Ambrose as he led his apostolic life in Milan; with St. Boniface as he carried the lamp of faith to the Germans; and with St. Remigius when he taught in the land we call the Eldest Daughter of the Church. It shone aloft, undimmed, when Pope Gregory's messenger went to the fairhaired Angles; when missionaries from Ireland kindled a holy flame afar and near; when St. Columba ruled his doves on the Holy Isle of Iona, and sent them flying to the North with the good news of man's redemption. It beamed, perchance unseen, when Columbus started on that voyage so full of peril.

and of hope; and each brave soldier of the Cross who followed him in the quest saw its calm brightness with the unerring eye of faith. It looked down upon savage nations, and they broke their altars, stained with human blood, and yielded to its sweet spell. Martyrs in the far North smiling at torture, heroes in the South dying of the deadly miasm, met death joyfully because of that Star.

And it shines to-day. There is no land where men may not see it, if they will. Its rays are often dim, because of the clouds of ignorance and prejudice and malice which come between it and the eyes of the indifferent, the unheeding, and those of hardened hearts; but above us, steadfast as the love of God, sure as His mercy, the Star of Bethlehem shines.

enjoy them in thankfulness to Thee; but unto us Thou hast given a spiritual meat and drink, and life everlasting, through Thy Servant. Above all we give Thee thanks for that Thou art almighty. Unto Thee be the glory for ever and ever. Be Thou mindful, O Lord, of Thy Church, delivering it from all evil, endowing it with all perfectness in Thy love! From the four winds of heaven gather together this Church, made holy unto the kingdom which Thou hast prepared for us; for unto Thee is the power and the glory forever and for evermore! Oh, let grace descend, and let this world pass away! Hosanna to the Son of David! Whosoever is holy, let him draw nigh; whosoever is not holy, let him repent. Maranatha (the Lord cometh). Amen."

It gives one a fresh realization of the perpetuity of the Church to know that a prayer recited as early as A. D. 80 is still exactly appropriate to the most solemn act of our holy religion.

Notes and Remarks.

A Prayer of the Primitive Church.

THE Abbé Fouard in his recent work, "Saint Paul and His Missions," writing of worship in the primitive churches, quotes a prayer which it was customary to recite after partaking of Holy Communion. It was found in a Greek manuscript recently discovered in a library at Constantinople, and entitled "The Teaching of the Apostles." This precious MS. is the earliest Christian work we possess outside of the inspired pages. According to the most reliable opinion, it was composed toward the close of the first century. It affords us a picture of some church in Syria or in Palestine, depicting its inner life, public teaching, religious services and practices. The prayer is translated as follows:

"Holy Father, we thank Thee because of Thy Holy name, which Thou hast made to dwell in our hearts; and for the knowledge, the faith, and the immortality which Thou hast revealed unto us through Thy Servant Jesus. Unto Thee be glory for ever and ever. Almighty Master, Thou didst create all things for the glory of Thy name. Thou hast given meat and drink to men, that they might

Those timorous souls—for the honor of human intelligence, be it said that they are few—who fear that science will some day show other worlds than ours to be inhabited, and that, in some mysterious way, this knowledge will make void the birth of Our Lord and the Redemption of man, may take heart from the declaration of Sir Robert Ball, F. R. S., in the current *Fortnightly*. The eminent ability of the writer, and his prestige among the scholars of our time, make this utterance specially authoritative:

"No reasonable person will, I think, doubt that the tendency of modern research has been in favor of the supposition that there *may be* life on some of the other globes. But the character of each organism has to be fitted so exactly to its environment, that it seems in the highest degree unlikely that any organism we know here could live on any other globe elsewhere. We can not conjecture what the organism must be which would be adapted for a residence in Venus or Mars; nor does any line of research at present known to us hold out the hope of more definite knowledge."

A few years ago "Science" threatened to lurch headlong into agnosticism; but, despite the efforts of able and untiring, if prejudiced and in some sense unscrupulous leaders, the attempt was a magnificent failure. The reaction has set in; oscillation is gradually

yielding to equilibrium; and we may hope that in a few years Science will again take up its Heaven-appointed task by adding understanding to faith.

A good story illustrating the ready wit of the Irish is told by the *Catholic Examiner*. It has the merit of being new as well as good. The incident is related by a Protestant clergyman as happening to himself. He had been much bothered by a beggar-woman, who kept on adjuring him to give her something "for God's sake." Rather annoyed by her persistence, he said to her at last: "Go away, woman; or, at any rate, give up taking the Lord's name in vain."—"Ah, your honor!" she answered, "if it's *in vain* that I'm taking it, whose fault is that?" In Catholic countries alms are always asked in the name of God, and only those who are close-fisted allow it to be taken in vain. If to give to the poor be to lend to the Lord, there are many, alas! who seem to have little confidence in the security.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has recently published two decrees relative to the beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Bernardin Realini, professed priest of the Society of Jesus, who lived in the sixteenth century; and of the Venerable Clare-Isabella Gherzi, Abbess of the Order of St. Clare, in the eighteenth century. The decrees state that there is ample evidence, in the first cause, of the two miracles proposed for the beatification; and in the second, of the heroism of the virtues practised by the holy Abbess.

By the death of General Scammon a great Christian soldier is taken away from the world, to which his character and the example of his holy life were an inspiration and a help. He was one of the last survivors of the Seminole war, in which he won his spurs; and later on he bore a distinguished part in the conflict with Mexico. When the tocsin again sounded in 1861, General Scammon resigned his professorship in Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, and once more answered to his country's call. His services during the Civil

War crowned the career so gloriously begun on other fields, and at the close of the war his name was known and revered throughout the country.

While at West Point young Scammon happened upon one of Cardinal Wiseman's "Lectures on the Blessed Eucharist," and the effect was a course of inquiry which resulted in his conversion. His piety and the beauty of his life proved how fully he appreciated the great gift of faith. He heard Mass daily, was a frequent, almost a daily, communicant, and never failed to recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which he called his "Breviary." The Rev. W. D. Hickey, who knew him well, writes in the *Columbian*: "He was a true type of the loyal Catholic soldier; a Christian chevalier; another Bayard, without fear and without reproach, walking ever in the presence of God. Archbishop Corrigan once remarked that the General's military training had fitted him to be a good Catholic; and there is no doubt that the instinct of obedience to authority, and the discipline of self-control, and the thoroughness of the intellectual training acquired at West Point, proved an admirable novitiate for his reception into the Church."

An insignificant episode of English controversy has had the good effect of drawing from Cardinal Vaughan a letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo. The letter, which recalls the gentle apostolic tone of Cardinal Manning, asks the prayers of Catholic Spain for the conversion of Protestant England. We quote a paragraph:

"The Anglicans to whom I allude do not yet understand that Catholics are those who follow the teaching of a Master constituted by divine authority. I have great confidence, however, in the sincerity of many among them, and in the power of grace.... Human efforts—controversy and discussion—are insufficient of themselves. Prayer is what we want most of all—fervent, constant and universal prayer—to obtain the unspeakable grace of conversion and obedience to the unity of the Church. No one, in a Catholic country like Spain, can realize the sacrifices and courage demanded of Protestants to enable them to enter the Fold of Christ."

At the earnest request of many good Protestants the Holy Father is considering means for the reception of the Anglican body

into the true Church. The urgency of their request, and the earnest interest it has aroused in the Father of Christendom, seem to promise at least many conversions as the result of these overtures. But, as Cardinal Vaughan says, human efforts are little: prayer is all.

In the current number of the *Month*, the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., upon whom the mantle of the lamented Father Morris seems to have fallen, contends that the popularity of such books as those of Father Parsons and Father Southwell in the reign of Queen Elizabeth proves that the people esteemed these authors far more highly than the apostate bishops and ministers who were their "pastors." Certainly, "no man reads for edification's sake the religious writings of one whom he believes in his heart to be a knave and a traitor." And that the Catholic faith was still deep and strong in the hearts of the people is clear from the fact that "Father Parsons' 'Resolution' was the most popular book of devotion known to Englishmen, not only of that day, but almost down to the publication of Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' and Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Dying.'"

It is well known that the people of England never really apostatized: the faith was wrested from them by force or wrung from them by oppression and extortion. It ought to make conversion easier for the Anglican to remember that in embracing Catholic truth he is returning to the faith of which his forefathers were so ruthlessly despoiled, and winning back the spiritual heritage wrung from them by the lust of a King and the greed of a few bad priests.

That there are excellent grounds for believing in the coming reunion of the Oriental churches to the Holy See is plain from the proceeding of the commission lately held in Rome. The following paragraph, from an address presented to the Sovereign Pontiff by Mgr. Hoyerck, Maronite Archbishop of Arca and patriarchal vicar, shows the trend of the Eastern mind in this matter:

"In the meantime we can, even now, solemnly proclaim that the name of Leo XIII. will ever be blessed and loved by the

Oriental; and that his devoted sons would esteem themselves happy to give even their blood in order to obtain from the divine mercy the return of all Christ's sheep to their one fold,—'that there may be one fold and one shepherd.'"

One Alexander McLean undertakes to write of the people of Ecuador in a secular magazine, and says that "heretics visit the country at their own risk." As Mr. McLean claims to have been our Consul at Guayaquil, the vigilant editor of the *Union and Times* thought it well to question Mr. R. B. Mahany, a Protestant gentleman who was for some years United States Minister to Ecuador. Father Cronin's letter has elicited from Mr. Mahany the following manly reply:

"The statement of Mr. McLean, if he is correctly quoted, is entirely erroneous. In the first place, he has not been Consul of the United States at Guayaquil. Mr. McLean may have been a consular agent in one of the remote provinces of Ecuador; but if so, that was the extent of his official position. As to his assertion that the Ecuadorians are intolerant, in religion or otherwise, it is a great mistake. They are a gentle, kindly, blameless people. The higher classes are models of courtesy and breeding; and even the peasants are princely in their politeness. There is no country in the world where a stranger can travel with greater security than in Ecuador. The virtue and worth of the Ecuadorians can be appreciated the more when it is remembered that the lonesome mountain roads, deserted plateaus, and frightful abysses offer unlimited opportunities for crime. Yet Ecuador is practically free from reproach in this respect. On the contrary, hospitality and pastoral good-will are the characteristics of that gentle people."

It would not be worth while to notice Mr. McLean's little weakness, were it not for the unreasonable tendency of many writers to revile Catholic countries and all the inhabitants thereof. Perhaps Mr. McLean was one of those gentlemen who attempted to force heretical Bibles upon the Ecuadorians a few months ago.

The distinguished gathering that met at the residence of Archbishop Corrigan on the 13th inst. to witness the presentation of the Lætare Medal to Mr. Augustin Daly, was evidence that in choosing him as the recipient of the Medal, the Faculty of the

University of Notre Dame expressed the feeling of the Catholic body in the United States. As President Morrissey said in his address on the occasion of the presentation, Mr. Daly has not assumed to elevate the stage: he has simply done it. He has not taken the rôle of reformer: he has simply done the duty of the hour. The theatre has evidently come to stay, and the wise course is to make it as helpful and uplifting as possible. Too much appreciation can not be shown the work of men like Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Mr. Daly, who, while ministering to a legitimate desire for entertainment, adhere to the noblest traditions of the stage, and encourage a public taste for the only true art—the art which is true to God.

The sudden death of Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, has shocked and grieved the people of the Dominion, and thousands of others who have followed his brilliant career with interest. The Premier was not, in all things, the typical statesman, but he was a good man and an able leader; and, though he sometimes made serious mistakes, his action seemed always dictated by principle. In 1870 Sir John was received into the Church. He was offered the premiership on the death of Sir John McDonald; but feeling that the acceptance of the position by a Catholic would increase the religious ferment at the time, he generously declined the appointment. On the death of Premier Abbot, Sir John was constrained to accept the office, which he discharged with admirable judgment and incorruptible honesty up to the time of his sudden death. May he rest in peace!

The Baroness de Cosson, writing of Jerusalem, says that in the month of February she has seen the snow six inches deep in the streets, and that it was so cold she could not go out. De Lamartine also tells that he found the air so chilly there at times that his wife could not hold the bridle-reins in her hands. We should remember this fact when thinking of the Holy Family and their Christmas suffering.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Jeremiah Frawley, of Otsego, Wis., who passed away on the 8th inst.

Mr. John A. Kinsella, who died a holy death on the 8th of September, at Dubuque, Iowa.

Mr. Michael Dollard, who piously yielded his soul to God on the 28th ult., at Cresco, Minn.

Miss Mary E. Lucy, of Cambridgeport, Mass., whose life closed peacefully on the 5th inst.

Miss Mary F. Sullivan, whose happy death took place on the same day, in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Michael O'Connor, of Dubuque Co., Iowa, who departed this life on the 27th ult.

Mr. Frederick Sale, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Samuel Stambaugh, Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. Julia Pello, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Bridget Cleary, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Rooney and Miss Mary A. Nevins, Bridgeport, Conn.; Miss Ellen Cone, North Adams, Mass.; Mr. John Brennan, Mr. John Lynch, Eugene Sullivan, Jeremiah J. Doyle,—all of Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Kline and Regina Kline, Mt. Carbon, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Higgins, Boston, Mass.; Patrick and Elizabeth McMahon, Westport, Ireland; Mrs. Margaret Hughes, Boliva, Pa.; Mrs. Patrick Duffy, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Clark, St. Augustine, Pa.; Katherine E. Murphy and Agnes Murphy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Michael J. Kelly, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John Murphy, Lissummon, Co. Armagh, Ireland; Mrs. Rose McGuigan, Lowell, Mass.; and Mr. William Kale, Trenton, N. J.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.
ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars:

M. E. M., \$1; the Rev. T. J. Van A., \$5.

The Ursuline Indian Mission, St. Peter, Montana:

A friend, Galena, Ill., \$10; Mrs. James Delay, \$5; M. J. C., in honor of St. Anthony, \$3; A member of the League of the Sacred Heart, \$2; Julia O'Brien, \$5; Sunday-school children, \$1; Miss A. Collingwood, \$1; A mother and daughter, \$1; M. J. C., \$1; Mrs. T. F., 50 cts.; M. L., \$1; Teresa M. Gibbons, \$5; Rev. J. H. D., \$5; E. D. M. and S. W. M., 50 cts.

The Indian Children's Shrine, San Diego, Cal.:

M. J. C., \$1; Mrs. T. F., 50 cts.

The Lepers of Gotemba:

J. J. F., \$5; J. P. D., Sherman, Texas, \$2.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Christmas Tidings.

BY AUNT ANNA.

DEAR children, you know that some
Shepherds

Were watching their flocks in the night,
When Angels appeared in white raiment,
Their wings all aglow with soft light.

And, singing, they told the poor Shepherds
That Christ in a stable was born;
With love the poor watchers then sought Him,
And knelt at His feet ere the morn.

But why did the Shepherds first see Him,
And Joseph and Mary so mild?
Because they were humble and gentle,—
Because they were like to a child.

Then, little ones, get your hearts ready:
To you will the tidings be given;
For the dear Lord Himself said of children:
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

What Happened on a Christmas Eve.*

I.



ARMELITA had ceased to
moan; she turned her head
slowly, and stared for a
moment with wide eyes at
those who stood around her
bed of pain; her breath
came fainter, fainter, until finally it stopped
altogether. She was dead. Her Guardian
Angel unfolded his wings and flew back
to paradise.

The poor mother could not believe that
so great a sorrow had fallen upon her;
still, Carmelita's exquisite face was grow-
ing every moment more like white wax;
her limbs were stiff and cold; and her
whole body soon became rigid and hard,
like that of a china doll. Then the mother
was led away from the bedside, while
the father, some relatives, two or three
friends, and the servants prepared the dead
child for burial.

They dressed her in a beautiful gown
white as a cloud, and covered with frost-
like frills and laces. They put on her
shoes, which were also white, and whose
soles showed that but few steps had been
taken with them. They braided her lovely
dark hair, and arranged it gracefully about
her head, tying it with blue ribbons. They
made her a wreath of artificial flowers,
selecting only those which were most
beautiful and which might have been
mistaken for real blossoms fresh from
the garden. Then a strange man brought
in a box, that looked like the case of a
large violin, lined with silk and adorned
with silver braid. Carmelita was laid in it,
a soft pillow was placed under her head;
and when she had been carefully and
tenderly composed in her funeral couch,
they crossed her little hands, tied them
together with a ribbon, and slipped a
bunch of white roses between them. The
women then threw linen cloths over a
table, and laid the coffin upon it. Finally
they brought in the great candelabrum

* Adapted from the Spanish of Benito Galdós.

from the parlor, and lighted several dozen tapers, which shed their mournful glow upon the departed angel. Then, after kissing Carmelita's cold cheek, they went away.

II.

From the other end of the house, from the depths of the bedrooms, came the moans of the parents, who would not be comforted. A thousand sweet memories struck at their hearts like so many daggers. The mother's ears rang with Carmelita's lisplings,—that enchanting baby-talk flowing from rosy mouths is the tenderest and most affecting music to a mother's heart.

The vocabulary of a child of three, like Carmelita, is the real literary treasure of a family. How could her mother ever forget the little pink tongue that said "wat" for hat, and called a bean a "ween"! No matter where she turned, the good woman's eyes were sure to fall upon some of the toys with which Carmelita had cheered the last days of her life; and as these were the days that preceded Christmas, the floor was strewn with little clay turkeys on wire legs, a Madonna, a St. Joseph that had lost both hands, a manger in which lay the Christ-Child like a little pink ball, a Wise Man from the East mounted upon a tall camel.

All this battered statuary was imbued with Carmelita's very soul,—clothed with a peculiar sad light, which was the light from her, as it were. The mother shed tears as she gazed at them, and she felt that the wound had been dealt to her heart of hearts. How all these broken pieces of clay seemed to grieve! They seemed so full of intense sorrow that the sight of them was scarcely less bitter than the spectacle of the dead child herself.

III.

The mother's grief was surely intense, but the father's affliction was still more profound. She was transpierced with sorrow, his pain was aggravated by the stings of remorse. This is how it came about.

From the very first and all through her illness Carmelita's mind was filled with dreams of Christmas,—of the celebration so delightful to children. We all know how they long for the joyful day, how crazed they are by the feverish yearning for gifts and cribs; by the thought of how much they will eat, by the prospect of having plenty of turkey, sponge-cake, confectionery and nuts. Some little ones believe that, were they only allowed to do so, they might easily stow away in their stomachs all the displays of the Grand Avenue.

Carmelita in her intervals of relief gave her whole soul to the engrossing theme. Her little cousins, who came to sit with her, were older than she, and had exhausted their knowledge with regard to celebrations, presents, and Bethlehem Cribs. The poor child's fancy and her longing for toys and sweets accordingly grew more and more excited as she listened to them. In the delirium of her fever, her prattle was of the things that preyed upon her mind; and it was all about beating drums and bells, and singing Christmas carols. The darkness of her brain was peopled with turkeys crying gobble, gobble; and chickens that cried peep, peep; mountains of confectionery that reached to the skies; Bethlehem Cribs full of lights, and in which there were millions of figures, besides the Holy Three; great trees filled with candy bags; oranges falling from the skies in showers; and thousands of other wonderful things.

IV.

Carmelita was an only child, and when she was taken ill her father's anxiety knew no bounds. His business called him away during the day, but he managed to come home every now and then to see how the little invalid was. Meanwhile the disease pursued its dreadful course, now giving hope and then taking it all away.

The good man had his misgivings. The picture of Carmelita lying in her

tiny bed, crushed with pain and fever, never left his mind for a moment. He was heedful of everything that might cheer her and brighten the gloom of her suffering; so every night he brought home some Christmas present,—something different each time. One night it was a little flock of turkeys, so cleverly made, so lifelike, that one fairly expected to hear them gobble. The next night he drew the Infant Jesus from his pocket, then a statuette of the Madonna, a little St. Joseph, the manger, and the portico of the Stable of Bethlehem. Once it was a drove of sheep driven by shepherds with a dog; and later on he brought two Magi, one black and the other with a long white beard and a golden crown. What did he not bring? He even brought an old woman spanking a small boy for running away from school.

From what she had heard her cousins say about the Christmas Crib, Carmelita knew that hers was incomplete, and this for want of two very important figures—the mule and the ox; so she asked her father again and again for the two animals, which seemed to be about the only things that the good man had forgotten. He accordingly promised to bring them, and took a firm resolution not to come home without both beasts. But it happened that on that day, which was the 23d of December, he had many things to do, so he forgot all about the mule and the ox.

Carmelita was greatly disappointed when she found that he had not brought her the two objects that were to complete her treasure. The good man was about to repair his fault immediately, but just then the doctor came in. She had grown much worse during the day; and as his words were far from comforting, nobody thought of mules or oxen.

On Christmas Eve the poor father resolved not to leave the house. For a brief moment, however, Carmelita seemed so much better that her parents were wild

with hope, and the father said, joyously: "I am going right out, little one, to get those things."

But it was not a moment before Carmelita fell into an intense fever, just as a bird, wounded in its upward flight through the air, drops swiftly to the ground. She tossed about, trembling and suffocating, as people do when they are dying. In the confusion of her delirium, she thought only of that longed-for mule and that sighed-for ox.

The father rushed out of the house in despair; then suddenly, "This is no time to think of Christmas toys," thought he; and running here and there, climbing stairs and ringing door-bells, he succeeded in getting three or four doctors, whom he took home with him. Carmelita's life should be saved at any cost.

V.

But apparently it was not the will of God that these skilful physicians should interfere with the orders He had given; so Carmelita grew worse and worse, struggling like a butterfly with broken wings on the ground.

From the street came the thumping of drums and the jingling of tambourines. Carmelita opened her eyes; and, with an appealing look, and a few broken words which seemed already the language of another world, she asked her father for that which he had failed to bring her. The father and mother, in their distress, thought of deceiving her; and, with the hope of casting a ray of happiness through the misery of this supreme moment, they handed her the turkeys, saying:

"Look, darling, here are the little mule and the little ox."

But Carmelita, even at the point of death, was conscious enough to know that turkeys can never be anything but turkeys, and she pushed them away gently. From that time on she lay still, with her eyes fixed on her parents, and her little hand on her head to show them where the

terrible pain was. Her breath gradually grew fainter and fainter, until it was hushed entirely, like the machinery of a clock that has stopped; and Carmelita became as cold and as white as the wax-candles that burn on the altar.

Now you understand the father's deep regret about the mule and the ox. To bring his little Carmelita back to life he would have scoured the face of the earth and collected all the oxen and all the mules upon it. The thought of not having satisfied this innocent desire was the sharpest and coldest blade that pierced his heart. He was quite as much of a child as the little one asleep in the coffin; for he gave greater importance to a toy just then than to anything else in the world.

VI.

The moans of despair at last died away in the house; as if grief, piercing its way into the very depths of the heart, had closed after it the windows of the senses, and left them stupefied.

This was Christmas Eve; and while stillness reigned in the home so recently visited by death, from all the other houses and from the streets of the city came the joyous roar of musical instruments, and the clamorous voices of children and old folks singing Christmas carols. The shouts from the flat above could be heard in the very parlor where the dead child lay; and the pious women who sat with her were, naturally, disturbed in their sorrow and their prayers. On the upper floor many children, with happy papas and mammas, excited aunts and uncles, were celebrating Christmas; and were going wild with delight before the most admirable Crib that was ever dreamed of, and the most luxuriant tree that ever grew toys and sweetmeats, and which bore on its limbs a thousand lighted tapers.

The parlor ceiling seemed to shake under the great commotion; the poor little corpse quivered in its coffin; and all the lights in the room trembled. Two of the

good women retired; one alone remained; but her head felt very heavy, no doubt because she had lost so much sleep on the preceding nights; so after a while her chin sank on her breast and she was off to slumberland.

The lights continued to waver, although there was no draught anywhere. One might have believed that invisible wings were fluttering about the room. The lace on Carmelita's gown rose and fell; and the petals of the artificial flowers in her grasp betrayed the passage of a playful breeze or the soft touch of angel wings. Just then Carmelita opened the eyes of her soul; they filled the room with bright, inquiring glances, cast up and down and around her. She instantly unclasped her hands—the ribbon that bound them untied of itself,—and, closing her little fists, she rubbed both eyes as children do when they awake. Then, with a quick movement, and without the slightest effort, she sat up, and, looking toward the ceiling, she began to laugh,—such a laugh as is not heard, but only seen. The one sound was the rapid beating of wings, as if all the doves of the earth were flying in and out of the death-chamber, brushing their feathers against the walls and ceiling. Then Carmelita rose to her feet, stretched out her arms, and two short white wings sprouted from her shoulders. They flapped and beat for a few seconds, then she rose in the air and disappeared.

In the parlor everything remained as it was. The lights glowed on the table, pouring little streams of melted wax on the candlesticks. The good woman was plunged in a profound sleep, which must have been a special blessing to her. Nothing had changed, at least as far as human eyes could discern.

VII.

What a royal celebration at the home of the Castenedo family to-night! The house is filled with the thunder of drums and the thumping of the *zambomba*,—

that terrible contrivance, whose sounds, it would seem, were intended to reproduce the crash of worlds. The symphony is completed by the tambourine, which, like the rattling of old tin pans, would irritate the most placid nerves. And still this discordant hubbub is inspiring and cheerful on this particular night, and bears something of a distant likeness to a celestial choir.

The Christmas Crib is not a work of art to the adults; but to the children the figures are so beautiful, there is such an attractive expression on their countenances and so much variety in their costumes, that they scarcely believe them to be the work of human hands. The Holy Mother and the Christ-Child are most admired. The entrance of the stable, carved out of cork, and imitating a partly ruined arch, is a dream of beauty; and the little river, made of looking-glass, with green patches representing the moss of its banks, seems really to be rippling along the table. The bridge over which the shepherds are coming is a masterpiece. Never before was pasteboard made to look so much like stone. The mountain that rises in the centre of the landscape might be taken for a scrap of the Pyrenees. And, then, its pretty cottages, only a little smaller than the figures; and its mimic trees with pretty foliage, are far more real than Nature herself at this season.

But the most attractive figures are those on the plain: the washerwomen washing clothes at the stream; the chicken and turkey tenders driving their flocks before them; then an officer of the civil guards taking two scamps off to jail; gentlemen riding in grand carriages, brushing past the camels of the Magi; and Donovan, the blind man, playing on the guitar to a little group of people, through which the shepherds have elbowed their way on their return from their worship at the Manger. A tram-car runs along from one

extremity of the landscape to the other; and, as it has wheels and real tracks, it is kept going from east to west, much to the surprise of the Magi, who never before saw such a machine.

The arch opens upon a beautiful square, in the centre of which a newsboy is selling papers and two bears are dancing. But the most captivating objects, those upon which all eyes are centred, are the fritter-vender and the old woman selling chestnuts on the street corner; and the children fairly split their sides at the sight of the small ragamuffin who holds out a lottery ticket to the old chestnut woman, while with the other hand he pilfers her nuts.

In a word, there is no Christmas Crib in all Madrid that can be compared to this one; for it is in one of the great homes of the capital, and the parlors are crowded with the best-bred and most beautiful children to be found within a radius of twenty streets.

And the tree! It would be impossible to count the presents that dangle from its branches. According to the computation of a small boy present, they are more numerous than the grains of sand on the sea-shore. There are sweetmeats nestling in shells of frilled paper; mandarins which make the mouth water; chestnuts draped in mantillas of silver paper; tiny boxes containing delicious *bonbons*; figures of every variety, on foot and on horseback,—in short, everything that one could think of has been placed here, and arranged by hands which are as liberal as they are skilful. This tree of life is illumined by such an abundance of little wax-tapers that, according to the testimony of a four-year-old guest, there are more lights on it than there are stars in heaven. The delight of the children is not to be described; and they stand in a sort of ecstasy, with their whole soul in their eyes, anticipating all that they are going to eat and carry away.

VIII.

They are suddenly startled by a sound which does not seem to proceed from any quarter. They all look up at the ceiling; and as they see nothing, they all look at one another again and begin to laugh. A great, rushing sound is heard—the rustle of wings as they brush against the walls and strike the ceiling. Had they been blind, they might have believed that all the doves in the whole world had gotten into the parlor. But they saw nothing—that is, no wings, absolutely none. What they did see, however, was surprising enough for them. All the figures of the Crib began to move: they were all very quietly being changed around. The tram-car made an ascension to the very top of the mountain, and the Magi walked straight into the river; the turkeys passed under the arch and entered the stable without saying, “By your leave”; and St. Joseph stepped out in a state of perplexity, wondering what could be the cause of such confusion. Then a number of figures were tumbled off on the floor. At first they had been moved about very carefully; but suddenly there was a great stir, then a perfect hurly-burly, in which a hundred thousand hands seemed bent on turning everything topsy-turvy. The arch trembled as though it were beaten by fierce winds, and a number of little lights went out. Some of the children laughed wildly, while others cried. Finally an old lady said:

“Don’t you know who are doing all this? Why, the dead children who are in heaven, and whom God permits to come down on Christmas Eve and play with the Cribbs and trees.”

After a little while the excitement was all over; the rushing sound of beating wings grew fainter and fainter. Many of those who were present proceeded to investigate the damages. One gentleman said:

“Why, the table has been broken down, and all the figures have been upset!”

Then everybody began to pick up the figures of the Crib and put them in their places. After counting them over, it was found that some were missing. They looked everywhere, and looked again, but to no effect. There were two figures wanting—the mule and the ox.

IX.

A little before dawn the celestial disturbers were on the road back to heaven, as merry as crickets, frisking and skipping about among the clouds. There were millions of them, all beautiful and shining, with short white wings beating faster than those of the swiftest birds on earth. This white swarm was greater than anything that human eyes ever saw; and it spread over the moon and the stars, and the firmament seemed filled with little fleecy clouds.

“Hurry, hurry, my dears!” said a voice among them. “The first thing you know it will be day, and St. Peter will close the golden gates on us.”

Carmelita was one of this merry throng; but, as this was her first experience in those regions, she felt somewhat dizzy.

“Come over here!” one of them cried to her. “Give me your hand, and you will fly straighter—but what is that? What have you there?”

“’Em’s my sings,” answered Carmelita, pressing two rude little clay figures to her bosom.

“Listen, dear! Throw those down. It is plain that you are just from the earth. Let me tell you how it is. Although we have all that we want in heaven—precious and ever-beautiful things,—we are permitted to go down on Christmas Eve just to enliven the festivities a little. You needn’t think they are not having a glorious time in heaven also to-night; and, for my part, I believe they send us off on account of our being so noisy. But we are allowed to go down into the houses only on condition that we take away nothing, and here you have pilfered these things.”

These weighty reasons did not seem to impress Carmelita as they should have done; for, pressing the animals more closely to her bosom, she merely repeated:

"My sings,—'em's my sings. God will let me keep 'em."

"Listen, goosie!" continued the other. "If you don't do what I tell you, you'll get us all into trouble with St. Peter. Fly back and leave them; for they are of the earth, and on the earth they should remain. You can go and return in less than a minute. I'll wait for you on this cloud."

Carmelita was at last convinced, and started off to restore her "sings" to the earth.

This is how it happened that Carmelita's corpse—that which had been her visible self—was found the next morning holding two little clay animals instead of the bunch of flowers. No one could solve the mystery, not even the women who kept watch, nor the father nor the mother. And the beautiful little girl, for whom so many tears were shed, went down into the cold earth clasping the mule and the ox in her little waxen hands.

St. Bernard's Vision.

When the great St. Bernard was quite a young boy he was taken ill with a violent headache, that obliged him to keep to his bed. The doctors could not relieve him; and one of the servants, without the knowledge of his parents, brought in an old woman who pretended to cure the sick by foolish enchantments. As soon as the Saint saw her, he became very indignant, and ordered her from the room at once.

A little while after this incident, he received a signal favor from Heaven. On Christmas Eve, as he was awaiting with many others the beginning of the Midnight Mass, our Divine Lord appeared to him, clothed with incomparable beauty,

and just as He was at His birth on the first Christmas night. Ever afterward St. Bernard had a special devotion to the mystery of the Incarnation, about which he wrote some of his grandest sermons. Another result of the vision was his remarkable charity to the poor. He secretly gave to them all the pocket-money with which his parents supplied him.

A Beautiful Custom.

In many parts of Norway the birds, as well as human beings, have a merry Christmas. Great bundles of unthreshed grain are brought to the markets on Christmas Eve. These are purchased for a trifle by everyone, whether rich or poor; and taken home, so that the birds may have a grand Christmas dinner. All about the houses are fastened little sheaves of oat-straw for the wild songsters that come flocking about in great numbers, and calling to their comrades to come too. No one in Norway would be unkind to bird or beast on that blessed day. And it seems as if the influence of the beautiful habit of feeding the birds at Christmas-time lasts all through the year; for the children keep crumbs scattered for their little feathered friends from one Christmas to another.

"Please Exchange!"

"**M**AMMA," said Susie, "to-day teacher read: 'What you pray for you'll surely receive'; So I think that I'll ask for white-rose perfume, And I'll get it, I'm sure, Christmas Eve."

Christmas Day dawned, and Miss Susie rejoiced
In a bottle of "Lubin's best";
But finding it violet and not white-rose,
She was grieved, it must be confessed.

That night a thought struck the wise little head,
And not thinking her step at all strange;
She wrote on a card, made fast to the cork:
"Deer Lord, I want rose. Please xchange."

TO EVERY PEOPLE JOY.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

By EDMUND of the Heart of Mary, C. P.

Music by F. J. LISCOMBE.

SOPRANO ALTO. *ad lib.*

1. The feast of Ma-don-na and Child— Of Ma-ry with Babe on arm!..... Nor
D.C. But the sense of strange would cease; For there it was Christ - mas still:..... And

ORGAN.

frost and snow, nor seas - on mild, Can make or mar its charm.
clear the song "On earth be peace, Wher - ev - er reigns good will."

FINE.

SOP. SOLO.

I have kept it on Pla - ta's shore, Mid heats of Southern June, And

D.C. al FINE.

2

where Pa-ci - fic tides brim o'er Beneath a summer moon.

"To every people joy":
For the Christ was born for all;
If Shepherds found the wondrous
At herald angel's call, [Boy
A Star in the East shone forth,
To glad the Gentiles' sight:
While broke for West and South
and North
The promised dawn of light.
Dear God! What a gift is His!
With Jesus our Baby-Brother,
His Father in heaven our Father is
And Mary our own sweet
Mother!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED—St. Luke. I. 48.

VOL. XXXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

No. 26.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hulson, C.S.C.]

The Parting Year.

AH! good Old Year, art going? Fare thee well!

Right gladly did we greet thee; for thine eyes
Shone bright and joyous when we saw thee
first,

And full of friendliness, while in thy hand
Were gifts mysterious. Nor wert to blame
If into thy apportioned days there fell
Shadows and disappointments. At thy worst
We dare not chide thee for whate'er befell,
For thou art going; but the records stand
Unchangeable for aye,—the pain, the shame,
Or harvest glad, or hidden sacrifice,
Or life or death, that with thy footsteps came.
Go forth forever. Hark, the parting bell!
Peace to thy memory! Old Year, fare thee
well!

The Midnight Shepherds.

PRE-EMINENTLY sublime among all the narratives that have come down to us from other days is the evangelistic record of the incidents accompanying the Redeemer's birth,—the simple story, replete with an interest that can never wane, of the first Christmas in Bethlehem of Juda. Chronicling the greatest event that had ever occurred since the creation of the earth which witnessed it, St. Luke deals not in magniloquent phrases, in

profuse descriptions, or epigrammatic conceits; but, with that admirable simplicity which always characterizes true sublimity, recounts the most stupendous wonders briefly, directly, vividly. Let us peruse once again a portion of that touching narrative:

"And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

"And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will. And it came to pass that, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem; and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste; and they found Mary and

Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger.

"And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this Child. And all they that heard wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."*

Happy Shepherds, thus admitted to the privilege of being among the very first to proffer the tribute of profoundest adoration to the new-born Saviour! Who among Christians that read the exquisite story now, does not envy their singularly blessed lot? Who is not interested in their personality, the reason of their presence on the starlit hilltops at midnight in the depth of winter; their number, their career subsequent to the signal favor vouchsafed them,—any details, in a word, relative to the first earthly adorers, apart from Mary and Joseph, of the transcendent mystery of the Nativity of Jesus Christ?

At the time of our Saviour's birth the pastures around Bethlehem were still as fertile as when, centuries before, David had tended his sheep thereon. Numerous flocks still covered the hillsides and lowlands; and to protect them from Arabian robbers, or from ferocious beasts, such as lions or bears, not unknown in that day in Palestine, sentinel shepherds were placed on guard. Here and there throughout the pasture lands arose towers of varying strength and height, serving at once as a refuge for the guards and a retreat for the flocks during inclement weather. These towers, moreover, proved asylums against the attacks of enemies, whether brute or human; and observatories whence the movements of the whole flock might easily be discerned.

Oriental customs are as unchangeable as are Oriental costume and language;

and scattered through Eastern fields and meadows may still be seen towers similar to those that surround Bethlehem. De Blocqueville, in his "Fourteen Months' Captivity among the Turcomans," gives a most interesting account of that of Laskerd, forming an entire village. One of the most ancient of these structures in the neighborhood of Bethlehem was called the Tower of Ader, or Tower of the Flock. Built ages before the birth of Christ, it had become monumental since the time when Jacob, as we learn from Genesis, fed his herds in the immediate vicinage. In this tower, not far from the Grotto of the Nativity, were the shepherds when the angels announced to them the "glad tidings of great joy."

In Palestine, as in many other Oriental countries, cattle and sheep not only spend the nights on the field: they even winter thereon. Nor is it necessary to go to the East to observe this custom. It is not unusual in the countries of Southern Europe. On the Roman Campagna herds may be seen all winter passing the days and nights also in the open air.

Vigilance was, of course, more necessary among the shepherds during the night than in broad daylight. Both wild beasts and robbers would naturally prefer the hours of darkness for any proposed depredations among the flocks: hence the sentinels. The Scriptural phrase, *vigilias noctis*, seems to imply that the shepherds relieved one another after watches of three hours each. The watches would thus run from six o'clock till nine, from nine till midnight, from midnight till three, and from three till six.

To the fortunate shepherds who held the second watch in or near the Tower of Ader on that first Christmas night, as to the Wise Men observing on the summit of Mt. Victory, the Archangel Gabriel, descending from heaven swifter than the lightning and more radiant than the sun, presented himself, announcing the word so

* St. Luke, ii, 7-20.

ardently desired for four thousand years: "This day is born to you a Saviour." Thus in the majestic silence of an Oriental night was verified the magnificent poetry of Solomon: "For while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word leaped down from heaven, from Thy royal throne, as a fierce conqueror into the midst of the land of destruction."*

At a short distance from the Tower of Ader, on the way to Bethlehem, there still exists a little hamlet, called in Arabic Beth Saourd, or Village of the Shepherds. According to the constant tradition of the locality and of Palestine generally, this was the home of the lowly guests invited by angelic voices to the Crib of the Man-God. Flocks still crop the pasturage around the little village, and the boys who tend them are in all probability lineal descendants of the favored courtiers of the Infant Messiah.

That there were many shepherds in and around Bethlehem is clear from the number of the flocks that pastured in its fertile valleys, plains, and hillsides. How many of them were called to adore the new-born King? Even before the answer given by tradition, says Mgr. Gaume, the analogies of faith determine the number. The Incarnate Word had accomplished the redemption of angels; of angels whom He had preserved from a fall, of men whom He had raised therefrom. Already the angelic world surrounded His manger-cradle, triumphing in His birth. There remained humanity to offer its homage. The three races sprung from the three sons of Noe should be represented in a mystery accomplished for all. The same signification that exists in the sacred number of the Magi holds good herein; hence there were three shepherds.

All tradition points to the same conclusion. The oldest chronicles, the graven stones of the Catacombs, the vignettes on

Oriental manuscripts of great antiquity, invariably attest it. "During the consulate of Lentulus and Messala," writes Lucius Dexter, "one year before the consulate of Augustus and Sylvanus, Christ was born, and showed Himself first to three shepherds, who were saints." Arringhi found three shepherds, and only three, represented on the ancient *sarcophagi* of the Christians in Rome. The paintings and the inscriptions relative to the birth of Christ, he says, clearly show that, in the belief of the first Christians, only three shepherds came to the Crib in Bethlehem to adore the Infant God. We see, in truth, that their pious hands took care to represent three, and never a greater number. An Oriental manuscript of great value, preserved in the Grand Ducal Library of Florence, contains a "History of the Childhood of Our Lord," and among the illustrations is one depicting the Manger. Here, too, the shepherds are three in number.

"In accordance with this and other testimony," observes Benedict XIV., "we affirm with assurance that there were three adoring shepherds, and that there were no more than three." Perpetuated from age to age by written or sculptured monuments, the tradition of the three shepherds was some years ago revived annually in Rome, the city of traditions. At the beginning of Advent, when the Eternal City was under Papal rule, the *pifferari*, or shepherds, of the Sabine Hills descended their mountains, and, marching through the streets in their simple yet picturesque costume, announced, to the strains of rustic music, the approaching birth of the Child of Bethlehem. Although in considerable numbers, they ever walked three abreast—an old man, a middle-aged one, and a youth.

That these favored among all earth's children on that December night nineteen centuries ago were saints is the common opinion in both Eastern and Western

* Wisdom, xviii, 14, 15.

churches. And it is certainly a doctrine presenting no difficulty to a fervent Christian. The virtues which won for them their magnificent privilege could not but have been augmented and enhanced by their contact with the Infant Son of Mary; and the memory of that midnight scene, remarkable midst all the occurrences that earth has ever witnessed, must have dwelt with them throughout their lives, a fountain of perennial joy, and a guerdon of final perseverance. Simplicity, humility, candor, are the characteristics in them that serve as examples for us. To the meek and humble of heart does Jesus love to manifest Himself now as on the winter's midnight when celestial voices filled the air around the Tower of Ader.

The Shepherds who watched on the starlit slopes
That night in the long ago,
Were but simple men, of whose fears or hopes
The world cared not to know;
But only the Shepherd heard the song
That rolled through the purple skies,
And only the lowly may join the throng
Round the Crib where the Man-God lies.

The Christmas Angel.*

“PAPA, papa, I'm afraid! Don't you hear the wind moaning and the snow lashing the windows?”

“Sleep, darling,—sleep! To-morrow the weather will clear up, and the storm will be far away.”

“But I can't go to sleep, papa: I am suffering.”

The sorrowing father pressed the wasted little hand of his child to his lips; then bowed his head, to hide his grief from her eyes. Alas! for many nights now little Angela had been unable to sleep. A languishing sickness, which she inherited from her mother, kept her bound to her bed. A distressing cough racked her

breast almost continuously, while the sweat moistened her baby countenance.

Poor child! and, especially, poor father! He had none left to him in the world but Angela. How he loved her and surrounded her with his affectionate cares! The heart of the mother who had gone before seemed to have been blended with his own, so dearly did he cherish this only child. He had consulted men of science as to her malady; had called in the most celebrated physicians; had said to one of them:

“Save my little daughter, and half my fortune is yours.”

The doctor promised to do his best, but he had been unable to cure the child.

For some days past the disease seemed to be making unusually rapid progress; Angela's pallid cheeks showed at times a livid tinge, mysterious presage of death. Her father quitted her side no more. He had abandoned all the other important cares of life, and thought now of one thing only—of retarding by a few hours the fatal moment that was to leave him supremely desolate. Yes, supremely so; for the unfortunate man was without the counterbalancing consolation which divine goodness metes out to the miserable: he lacked faith.

Years ago he had forgotten the road to the Church. Given up entirely to the world and its baubles of fame and honor, he had glided from the condition of doubt to that of absolute negation. The political career to which he had devoted his talents had torn from his heart the last religious chords that still vibrated there. He was now in the prime of manhood. He had seen his young wife leave this world, full of faith and hope; but her edifying death had not rekindled the extinguished sparks of the religious sentiments of other days. And now God once more forces Himself upon his memory by demanding of him the life of his idolized daughter.

There was a long silence. The clock

* This tale is substantially true, and the strange incident actually occurred.

struck eleven. Then a great, sonorous voice rose above the bluster of the storm; the bells of the neighboring church pealed their loudest to announce the approach of earth's greatest festival. "Christmas!" clanged the bells; "Christmas! Christians, awake and throng to the foot of the altar! Here comes the day blest above all others. The Child Jesus is about to be born. Awake, Christians, and hasten to greet Him!"

And the appeal was heard. Lights appeared in the windows of the deserted streets; dark shadows passed behind the curtains; preparations were being made to attend the Midnight Mass in the college church.

Angela sighed, and regarded her father with ineffable tenderness.

"Do you hear, papa?"

"Yes, darling. Do those bells prevent you from sleeping?"

"Oh, 'tis not that!" and the child put her hand to her bosom, which an interior fire seemed to be consuming. Soon she went on: "Last year I was not so sick, and the wind did not blow so fiercely. Mamma had not gone to heaven then. It was a beautiful day, papa. I remember it so well!" She closed her eyes for a moment, as if to see once more the events of the day that memory brought back to her. "Mamma got up very early, and told Margaret to dress me for going out. And I was glad, so glad. But it was snowing too. Margaret took me up in her arms and carried me to the church. O papa, how beautiful it was! So many lights and flowers all around the Crib! The bells were ringing just as they are now, and the singing was so grand! The church was full of priests and people; but mamma and Margaret went away up in front; and then mamma showed me a little Baby lying on some straw. He was so pretty! He looked at me and smiled, and I loved Him at once. Oh, how I would like to see Him again!"

"But it is impossible, dear. Don't you hear the wind whistling outside as it whirls the snow about?"

"It was snowing last year too."

"Yes, but you did not suffer then."

The bells ceased. Outside could be heard the tread of passers-by on the crisp snow, and now and then the slamming of a street door. Suddenly Angela began again:

"Papa, I'd like very much to know whether the Child Jesus is in the church again this year."

"Certainly He is there again."

"How do you know?"

"Because, without doubt, He is there every year."

"Have you ever seen Him?"

"Yes, but it was a long time ago."

"Ah! if you only would," said Angela, joining her little hands,—“if you only would, papa!”

"Speak, dear; speak! If I would what?"

"If you would go to the church, so as to tell me whether the little Baby is still there on the straw, and whether there are still pretty flowers all about, and lots of lights—oh, so many lights!"

"But I can not leave you now, darling. Who would watch over you like papa?"

"You could call Margaret," said the child, beseechingly.

"And would that satisfy you?"

"Ever so much. Mamma told me that the Infant Jesus was exposed only once a year—at Christmas."

"And do you know, little one, that this is Christmas?"

"Yes, yes, I know it."

"Very well," said the father, with some hesitation. "I'll go in the morning."

Angela dropped her head, and a tear fell on her wasted cheek.

"Spoiled darling that you are!" said the father, covering her with kisses. "Then you wish me to leave you at once?"

"Only to go to the church," she murmured through her tears.

The father touched a bell; Margaret ran in, all anxious.

"Stay with Angela," said he, briefly. "I will return shortly."

"Oh, how good you are!" said the child, joyously. "How good you are!"

Margaret seated herself by the bed, and Angela's eyes gently closed. A quarter of an hour later, Mr. Knight entered the church. A pious and recollected multitude had already assembled. The sonorous voice of the organ pealed forth its varied harmonies, now powerful as the roar of a tempest, now soft and plaintive as the sigh of a repentant sinner. Hundreds of tapers surrounded the altar, which could be seen only through waving clouds of incense.

With head erect, Angela's father made his way to the foot of the sanctuary, where the Crib was arranged amid a profusion of rarest flowers.

"Childish caprice!" he said to himself. "To send me here at such an hour! However, if I can distract her for a little while, it is nothing."

With such thoughts, Mr. Knight threw a critical glance around him. He saw the faithful praying with unmistakable fervor, with bowed heads and clasped hands. The august Sacrifice had begun; the priests, robed in their richest vestments, were celebrating the holy mysteries. The voices of the singers blended with those of the angelic choirs, who in heaven above intoned the eternal Hosannas. And, lying upon a little straw, the sweet symbolical figure of the Child Jesus smiled on everyone, while His outstretched arms seemed ready to clasp all humanity to His loving bosom.

Angela's father looked long at the little figure on the straw. A singular impression began to steal over his being. His glance wandered from the priest who was saying Mass to the Infant Jesus holding out His arms to him. He made an effort to tear himself from this species of fascination,

and turned to go out. But the way was blocked up: crowds were kneeling in the aisles as well as in the pews.

At that moment a priest left the altar and descended to the Communion railing. Mr. Knight resumed his place. The priest made the Sign of the Cross, and, in a voice vibrating with genuine emotion, began:

"O all ye who suffer, come to Me, and I will console you!"

The words produced a sudden commotion in the heart of the unfortunate father. Instinctively, he took a step forward to gather more surely the consoling words that flowed from the lips of the preacher.

As long as the sermon lasted Angela's father remained motionless, tasting at leisure the solace which the speaker seemed to offer him on behalf of the Divine Infant. And when the echo of the final blessing died away, he buried his face in his hands and gave himself up to the tide of reflections that flooded his mind.

The Mass drew to an end. Mr. Knight saw scores and scores of the congregation approach the Holy Table; noticed all those countenances irradiated by faith and confident hope; and thought of the happy period long ago, when he too participated in that Sacred Banquet. He beheld in fancy his pious and devoted mother; his young wife, whom he had loved so tenderly; Angela, whose lamp was slowly dying out; and an immense sorrow took possession of him.

When he looked around again the church was all but deserted; the gas was extinguished; only the little Crib shone out brilliant, a lighthouse of hope and consolation. Mr. Knight approached to the Communion railing; and, kneeling, murmured:

"O God! my God, whom I have so long neglected to serve, restore to me my Angela, and I will return to Thee forever."

As he ceased the tears rolled from his eyes, and for some time he knelt and wept silently, but bitterly. At length he

left the church. In the porch he met a beggar; he gave a generous alms, and hurried homeward. Margaret opened the door to admit him.

"How is Angela?" were his first words.

"She has been sleeping quietly ever since you left, and has only now awaked."

The father went into the sick room, and, having kissed his little daughter, said cheerfully:

"Well, I stayed too long, did I not?"

"No, no, papa!" replied Angela, whose face was radiant. "It was so beautiful!"

"Why, yes; the little Infant was there."

"I know it, and He was even prettier than last year."

Mr. Knight looked at her with surprise, and could see her air of supreme joy.

"How can you know it?" he asked.

"Because, papa, I went to the church with you."

"She is delirious," thought the father, trying to quiet her.

"Now just listen, and tell me if it was not like this."

"Calm yourself, dear,—calm yourself!"

"But I *am* calm," said the child, with a wounded air.

"Yes,—well, now?"

"Well, when we went in, the church was already pretty full; they were singing; the priests were at the altar; we went through the crowd and up to the railing to admire the Crib. What a lot of lights and of nice flowers there were! There was in particular one splendid tree that just drooped over the Infant Jesus."

"A palm-tree," said Mr. Knight, his surprise increasing.

"Yes, a palm-tree. We were going to leave the church, when a priest came down and stopped not far from us. He began to speak. You listened, papa, and you seemed very sorry."

At this astounding recital, the father felt his heart bound in his bosom, and he gazed at Angela with a species of fear.

"And do you know what he said?"

"He said," replied Angela, drawing her father toward her,— "he said that the Infant Jesus would console you."

Mr. Knight started, but she went on:

"We stayed a long time after that—until they put out the lights; and then you approached the Infant Jesus; you knelt down, and said, with tears: 'O God, restore my Angela to me, and I will return to Thee forever!'"

Mr. Knight uttered a cry of wonder, and grew pale as death.

"Yes, you said that," continued Angela, triumphantly. "But I saw that you did not hear the reply of the Infant Jesus."

"A reply!"

"Yes, dear papa; the Infant Jesus answered you."

"What could He have said to me?" asked the distracted father.

"He said: 'Return to Me first.'"

Mr. Knight dropped on his knees by the bed, quite overcome with emotion.

"And when we came out of the church," concluded Angela, "you gave some money to an old woman, saying quite low: 'Pray for Angela and for her father.'"

This time Mr. Knight could restrain himself no longer. He clasped Angela in his arms, and wept the sweetest tears he had known during life. Need it be added that he returned to the church that very morning and entered a confessional? The following day he received Holy Communion with so much fervor and piety as to edify all the attendants.

As for Angela—or, as her father calls her now, his Christmas Angel,—she improved in health steadily. The physicians who had given her up visited her; and in less than a month she accompanied her father, visibly this time, to the church, to thank the Divine Infant for her restoration.

CHRIST-CHILD, come!
Evil keep me from,
That I to Thee in heaven come.

—From the German.

The Sage of the Grand Army.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

ON a fine autumn day of 1792 the city of Châlons, in France, was full of excitement; for there was to be held an examination of over four hundred candidates for admission to the School of Artillery; and the great scientist, Laplace, was to preside over the board. The majority of the aspirants belonged to the gilded youth of the higher society, and nearly all had studied in the best universities of the day. The exercises were already under way when there entered the hall a short, compactly-built peasant of about eighteen, covered with the dust of travel. Saluting the examiners, he said: "My name is Antoine Drouot. I have come on foot from Nancy, and I wish to stand examination for admission into the School of Artillery." Many of the lads laughed outright at the assurance of the rustic; but Laplace smiled indulgently, and told him to await his turn; warning him, however, that out of the more than four hundred candidates, only fifty-two would be appointed. After several hours, during which, as Drouot afterward stated, he prayed for the aid of God, his ordeal began. When a few questions had been put to this child of the people, the officials looked at one another in astonishment: never had they received replies more clear or ready, and never had they witnessed such modest assurance in a candidate. Deeply interested in the boy, these scientists soon found themselves wandering from the usual line of interrogations, and soaring into the highest regions of sublime mathematics. Every problem was solved by the youth with calm and lucidity. Years afterward M. Laplace, then a Minister of State, observed to the Emperor Napoleon: "Sire, the finest examination

I ever witnessed was that of your aid-de-camp, the General Count Drouot."*

After his examination, the result of which was that his name headed the list of successful candidates, Antoine returned thanks to God, took a frugal supper, and retired to rest in the cheapest hostelry he could find. The early morn found him at Mass, and then he turned his steps toward Nancy. But a great surprise came upon him ere he could leave Châlons. He was suddenly seized by a number of those light-hearted patrician boys who had been disposed to guy him before the competition; and, despite his resistance, he was hoisted upon their shoulders and carried in triumph through the principal streets. At length he was allowed to depart, with many hearty wishes for his future glory; and in due time he crossed the parental threshold, over which was painted the plebeian sign, "Drouot, Baker."

His life, full of privations, had been passed in this shop; and his early studies, guided by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, had been made by the light of the oven, the contents of which he had helped to prepare. His talents and perseverance induced the Brothers to procure for him free tuition in the College of Nancy; and we have seen with what success he prosecuted his studies. During his entire course he had risen at five, worked in the bakery until eight, and then repaired to the lectures. Returning toward evening, he would resume the labor of his trade, and study by snatches, as best he could. In vain his worthy mother would often approach him and

* The Marquis de Laplace, Peer of France, Member of the Academy of Sciences, and author of many immortal works, notably of the "*Mécanique Céleste*" and the "*Exposition du Système du Monde*," had a destiny very similar to that of Drouot. Both came from the "inferior class"; both owed their success to obstinate perseverance; and both, says Gen. Ambert, the latest biographer of Drouot, ennobled the frequently despised title of *parvenu*.

urge him to rest. When the Revolution of 1789 entailed an invasion of the soil of France by the foreigner, young Drouot, though horrified, as were all good Christians, by the excesses of the Terror, burned to uphold the national honor.

A few days after the examination, the future hero received orders to join the 1st regiment of artillery at Metz. The royalist emigration had so reduced the number of officers that the Ministry of War had determined to send the most promising of the late aspirants under the colors without delay. Drouot, therefore, received a commission to a sub-lieutenancy. At this period his low stature and beardless face gave him the appearance of a mere boy; and he had the innocence of a child, though it was united to a thorough knowledge and appreciation of duty, whether religious, civil, or military. He was most reserved in speech, and he eschewed all political discussions—then the bane of the French army. He did not avoid his brother officers, but he seized every opportunity for study. He had been with his regiment only a few months when the battle of Hondschoote, fought on September 8, 1793, furnished the occasion for the first of his many striking exploits. The artillery of the enemy was far more numerous than that of the French, and was inflicting terrible havoc in their ranks. From one redoubt especially the fire was murderous. Both the captain and lieutenant of Drouot's battery were absent; but, abandoned to his own inspirations, he rapidly studied the ground, and located his guns so happily that he silenced the redoubt—a result which Hoche, Moreau and Jourdan publicly pronounced the main cause of the victory. Many years afterward, during a conversation between Moreau and Macdonald on the early battles of the Revolution, the former remarked: "I have seen many strange things, but the most wonderful was the handling of his battery at Hondschoote by Drouot, then a mere boy."

We do not intend to follow Drouot through his campaigns, our object being to present him as the ideal of a Christian soldier. His comrades sometimes spoke of him as severe, but they preferred to dwell upon his goodness. He was severe in all matters of discipline, and hence his batteries were always indicated as models for the others. But he was very kind to his men, and very tenacious of their rights. He was the last one of his command to seek repose, and the first to resume work. He was imperturbably brave, but without the least touch of the theatrical. Indeed, to him courage was part of his religion; for he was wont to remark that to fight well is a sacred duty to a soldier. When he was as yet an inferior officer, he knew personally each one of his cannoneers, and he saw that they communicated regularly with their relatives, sometimes acting as their amanuensis. He was often found on his knees in prayer, and it was an ordinary thing for him to recite his Rosary in front of his battery when it was not engaged in action. A copy of the "Imitation of Christ" was his constant companion through life.

Drouot was colonel-major of the artillery of the Imperial Guard when the battle of Wagram was fought, on July 5, 1809. Here, though badly wounded in the foot, and at first unable to ride, he walked along the line of his hundred guns, more than a mile in extent, encouraging his men and rectifying their aim. He was on the point of fainting when the Austrian cavalry made their furious charge on his batteries; but he managed to mount, and dashed along his line, crying, "Shoot lively, my boys!" During that battle Drouot's guns fired eighty-two thousand shots; and one of his batteries, which in the morning was served by eighty men, had only eleven when night arrived. His conduct on that day merited for Drouot the title of Baron and an officership in the Legion of Honor.

Many were his glorious deeds, but he



spirit shone most admirably during the disastrous retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow. We shall narrate only a single incident. One night of more than ordinary cold, Napoleon came forth from the miserable hut which was his temporary shelter, and in the impenetrable darkness he was surprised on seeing a feeble light some distance away. He murmured, "There remain some strong-minded men among us"; and turned to re-enter. Suddenly a superstitious idea seized upon him, to the effect that the unwonted light might proceed from a heavenly star sent to prognosticate hope to himself and his devoted troops. He ordered an investigation. When the messenger returned, it was learned that the light proceeded from the hut of Drouot, who was studying, pencil in hand, a topographical chart. At the dawn of day Drouot was arranging his guns, which, loaded with grape, were the main reliance of the French in repelling the constantly attacking Cossacks; and he fought that day, without intermission, until night. In a short time he was made General of Brigade and an aid-de-camp of the Emperor. When he thanked Napoleon, he was complimented on his energy. "Sire," he replied, "I fear neither death nor poverty. That is the secret of my strength." Ney was present at this interview, and he remarked to the Emperor: "Your Majesty must know that General Drouot is called the Sage of the Grand Army." Napoleon answered: "That name will endure."

After the battle of Leipsic, our hero, now a General of Division, and aid-major of the Imperial Guard, was raised to the dignity of Count of the Empire.* When Napoleon was about to start for Elba, Drouot obtained permission to accompany

him. Whereupon being asked by his sovereign to state the amount of his income, he replied that it was twenty-five hundred francs. Napoleon then ordered his treasurer to present the faithful officer with two hundred thousand francs; but the gift was declined,—Drouot insisting that he would not know what to do with such a sum, since twenty-four *sous* a day was enough for his expenses. When the Emperor determined to leave Elba and to flash his eagles again in the eyes of his enemies, he communicated his intention to Drouot and Bertrand. The former courageously disapproved the project, wishing to spare exhausted France from more trials. But Napoleon insisted; and as, after all, the Emperor was an independent ruler—recognized by all Europe as sovereign of Elba,—and therefore had a right to declare war, Drouot felt that duty called on him to obey. He was then made a Peer of France. At Waterloo he covered himself with glory; and after the disaster, and the consequent exile of Napoleon to St. Helena, the noble veteran wished to follow his fallen master. But friends persuaded him that prostrate France needed all her devoted sons, and Napoleon was of the same opinion. Drouot was in command of the remnant of the Imperial Guard when he learned that the government of the Restoration had decided to court-martial him for following Napoleon during the Hundred Days. He did not wait to be arrested, but, proceeding to the prison of the Abbaye, awaited the result with resignation. After a delay of eight months the trial was held, and Drouot was acquitted. He now resolved to proceed to St. Helena, that he might help to alleviate the torments of his old master; but much red tape was to be wound and unwound ere the governmental consent could be obtained. Five years elapsed before he was free to undertake his voyage of charity and gratitude; and when he was about to

* Horace Vernet painted a superb picture of Drouot defending his guns at the battle of Hanau, his sword clashing with a German bayonet. The General ran equal dangers at Rotière, Champaubert, Montmirail, and Mormant.

depart he heard that Napoleon was dead.*

When Drouot, at the age of forty-two, retired into private life, he had made fifteen campaigns. For thirty-one more years he resided in his native city, in a modest house, surrounded by a little garden. Here he led an almost solitary life, devoted entirely to prayer and the composition of works on the art of war. Shortly before his death he burned all his writings, even his personal recollections of the men and deeds of his time, which would have been a valuable source of information to the historian. In 1833 he became perfectly blind—the result of an explosion of a cannon in 1796, which had entailed a permanent impairment of his eyesight. In 1834 he lost the use of his legs. Through all his trials he was wont to hold his arms crossed on his breast, murmuring, "My God, Thy will be done."

Nearly all the marshals and other high officers of the Empire enriched themselves, and often unscrupulously, but not so Drouot. After his retirement, his entire revenue was 11,475 francs, derived from his pensions as General of Division and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor; but of this sum, he reserved for himself only 2,400 francs a year, the remainder being given in charity. One instance of this charity is peculiarly touching to military men. One bitterly cold day a poor widow begged him to help her shivering and starving children. He had not one cent at the time, but he opened a chest in which he preserved his grand uniform—a souvenir of so many glorious combats,—and stripping it of its golden embroidery, he told the woman to sell the trappings for her relief. When his nephew protested, the hero replied: "My dear nephew, I would have given that uniform to you long ago, had I not feared that the sight

of it would cause your children to forget that their granduncle was a baker."

A few days before his death, which occurred on March 24, 1847, he exclaimed: "Now I am going to meet my father and my mother, and I am so happy!" When he felt the approach of the grim visitant, he made a sign that he wished to write; and, blind as he was, he succeeded in tracing these words: "Now that I have arrived at the end of my career, I peacefully await the moment when, as I trust, the Lord will grant to me that reward which He destines for those who love and serve their country." From the moment of his reception of the last Sacraments he retained a firm grasp of the crucifix, and continually pressed it to his lips. In his humility he asked to be buried without military honors, and in the manner usual in the case of the very poor; but it is needless to state that France ignored this abnegation. His funeral oration was one of the masterpieces of Lacordaire.

One incident connected with the death of Drouot merits special mention, as being illustrative of the religious sentiments which were manifested intermittently by Napoleon. After the dying officer had spoken about his coming meeting with his parents, he uttered some praises of the Emperor. The parish priest expressed surprise on hearing so good a Christian lauding a man who had done much harm to the Church. To this remark Drouot replied: "Father, I shall tell you of a scene which I myself witnessed, and which will explain, to some extent, my admiration for the great Napoleon." Then he narrated how, after a great victory, the generals were congratulating their leader, when one of them exclaimed that the day just ended was the happiest one of the Emperor's life. Napoleon told the officer that he was mistaken. Then one of the marshals suggested that the day of Austerlitz was the ever-memorable one. He also erred. Others then mentioned, in turn,

* In his last will, dated April 15, 1821, the Emperor bequeathed 200,000 francs to Drouot; but only 60,000 were received, and the entire sum was given by the veteran to some of his old comrades who were poorer than himself.

Montenotte, the 18th Brumaire, Marengo, the imperial coronation, the birth of the "King of Rome," and so on, including nearly all the more prominent events of that great career. At length Napoleon said, in a grave and sincere tone: "Gentlemen, the happiest day of my life was that of my First Communion." Drouot concluded his narrative with the words: "All the officers were silent; but one felt a tear on his cheek, and I was that man."

When on the point of embarking for St. Helena, Napoleon observed: "I lose much in losing Drouot. I have never known so strong a mind and so incorruptible a heart." And while in exile he once remarked: "I exalt the talents and capabilities of General Drouot to the utmost extent. I have excellent reasons for regarding him as superior to several of my marshals, and I hesitate not to say that he is able to command a hundred thousand men.* He himself may have a less exalted opinion of his ability, but that would only exhibit another one of his grand qualities."† Another good judge declared of Drouot: "He would be satisfied with forty cents a day for all his personal needs, and would then be as contented as though he had the revenues of a monarch.... The world has no two officers equal to Murat for cavalry and Drouot for artillery."‡ General Ambert describes the countenance of Drouot as resembling those of the monks painted by the Spanish artist Zurbaran. Certainly, few military uniforms have covered such treasures of faith, hope, and charity as Drouot accumulated and guarded. Men may well be thrilled with admiration as they look upon his sword; he himself felt more exaltation at the sight of his crucifix.

* Before Napoleon came to know Drouot thoroughly, he had said that, besides himself, Marshal Soult was the only living general who could successfully direct a hundred thousand men on the field of battle.

† "Mémoires de Napoleon."

‡ O'Meara, in his "Napoleon at St. Helena."

The Weeping Babe.

BY KATHARINE TYNNAN HINKSON.

SHE kneels by the cradle
Where Jesus doth lie;
Singing, Lullaby, my Baby!
But why dost Thou cry?

The babes of the village
Smile sweetly in sleep;
And lullaby, my Baby,
That ever dost weep!

I've wrapped Thee in linen,
The gift of the Kings;
And wool, soft and fleecy,
The kind Shepherd brings.

There's a dove on the trellis,
And wings in the door,
And the gold shoes of angels
Are bright on our floor.

Then lullaby, my Baby!
I've fed Thee with milk,
And wrapped Thee in kisses
As soft as the silk.

And here are red roses,
And grapes from the vine,
And a lamb trotting softly,
Thy playfellow fine.

Wake up, little Jesus,
Whom naught can defile;
All gifts will I give Thee
An Thou wilt but smile.

But it's lullaby, my Baby!
And mournful, am I,
Thou cherished little Jesus,
That still Thou wilt cry.

NEXT after God in our love is Mary; infinitely below God, because He alone is the uncreated; immensely above all other creatures, because she is the Mother of God. Being the Mother of Jesus, our Brother, she is our Mother too. Jesus loved His Mother above all creatures, and we can not be like Him if we do not love her too.—*Cardinal Manning.*

My Story.

ABOUT eighteen years ago I lost my father and mother within a few months of each other; and in losing them, I lost all. A year had not passed before my faith and morals had suffered shipwreck: morals first, faith afterward. I gradually became a follower of Voltaire—impious, materialistic,—then, as occurs everyday, an avowed infidel. By a sort of Satanic logic, I conformed my acts to my new opinions. I, who belonged to a family of saints, never entered a church, not even for an interment or a marriage. This conduct was the natural result of a course of life which scandalized the whole parish. The old *curé*, from whom I had received my first Holy Communion, probably from a hope to preserve some link which would bind me to religion, wrote to inquire whether I wished to retain the family pew. I did not even deign to reply to his communication.

Eighteen years passed away,—eighteen years which I would gladly efface from my existence at the price of the time which I have yet to spend on earth. One incident will inform you what manner of man I was.

It was New Year's; and, furious at hearing the joyous church bells pealing out in their own sweet language, and at seeing the highway filled with men and women on their way to Mass in their gay holiday attire, I seized a woodcutter's axe and began to fell a beautiful oak-tree which grew by the roadside, in one of my fields. Thus did I wish to protest against what I foolishly called popular superstition.

Several months after this fine exploit, on a hot summer's day, a terrible storm arose, and a family composed of father, mother, and three children were killed by lightning. All the parish attended the funeral of those five persons called so suddenly to meet their God, and I followed the crowd.

Impiety is sometimes out of season. So I thought, with sincere sorrow, as I joined the throng of sympathizing friends who wended their way to the church.

It was almost eighteen years since I had set my foot in the house of God; it was natural, therefore, that I should feel embarrassed in the crowd that day in the church. As I was about to hide myself in a corner, the old sacristan approached me, and with a kindly smile invited me to follow him. I did so mechanically, wondering what he could want with me. What was my surprise to see him pause at the old familiar pew, making a sign for me to enter, as though I had never forfeited its occupancy! But I was not at the end of my surprises. Having seen me to the pew—which I entered in a whirl of conflicting emotions, though I believe my face did not reveal them,—he went away; but soon returned with a rusty little key, which he handed me.

"Your key, Monsieur," he said, in a low voice, and retired.

Then I remembered that we formerly had in our pew a box, of which this was the key; and, looking around, I found it still lying in its accustomed place, at the farthest end. Impelled by a power I could not resist—for it was something far deeper than curiosity,—I turned the key in the lock. It opened without difficulty, and my heart beat loudly as I saw—lying, no doubt, where she with her own hands had last placed them—the prayer-books my mother had used for so many years. Oh, how often had I not also prayed fervently from those pages, now damp and moldy, and yellow with age! As one might lift the relic of a dead friend from the coffin where time had destroyed all else, I lifted them—"Daily Prayers," "The Angelic Guide," "The Imitation of Christ."

Thanks to the sad and extraordinary occasion which had brought me to the church, public attention was diverted from me; otherwise, my presence there

would have been the source of great curiosity to my neighbors,—a curiosity, which, under the new and conflicting emotions now agitating my soul, I could scarcely have borne.

I could not pray—I had forgotten how,—but remembrance and reflection took possession of my soul. After some moments spent thus, I began to turn the leaves of "The Imitation," anxious in some way to hide my embarrassment, in case curious eyes should look my way. A detached slip of paper fluttered from the book to the ground. I stooped to pick it up, and found it contained my mother's writing. By the ink, well-nigh faded, and the worn appearance of the edges, I saw that it had often been in those dear hands. These were the words,—shall I ever forget them!

"O my God! do not punish me if I have not enough faith to wish, like the mother of St. Louis, that my boy might rather die than commit one mortal sin. Pardon my weakness. Preserve the life and health of my child. Save him from the misfortune of offending Thee. But if he should ever be so unhappy as to leave the path of virtue, lead him back, gently and mercifully, as Thou didst lead the prodigal son to his father."

You can understand my feelings. My pride could not restrain the tears which flowed from my heart. To say that I was fully converted at that moment would be, however, to say too much. One can not break so quickly with eighteen years of impiety. But I was at least touched and awakened to a sense of what I had done.

That very day I hastened to thank the good *curé* for having so delicately and kindly preserved the pew for my unworthy sake. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade him to accept the pew-rent for those eighteen wasted years.

"You see," he said to me, "good blood must always tell, *does* always tell, in the

end. One can not discard a family of saints with impunity. I knew well that one day or another you would return to occupy the old family pew." Taking both my hands in his, he added: "I beseech you, now that you have made a beginning, come back again."

What can I say more? The following Sunday I went to Mass. After that the grace of God was not denied me.

M.

Sunday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A WORD TOO LATE.

THE Major had come down, within the Octave of Christmas, to make his New Year's call. His military air was a silent rebuke to the attitude of the Poet, who kept his hand in his pocket after the manner of the Prince of Wales in the latest picture in the London *Graphic*. And the Artist, who had come too, involuntarily straightened himself. The Conservative, however, knowing that such elegance of manner was not to be attained in one lesson, crossed his legs, as if he did not care.

"The New Year will bring peace, I hope," said the Major, accepting his tea after the manner of Sir Charles Grandison. "That is the best wish that I can frame. Human nature may be said to be a composite microcosm, and it is difficult to make a wish that will meet the highest demands of the human race. Peace is probably the most desirable thing just at present,—though war is often a blessing in disguise. By the way, I expected to meet our friend the Bishop here this evening, but I perceive no especial preparations—"

"Let him come. He is the most delightful man I know," said the Poet. "But if he expects to meet with the usual contu-

mely that falls to the lot of bishops in these days, he needn't come here. He'll probably think us a little old-fashioned and not in 'the swim'; but it is hard, after all, for people who have been brought up with an exalted respect for the clergy to change their ways."

"You have stated the matter perspicuously, though with a touch of satire," said the Major. "Respect seems to be decaying among us. It reminds one of some remarks of Edmund Burke in the famous passage beginning, 'The age of chivalry is gone.'"

"This, too, will pass," said the Poet. "Times change, and with every change there must be a little turbulence. And we Catholics are but human,—a fact which we seem to have concealed with some success for a great many years. I hope, with the Major, that the New Year may bring peace,—it *must*, for we are all of good-will."

"And how we love one another!" remarked the Philistine.

The Major and the Lady of the House looked pained.

"You are about to pitch into somebody," said the Poet, reproachfully.

"No, there's no comfort in that. The Critic is not here. He is the only person I know who understands that, in our time, the tongue seldom speaks out of the fulness of the heart: it works for exercise," said the Philistine.

"I believe it," said the Major. "But how inexpedient is all this speaking, especially when it is reprinted! Everybody who chooses to get himself 'interviewed' is supposed to represent Catholics. Look at the great harm done by the senseless animadversions of Catholics upon Catholics. Look at the bigotry that has been inflamed by the foolish utterances of people who no more understand the vital questions at issue than if they were in Mars. Their names have appeared in print once or twice, and they hunger for more

notoriety. Outsiders take them at their own valuation as representatives of the most loyal, most patriotic, most thoroughly respectable class in this community."

The Major would have brought his fist down with emphasis, had the tea-table not seemed so frail.

"Right!" said the Conservative, who had apparently been deep in Hamerton's "Man in Art." "There is no class so misrepresented as the Catholics of this country. But the right people seldom demand a hearing. There's the Host,—to hear him talk, you'd think he belonged to the Middle Ages."

"One scarcely likes to agree to that," murmured the Major. "In a man's own house, politeness—"

"Is gone out of fashion, too," said the Host.

"But what strikes me," observed the Scientist, who had been taking his tea silently, "is the foolishness of all this, from the utilitarian point of view. Who wants to take into his house a print which is filled with the record of mere personal quarrels between people who are supposed to be above personal prejudices? If they only knew it, they overrate their importance. Gush, of the sort that has treakled—not *trickled*, mind!—from the press so long, has probably spoiled some of these people who pose as our representatives. When a man has been called 'zealous and talented' whenever he opens his mouth to speak platitudes, he begins in time to think that he can not open it without haloes and nimbus and large pearls and United States bonds dropping out of it. But you can't fool us Americans. We can make one eye glow with respect, while we take careful and satirical notes with the other. The ostrich ought to be the crest of all diplomatists in this country. The Catholic press has done much to spoil some of these would-be representatives of the Catholic body."

"If the Catholic press were treated

fairly," said the Host,—“if it were properly encouraged, instead of having to be content with constant kicks and no pence, and held responsible at the same time for everybody's shortcomings,—there would be a healthier state of feeling.”

“That's an *ex-parte* plea,” said the Poet. “How can you expect the press to be properly encouraged when personal quarrels are thoroughly aired in its columns? A man with children growing up cares much more about the condition of mind of those children than about the Presbyter of Chalcedon or the mistakes of the Deacon of Constance. As to the secular press, it acts the part of the fox in the fable. ‘Ah, eloquent Deacon!’ it says, ‘the world is hanging on your words.’ And the zealous and indefatigable Deacon—good, easy man!—opens his mouth and drops the bit of cheese right into the chaps of the fox of a reporter. That's the way it is done; hence there are wars and rumors of war. We've had too easy a time of it in this country. Let something vital be attacked from without, and we'll all become brotherly again. For my part, I'm sorry the A. P. A. movement is simmering instead of boiling. A little persecution would put the eloquent Presbyter and the indefatigable Deacon into their proper condition of sanity. And in the meanwhile let us pray for peace—or that some of our representatives will lose high characters for charity.”

At this point everybody rose, as it was whispered by the Lady of the House that the Host was about to surprise them with a Welsh-rabbit made on his new chafing-dish.

“In the meantime,” said the Major, with his unapproachable bow, “we will go!”

FREEDOM is the one purport, wisely aimed at or unwisely, of all man's struggles, toilings, and sufferings on this earth.—*Carlyle*.

Lourdes vs. Science.

IT is matter for rejoicing that the wondrous cures wrought at Lourdes now command general attention from scientific men. Physicians have come to realize that there is a large mass of medical testimony bearing on these marvels which demands study, and, thanks especially to the learned Dr. Boissarie, is quite available for the most searching investigation. We have hoped for this happy result ever since hearing, years ago, a remark attributed to Professor Huxley—namely, that if he could accept at all the class of events which go under the general name of miracles, he should cite, as those having the best external evidence, not the miracles of primitive Christianity, but the miracles of Lourdes.

The publication of M. Zola's infamous work on Lourdes has certainly had this happy effect—that the attention of unbelievers is directed as never before to the history of the shrine and the marvels which are constantly being wrought there. Many have heard of the miraculous Grotto this year for the first time; and many others, who simply scoffed at the “alleged miracles,” are now convinced that there are cures at Lourdes which are above the skill of physicians and the power of nature.

No better man could have been chosen to preside over the Bureau des Constata-tions Médicales established at Lourdes than Dr. Boissarie. He is described as “a cautious, hard-headed practitioner, with an excellent knowledge of his profession.” Every medical visitor is impressed by his desire for the fullest publicity regarding the cures, and by the frankness with which he explains the method of investigation. Hitherto Lourdes was known almost exclusively by the books of M. Lasserre, which, though critical, learned, and well written, were not calculated to satisfy the scientist. The historian of

Lourdes is a rhetorician, and figures of speech are a distraction to men of science, who are supposed to deal only with facts. M. Lasserre's books have been supplemented by two works from the pen of Dr. Boissarie, — viz., "Lourdes: Histoire Médicale," and "Lourdes depuis 1858 jusqu'à nos jours," — both of which are simply a scientific investigation of the history of Lourdes and the recoveries effected there. These volumes, being intended for investigators, bristle with names, dates, and medical terms. That they have excited interest among those for whose benefit they were written is shown by the fact that within a year as many as one hundred and fifty medical men have gone to Lourdes to study the testimony for themselves.

The case to which Professor Huxley is said to have referred, and which to most medical experts would appear "quite beyond the reach of anything like a stimulus given to the nervous powers by faith and hope," is that of Francis Macary, a cabinet-maker belonging to the town of Lavaur, near Toulouse, and who was cured of enormous varicose veins in the legs, attended with ulceration; three doctors — Segur and Rossignol of Lavaur, and Bernet of Paris, — testifying to the cure, and two of them to its being inexplicable by science. Macary had been an infidel, without faith in the miraculous water, and, of course, without expectation of being cured by it. His recovery was amazing to himself, his physicians, and his friends, who considered him a very poor subject for a miracle.

But Dr. Boissarie has cited many cases quite as remarkable as that of Macary. At a lecture delivered by this eminent physician in Paris on the 27th ult., before an audience largely composed of doctors and medical students, fifteen persons from different parts of France were present to testify to their cure of terrible diseases, wrought by the miracu-

lous water of Lourdes. This assembly of *miraculés*, and the medical diagnoses and certificates which were read, produced an extraordinary impression.

Among those who presented themselves for inspection was a young woman named Marie Lemarchand. She went to Lourdes horribly disfigured with lupus, which had partly destroyed her nose and mouth, and had spread over her whole face. Zola's realistic description of her appearance was first read, then the medical certificates, and finally Marie was asked to stand up and show her face. As she did so there was a general exclamation of wonder. The victim of lupus, whom the doctors had abandoned, had become again quite a pretty, fresh-faced country girl, whom medical men declared to be perfectly healthy. Another subject was a man who had been pronounced at the Salpêtrière Hospital to be suffering from paralysis and blindness, caused by atrophy of the optic nerves. He went to Lourdes, and recovered his sight and health instantaneously. Then there was a girl who was cured of a cancer, which was so bad that a surgeon refused to operate upon it; and another of a wound in the foot caused by caries of the bone.

Lourdes and its marvels can not be ignored or explained away. Let the full blaze of scientific light be focused upon the spot. The very existence of Lourdes is supernatural, and the cures there of diseases pronounced incurable by medical science testify to an Almighty Power, and bear witness to the divinity of the Catholic religion.

A SINGLE life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool.—*Francis Bacon.*

THE less we speak of our intentions, the more chance there is of our realizing them.—*Ruskin.*



Notes and Remarks.

We never pass over the discourses of the Archbishop of Philadelphia, and always find much to reward us for the reading. Thus in his recent lecture on "Agnosticism," Archbishop Ryan said:

"I believe the first factor in the reunion of Christians will be a greater personal love for Our Lord. It is the sentiment on which there is most accord, and seems like the fulfilling of the prophecy: 'And I, when I shall be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself.' The remedy for agnosticism, and all the religious differences and dividing isms of the day, is the same now as in the time of St. Paul. Now as then 'the Jews look for a sign; and the Greeks seek out wisdom'; and we should preach 'Christ, and Him crucified.' There is no one else to bring back lost unity to Christian peoples. . . . Here at the cross is the focus, here the unitive point. When men meet here and learn what are the real doctrines of the old Church of God; and when that Church makes such concessions as are not inconsistent with her articles of faith, and which her present great Pontiff certainly is prepared to make, then may we hope by Christian union to silence all objections of the unbeliever. And, oh, may that day soon come when 'He shall draw all things to Himself,' and the Jew and the Gentile and the Catholic and the Protestant and the converted agnostic will kneel together in the great universal Church of God at the foot of the Cross!"

The Holy Father is now making special efforts to reunite in one body the separated members of Christ. By living blameless lives, by tireless prayer, and especially by communion in the love of a Crucified Saviour, the least among us may contribute powerfully to lend efficacy to the grace of God, which, we must believe, ever cries aloud to those that stray.

It is generally believed that the advance of physical science is the marvel of our century, but we question whether the increase of historical knowledge during the last half century is not more remarkable. One by one the falsehoods accumulated in that despicable "conspiracy against truth" are vanishing. We are reminded of this by a recent book in which one of those minor calumnies against the clergy is refuted by a Protestant pen. Of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's latest work, the "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate," the London *Athenæum* says that "it

is impossible to take up this volume without feelings of reverence for its author." Referring to Cromwell's manifesto to the Irish clergy, accusing them of generating disunion, inciting to massacre, and destroying the beginnings of Irish prosperity, Mr. Gardiner says:

"As a contribution to Irish history nothing could be more ludicrously beside the mark than these burning words. The idyllic picture of Irishmen and Englishmen living together in peace till wicked priests stirred up the sleeping passions of the Irish has no foundation in the domain of fact. Cromwell knows nothing of the mingled chicanery and violence which made the Ulster Plantation hateful in the eyes of every Irishman. He knows nothing of lands filched away; of the injustice of legal tribunals, by which judgments were delivered in an alien speech in accordance with an alien law; of the bitterness caused by the proscription of a religion clung to all the more fondly because it was not the religion of the English oppressor."

This is a minor point, it is true; but it is a point of history, and it is important as showing the animus of the historians who laud Cromwell's manifesto as a just and humane document. When once the incrustation of error has been broken through, men will easily see where lies the beauty of truth.

Few men of wealth have used great riches for better purposes than the late Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York. A worthy charity or a noble cause never appealed to him in vain. He gave generously, and—what is much rarer in the case of a rich man—he took an active interest in all that makes for the advancement of religion and good government. He was, however, more than a mere philanthropist. Religion furnished the motive of all his benefactions, and in his daily life he acted up to the faith which he professed. Mr. Carnegie's dramatic statement, that "a man who dies rich dies disgraced," had no application in Mr. Kelly's case. If all rich men would use their wealth as he did, the multi-millionaires would be neither the menace nor the incubus they are commonly thought to be. May he rest in peace!

Padre Denza, "the Pope's Astronomer," who died suddenly at Rome on the 14th ult., was one of the best-known of contemporary scientists. Born at Naples in 1834, he ear

manifested a predilection for mathematical studies, and, after a thorough scientific course, occupied the chair of mathematics in various colleges conducted by the Barnabites, of which Order he was a member. His contributions to astronomical literature soon attracted wide attention, and in 1885 he was summoned to Rome to assume the direction of the Vatican Observatory. Under Padre Denza's supervision, the Observatory underwent a complete renovation, being brought thoroughly up to the most modern methods. His researches were especially pushed in meteorological fields, and for his brilliant services in this direction he was chosen President of the Royal Meteorological Society of Italy. At the Astronomical Congress held at Paris in 1889, he was requested to take part in the great international work of preparing photographic charts of the heavens, and in this work he was engaged up to the time of his death. Padre Denza was, however, more than a mere astronomer: he was a holy priest and an exemplary religious. His piety was as deep and unaffected as his learning was profound. *R. I. P.*

Of all the shams in the world perhaps the greatest is that of Protestant missions in foreign lands. Dr. Marshall was the first to demonstrate this fact in his learned work, "Christian Missions." Protestant missionaries themselves have since admitted it. And now comes a Brahman, Purushotam Rao Telang, with the same testimony, writing in the current *Forum*. He declares positively that it is "a sheer waste of money to spend it on missionaries." We need not quote further to strengthen the force of this verdict. However, we must make room for the picture which the Brahman draws of the Protestant missionary's life:

"The missionary gets good pay and lives better than an average well-to-do American gentleman. The friends of the missionary say: 'Oh, the poor missionary! He receives only \$100 to \$200 a month.' This is a very small sum in America compared with its value in India; for a man who earns \$100 a month in India can live as well as a man who has \$1,000 a month in America. He can have five or six servants, a good house, free of cost to him, and a horse and carriage — at a cost of less than \$100 per month. The missionary lives exceedingly well.

He has no cares, except the making of his reports and statements of the converts that he makes. In the morning he takes his breakfast; he walks in the church grounds, and looks to his flower-garden; then he sits in an arm-chair on the veranda, reading the Bible, newspapers, or a book; he eats a hearty luncheon and takes a good nap, the servant pulling the fan; he gets up at three o'clock in the afternoon, takes his Bible and goes to the town, followed by a pariah convert. He stands at the corner of a street, and makes a sign for his pariah disciple to begin the work. The pariah then exhorts his countrymen to embrace Christianity.

"While the Christian pariah goes on with his harangue, the missionary looks with a smile of pride, first on the pariah and then on the people. When the pariah exhausts his fund of exhortation and ends his oration, the missionary adds a few words. The better class of people look at him with pitying eyes, smile and walk off to their homes. By this time it is the hour for dinner, and the missionary goes home. The talk and the walk give him an appetite for the good dinner that awaits him. After dinner he enjoys music or a chat with his wife; and then he retires, to get up in the morning to repeat the arduous business. So the missionaries have not failed, and will not fail so long as Christians have money to waste in this useless way."

What a contrast to the life of daily self-sacrifice led by Catholic missionaries in India and elsewhere! The mention of madam is proof that this heathen writer referred only to Protestant missions and missionaries.

Thomas Nash, one of the minor voices in the great chorus which filled "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," wrote in 1593: "Those atheists with whom you are to encounter are special men of wit. The Roman seminaries have not allured unto them so many good wits as atheism." Commenting on these words, Father Thurston says in the *Month* that the Catholics of that day were commonly held to have drawn to their side many of the ablest men of letters. "There can be no doubt," he observes, "that all poetry and romance were regarded as smacking strongly of Popery in the minds of Elizabethan Puritans." So far as poetry is concerned, it still smacks of "Popery." There is no poetry in Protestantism; and when bards would go in quest of themes, they must still fall back into that mellow medievalism which was exiled from England by the bluff King Hal. All real poets and all great novelists are Catholic in their best

moments; and if "romance" has degenerated into brutal realism in our day, it is because the influence of the Church has been lost to most modern authors and the public taste to which they cater.

"A Life's Decision."*

Catholics are as prompt as others to recognize the strength and beauty of the literary productions of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose death is announced. But what endeared him especially to American Catholics was his manly defence of Father Damien when an unworthy Protestant minister attempted to besmirch the memory of the sainted Apostle of Molokai. No more powerful philippic has ever been penned in the English language than that in which this Scotch Presbyterian scourged a minister of the same sect for a deed of the basest dishonor. How deeply the author was moved by the unconscious heroism of Father Damien's life is evident in every line of this impassioned vindication; how high was his love of truth, how cordial his detestation of lying, are seen from the severity with which he chastised the offending minister, whose infamy he has immortalized. At least Catholics may wish that fair skies may overhang the Samoan mountain-top where Robert Louis Stevenson lies buried, and breathe a prayer that God will deal gently with one who "loved justice and hated iniquity."

To compensate M. Zola for the absolute refusal given to his request for an audience with the Holy Father, the Italian enemies of the Papacy naturally treated that malodorous novelist as a lion. Perhaps the most ludicrous incident connected with the pornographic writer's Roman campaign occurred at a banquet tendered to him by the liberal and revolutionary Press Association of Italy. Among the toasts proposed was this, emanating from M. Bonghi, president of the Association: "To the illustrious representative of French intellect and morality." This, we take it, is the *ne plus ultra*, the veritable apotheosis of perversion. Zola and morality! As well couple prudery and the goat, or æstheticism and the pig.

THE author tells us, in his "Prologue," that this volume has an intimate relation to the two published lately under the title "Per Crucem ad Lucem: The Result of a Life." "As they were abstract," he says, "this is personal. As they give intellectual conclusions, this delineates the inward growth of which they are the outcome. It is the tree upon which that fruit grew." The narrative, he adds, was written in 1853, three years after the issue of the momentous struggle depicted, and which "was then, in all its details, fresh in the memory." He wrote it "for the instruction of his children, then in infancy."

We have read this history with as much avidity as if it had been a romance. The only difficulty we experienced was to put the book down. It begins with the year 1837, and brings upon the scene several of the conspicuous men that figured in the Anglican high-church party till the year 1850—the year of the author's conversion. We have letters from John Henry Newman, both as an Anglican and as a Catholic; from Henry Edward Manning, whose reception into the Church followed that of Mr. Allies by a year; from W. Palmer, still on his way to the truth; from John Keble, the amiable poet of "The Christian Year"; from Gladstone; from the eminent jurist, the late Baron Alderson; and from the equally distinguished Justice Coleridge, also deceased; from the Anglican bishops Blomfield, of London; Wilberforce, then of Oxford; and Moberly, afterward of Salisbury; and from Forbes, bishop of Brechin. Toward the end, too, we hear from Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Wiseman; from the celebrated Père de Ravignan, S. J., and from the Comte de Montalembert.

Mr. Allies aims at showing "the joint operation of grace and free-will" in the process of his conversion; and right well does he succeed. For this reason it is that his pages convey a most important lesson both to

* By T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G. Second Edition. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Anglicans and to others who profess to be in earnest after truth. He speaks of "the Divine Hand guiding us by a touch as slight as that of one's partner in the dance, but as easy to follow;—a touch which it is at our option all the time *not* to follow; which does not force the will, yet is sufficient, if disregarded, to judge and condemn it." His own thorough earnestness shines out in striking contrast to the half-earnestness of some with whom he was brought in contact. We particularly note his dissatisfaction with Dr. Pusey's evasiveness, and his disgust at the manifest insincerity of Samuel Wilberforce. The latter, however, by his attack upon our author's "Journal in France," materially "helped on the solution" of the great question for him. It is surprising, indeed, that he did not see at once the real character of the Church of England as represented by "a model bishop." He discovered, at any rate, that "every possible liberty as to denying of sacraments and the sacramental system, as to putting forth their own purely Protestant notions, as to scurrilous abuse and misrepresentation of Rome, on the one side, was borne very patiently, to say the least, if not encouraged, by the episcopal bench; while the first attempt to state the case fairly, to bring into light instances of charity in the Roman Church which had come under the writer's notice, to remove prejudice and to clear away misrepresentations, was viewed as a mortal offence against the Anglican Church.... Thus the one moral drawn from the whole proceeding was that there was only one heresy known and recognized in the Anglican Church—namely, praise of the Church of Rome; and that so a man stuck cordially to the Royal Supremacy in matters ecclesiastical, and denounced the Pope as the Man of Sin, he might disbelieve of church doctrines whatsoever he pleased."

One of the most pleasing incidents in the course of this narrative is Mr. Allies' visit to Pius IX., then at Gaeta—August 19, 1849. The Pontiff received him very kindly, and expressed great interest in the movement going on within the Anglican Church. Another incident is the account, written to his wife, of the Addolorata and the Ecstatica

in the Tyrol,—the former named Maria Domenica Lazzari, the latter Maria Mörl. He asked Domenica to pray "that England might be wholly Catholic, with only one religion instead of many."—"Yes," she answered, "there is but one religion: the Catholic and Roman; outside of this, one ought not even to hope."

Mr. Allies studied a great deal while an Anglican, and discovered thereby more and more of Catholic truth. Newman's "Essay on Development" set him studying up the question of the Papacy in particular. The first conclusion he came to was that St. Peter had undoubtedly a Primacy among the Apostles, which had descended to his successor in the See of Rome. But it seemed to our author that this Primacy had become corrupted in its nature—changed into a supremacy of the very kind witnessed against by St. Gregory the Great in his rebuke to John the Faster (of Constantinople); to wit, a sovereignty which made the Pope the *only* bishop, all others being merely his vicars. On this ground Mr. Allies thought the Anglican position justified, and wrote a book called "The Church of England Cleared from the Charge of Schism." This work appeared in 1846. The author explains, in the book we are reviewing, that he had made the mistake of imagining a *Patriarchal* system *opposed* to "the *Papal*." He says: "For want of elementary knowledge, which would have been supplied to the merest tyro wherever theology was taught as a science, while I searched out most perseveringly, and watched most honestly, all the outward acts of the Church and its hierarchy, I failed to catch any *principle* on which they rested; and, consequently, in spite of industry and honesty, in spite of going to the Fathers and following every clue they supplied, I only, here again, 'saw men as trees walking.'" This reminds us of what Newman had said to him in 1845—just before that great leader's reception into the Church: "We Englishmen never *carry out a principle*. Guizot, and statesmen abroad, say we are admirable as practical statesmen: in our actual diplomacy we are superior to all. But they despise us *in scientific reasoning*: we *never go to the bottom of a matter*, never *carry a principle out*."

It was not until February 27, 1850, that our author's eyes were finally opened to the true character of the Church of England. The famous Gorham case revealed to him the fact of the Royal Supremacy as "the basis of Anglicanism." He writes, on April 22, 1850: "As for myself, since the Royal Supremacy, as the basis of Anglicanism, has broken in upon me, I have had but one view—that it *annihilates* us as a church. I no longer wonder at the dishonesty of our formularies, at the division of principle in the various parties comprising our community, at the slight hold which the church system has on our people; in fact, at any or all of the evils which afflict us. As to the judgment of the Privy Council in favor of Gorham, of course it involves us, if unreversed, in heresy; but, important as it is, it seems to me quite subordinate to the question of the Royal Supremacy itself." At last he saw what had been so plain all along to Catholic controversialists at home and abroad—viz., that the Anglican Establishment is nothing more than a creation of Parliament, and, as Lord Houghton once called it, "a part of the civil service." He had, therefore, to leave it; and resigned his living after preaching his farewell sermon on the 8th of September, 1850—the feast of Our Lady's Nativity. Happily for him, his excellent wife had already become a Catholic. She had come to a conclusion more quickly than himself, after the revelation about the Royal Supremacy. It is to her that he dedicates "A Life's Decision" in terms of well-deserved tribute.

Mr. Allies was received into the one fold by his former leader in the great Tractarian movement, Dr. Newman. At the suggestion of a friend, he first wrote "The See of Peter," to refute his former book upon the Papacy. No one on the Anglican side attempted an answer to this result of longer and deeper inquiry; while the acknowledgments received from some of the Anglican friends to whom he sent it show a very decided unwillingness to face inconvenient demonstration. Evidently Henry Edward Manning owed not a little light to this book. But we must not run on. Suffice it to have given our readers some idea of the treat that awaits them in "A Life's Decision." One thing, however, let us

add, since this notice is to appear in Our Lady's magazine. Mr. Allies tells us that the Blessed Virgin was the *Stella Matutina* who led him on, through the dim light by which he began his search, to the perfect day of truth. The way he speaks of her in his "Journal in France" (a work unhappily out of print) shows that she had powerfully attracted him. Devotion to her commended itself to him in connection with the Real Presence of her Divine Son in the Eucharist. And after his complete conversion he found in this devotion to Our Lady what every true convert finds—the dearest and most tender bond of love between His Lord's Heart and his own.

E. H.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Matthias Doll, of New Orleans, La., who passed away on the 14th inst.

Mr. John Kayes, who departed this life on the 7th inst., at Yazoo City, Miss.

Miss Alice Sweetwood, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 21st ult.

Mrs. Margaret Purcell, whose happy death took place recently in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Joseph Vogel, of Cleveland, Ohio, who died a holy death on the 18th inst.

Mr. James Easley, who was called to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 8th inst., at McHaddon, Pa.

Mr. P. F. Gogarty, of New Orleans, La., who yielded his soul to God on the 2d inst.

Mr. John Fitzgerald, of Tacoma, Wash.; Miss Anna Maloy, Indianapolis, Ind.; Patrick and Minnie E. Broughel, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Philips and Mrs. M. Bingham, E. Orange, N. J.; Mrs. P. Murphy, Elmira, N. Y.; Michael McGuirk, Philadelphia, Pa.; Peter A. Higgins, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. Catherine Cashion, Mrs. Isabelle Kenney, Mrs. Anna O'Connor, Mrs. Patrick Sweeney, Miss Catherine Doyle, Miss Anna Carroll, Miss Alice McCormack, Miss Julia Mulcahy, Miss Julia Callahan, Mr. Michael Kenney, Edward Dougherty, Michael Spelacy, Michael Fitzgerald, Edmund Fitzgerald, William Roach, Patrick Sullivan, and Patrick Donnelly,—all of Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. Daniel Fitzgerald, Fort Edward, N. Y.; and Edward Kenney, Boston, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The New Year and the Old.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

SEE yonder laughing boy!
It is the glad New Year;
Our hearts are wild with joy
To bid him welcome here.

His hands are filled with gifts,
O'erflowing at our feet;
The promise on his lips
Is hopeful, gay and sweet.

But mark you whitehaired man!
His form is thin and weak,
His eyes are dim with age,
Wan is his faded cheek.

Once he, too, brought us gifts,
We took them from his hand;
Once he, too, reigned a king
O'er all the joyous land.

His lamp goes out to-night;
But shall we, then, forget
How oft beneath its glow
Together we have met?

Ah, no! Come clasp his hands,
E'en though their touch be cold;
And while we greet the glad New Year,
Sigh gently for the Old.

A WREN had a nest in the Stable of Bethlehem, and was the first of the feathery tribe to praise the Saviour of the World. In olden times this friendly little bird was called "the blessed fowl" and "Our Lady's hen."

The Masquerade of the Months.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

I.



T was the day of the months.
Not the day of the month, but
the day that belongs to no
month at all,—the day outside
of them all, and which comes in
no year. Very few people know
of this day, but it happens in this wise.
Between the ebb and flow of the tide there
is a calm, when for about fifteen minutes
the great ocean seems to lie still, resting
before its waters turn and flow in again
to the shore. So, too, there is one day of
rest between the new year and the old,
that belongs to no month, and upon which
all the months meet and thoroughly enjoy
themselves.

This day is called "Extrannus Day."
It was named by August, who is a learned
month, having studied hard in college;
while February, March, November, Jan-
uary, and December cared more for sports,
and September did nothing but write
poetry. *Extrannus* is from two Latin
words—*extra*, outside; and *annus*, year.
And so this day of the months was called
by August Extrannus Day, because it was
outside of the year.

It was on Extrannus Day, and all the
months were together. They were a trifle
melancholy; for it was growing late, and
they would soon have to disperse.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed April softly, wiping a tear from her roguish eye. "I wish we could be together oftener, instead of having appointed places and work that keep us apart always, except on this one day."

"It makes me angry," answered July, frowning. She was a big, handsome girl, with reddish hair, and bright, fierce eyes.

May and June, twin-sisters, lovely and gentle, looked grieved.

"It is very hard," sighed June. "May goes always as I come; and, except on Extrannus Day, I never can do more than give her a kiss at midnight on her last day, as I come to begin my first one."

September looked up; his eyes were dreamy, and his face calm and melancholy.

"I have just been writing a sonnet on our sorrows," he said, slowly.

"Sonnet!" ejaculated March, in a tone of contempt. "What is the use of writing poetry? For my part, I think something should be done." And he strode up and down angrily.

Suddenly April wiped away her last tear, and burst out laughing.

"I have thought of something that would be the greatest fun," she exclaimed.

"Tell us, April," said March, his face softening. All the months loved tricky April, but March best of all; indeed he was allowed to be next to her, because he was so fond of her.

"Let us all change places for the coming year," said April, gaily. "And let us do one another's work, and wear one another's garments,—in short, have a masquerade until next Extrannus Day."

"Oh, capital!" said May, springing up and dancing, waving a branch of apple blossoms above her head.

"Bravo, April!" exclaimed July, her cheeks flushing with pleasure.

"Really not at all bad," said August, approvingly. "It reminds me of the classic days, the time of the great Emperor whose name I bear."

"We will certainly do it," remarked December, in high good-humor.

"Yes, we will! we will!" responded all the months.

The distribution of parts was a little difficult, but at last it was decided that July was to take January's place; September, February's; December, March's; June, April's; November to come in May's place; April in June's; January in July's; October in August's; February in September's; August in October's; May in November's; and March was to end the year instead of December.

It took all the rest of Extrannus Day to change garments, and take the weather out of the trunk of the month to whom it properly belonged, and repack it in that of the month who was going to use it that year. At last it was accomplished, and the months parted with less sorrow than they had ever felt in saying good-bye; for they were full of delight at the thought of the prank they were to play.

"Good-bye, July!" said January, shaking hands cordially. "You begin to-morrow instead of me, and I hope you'll succeed in surprising everyone."

"Trust me," said July, and went to prepare a new kind of New Year's Day.

II.

Harry and Edith Osgood woke with strong hope of a snowy holiday. It had been cloudy when they went to bed, and they had received sleds at Christmas, which they longed to try. Springing from bed, they found the sun shining; and, coming down to breakfast, they heard their mother giving orders for moderating the furnace fire and opening the windows. "For really," said Mrs. Osgood, "it is as warm as July."

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed Harry, suddenly, with a vigorous slap. "Here is a mosquito!"

And later Edith ran in waving a branch of a shrub.

"Just look, mamma dear!" she cried.

"New Year's Day, and our yellow shrub in blossom!"

All the month long this wonderful weather lasted. Harry and Edith went sadly each day to dust the new sleds; and asked each morning if the weather reports predicted snow, but it never came. Instead of coasting, they played tennis and jumped rope, and declared earnestly that they had never seen a January like this one.

July heard them, and laughed slyly.

"What fun this is!" she said. "Give them the line storm, September," she added, as that month came to take February's place; and she departed, having done her best in January's position to puzzle people. "Give them the equinoctial, and good-bye."

September left off writing poetry, and did his best. All the month it was warm and dusty. Winds blew high; but no snow fell, and skating was as much out of the question as coasting.

"I never saw such a winter,—never!" said Edith, in an injured tone. "It has just gone crazy."

Washington's Birthday it rained—how it rained!—and it thundered; lightning flashed, and ships were wrecked along the coast. A scientific person of note wrote an article on the superstition of the "line storm," and proved that the severe gale on Washington's Birthday had all the characteristics of the equinox, which, as it came in February it could not possibly be; and called attention to the fact that there was no ground for the popular belief in the equinox. September smiled as he heard the article read; he knew that he had given the world a good, old-fashioned equinoctial; but how could the world guess it, not knowing of the masquerade of the months?

December came next, in March's place, and brought such glorious snows as more than to satisfy the children. Coasting and sleighing abounded, and fences were snowed under.

"It is regular Christmas weather," people said; and December was satisfied.

Then June arrived, and everyone remarked upon the unusual April. It scarcely rained at all; the roads were dusty, and the heat very great.

"We shall certainly be obliged to go to the country early this year," said Mrs. Osgood, as she let down the hems of Edith's gingham dresses to wear to school. "I never saw an April like this one."

June laughed gaily, and Edith said:

"O mamma dear, the birds are singing! Mayn't we leave town by the 1st of May?"

They went, and November came to take the place of the bright, blithe month. The skies were grey and bleak; sometimes little flakes of snow floated in the air, and the buds of the fruit-trees were nipped by frost. The children shivered around the fires in their country home, and were forlorn and unhappy.

"I do believe the world has gotten mixed up, and is whirling around the other way," said Harry. "There hasn't been a single thing right since New Year's Day. What ails this year? I wish we had gone South for the summer."

November went away at last; and April, the madcap, came to fill June's place. Such pranks as she played! One day she scorched the world, the next chilled it. Every day it showered, and the flowers and fruits could not make up their minds to blossom or to ripen.

"If I had no calendar, I should certainly think this was April," said Mrs. Osgood, as she tied up Edith's throat, which had grown very sore in the changes of the weather. "I really think this year *has* 'gone crazy,' as the children say."

But when January came in July's stead, and brought with him heavy frosts, what could everybody think? The Fourth was actually cold, and the children saw the fireworks from the window; for Edith was not well enough to go out, and Harry gallantly stayed with her. There was no

bathing that year, and the children were bitterly disappointed. All Edith's pretty, thin dresses had to be laid aside, and she went about in woollens, and great discontent.

October came then to fill August's place. A haze lay over the whole country; the noons were warm, but the nights and mornings cold. By the time February appeared instead of September, bringing scurries of snow, mud, high winds, and general discomfort, the Osgoods gave up in despair, and left the country, where they had lingered in hope of a little summer time, and came back to the city.

Then came August instead of October, and brought his own weather with him. The days were sultry, the air heavy, and no rain fell to relieve it. Harry and Edith found the return to school under such conditions almost unbearable, and they felt despairing.

"All summer long we half froze in the country," remarked Harry, "and a fellow couldn't have one bit of fun. And now it's hot enough to melt us; and the summer is over, and we are back in that stuffy school. I'd really like one month that could behave!"

May had just arrived to act in November's stead, and heard Harry's remark.

"I know how to behave," she said to herself; "and I suspect all the months have been behaving as usual, my dear, only they are not quite in their places."

So May acted her own varying self. It was warm and cold by turns; and the country newspapers recorded the second blossoming of the fruit-trees, and that violets had been found in bloom along the roadsides.

Thanksgiving Day was very warm and showery; the children had been invited to a *matinée* to see "Cinderella," and the sudden shower ruined poor little Edith's pretty, new dress.

"We have not had one holiday like itself," she sobbed on her return, wet and

damaged. "Who ever heard of a May-day shower on Thanksgiving Day?"

At last came March, to end a year which everyone thought had been quite long enough.

III.

Such erratic weather could not fail to be observed. Scientific men all over the world were corresponding and comparing notes as to weather records, and the papers were full of the different theories advanced by each one. Some held that it was the Gulf stream, and other people thought it was because of spots on the sun. Others again said it was because the earth's axis had tipped more or less, and others that it was the fault of icebergs; while some seemed to suspect that, though it was hard to tell how, it had some connection with the change of administration; but no one guessed the truth.

In the meantime March brought his own weather into the December days. It blew, and was cold and disagreeable as only March can be.

Harry and Edith hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and they found them blown down, toys and all, in the morning.

"I never saw such a year in my life, did you?" said Harry, on its last day.

"Never!" replied Edith, emphatically—she had seen eight years altogether,—“and I hope I shall never see another like it. I wish I knew what ailed it.”

And then a strange thing happened. By the flickering firelight they saw twelve figures enter the room, all tall and slender, all young, and each beautiful in his or her way. And one of them, a lovely, girlish, mischievous creature, came swiftly toward Edith, and, kneeling down, wound her arms around her.

"It is all my fault. Can you forgive me?" she said.

"I don't know who you are," stammered Edith, not feeling sure whether she were awake or dreaming.

"I am April," answered the stranger, looking up with tear-wet eyes, blue as her anemones. "And I planned the prank that has cost you so much annoyance. I'm very sorry; but it was such fun!" she added, laughing suddenly.

"Edith does not understand," said October, coming forward, and taking the child up into her capacious lap. "Come here, Harry," she added, holding out her other hand to the little boy, while she softly stroked Edith's hair. "Come here, and I will tell you all about it."

Then she told the children the story of their masquerade.

"And you are the only ones in the world that know why this has been such a queer year," May broke in at the end. "Don't you feel flattered?"

"Are you real?" asked wondering Edith. "Are you truly the months?" putting her hand on October's brown cheek, and looking into her quiet brown eyes,—"rather like a cow's," Edith thought.

"Very real, and surely months," said lovely July, laughing. "Come now, stand together hand in hand, and we will dance around you."

The children did as they were bidden; and, joining hands, the months danced around them, singing:

"Bringing snow and bringing rain,
Bringing sunshine, fruits, and flowers;
Bringing joy and bringing pain,
Hopes and fears for fleeting hours.

"Bringing death and bringing birth,
Loving without stint or measure,
Thus we dance around the earth,
Thus we crown her with our treasure.

"Thus we guide her round the sun,
Through the days and nights of ages;
Thus our work is never done,
Circling thus the earth's bright pages."

"And will you never play us such a trick again?" asked Harry, when the song was ended, remembering the many disappointments of the past year.

"Never, we will promise you," said January, acting as spokesman, being first of the months.

"Never—or hardly ever," added mischievous April, with a merry look.

"Now, little friends, we are going to keep our Extrannus Day together; and then January will begin the round of the year, and we shall all follow in order as usual. This is the first and last time the months will ever masquerade."

Perhaps they have kept their promise; but sometimes, when we have such queer seasons as come occasionally, it looks as though they had forgotten it, and were masquerading again; doesn't it?

Healy's First Masterpiece.

There are in the life of the great portrait-painter, Healy, many pleasing and interesting incidents, which can not fail to delight the rising generation. His grandfather was a patriotic Irishman, financially ruined by his efforts in behalf of freedom; his father a sea-captain, who, after an adventurous but upright life, settled in Boston, and became a genuine Yankee by adoption. It was probably from his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Hicks, that little George inherited his artistic skill. She painted very prettily in water-colors, after the fashion of the day; and the lad liked nothing better than to pore over her modest sketches,—having, it is needless to say, not the slightest idea that he himself would ever be able to create such wonderful works of art.

Meanwhile things did not go well at home. George was the eldest of five children, and was obliged to be, as so many other elder brothers have been, "mother's right-hand man." He makes no complaint of his father, but tells us that all his business ventures proved disastrous, and we can readily fill in the picture. He was evidently a good man, disheartened by want of success, and an

easy-going sailor at heart even after he left the ocean forever.

George was what the Scotch would call a "wee bit laddie" when the chance came for him to be of help as a wage-earner. He held the horse of a gentleman while he made a call, and was rewarded with a dollar. Probably never again did the sight of a dollar, bravely earned, give him the same triumphant pleasure as that which he felt when he threw the money into the lap of his proud and tearful mother.

One friend, Miss Stuart, daughter of Gilbert Stuart, already renowned as a portrait-painter, was the first believer in his artistic vocation. One of her kind acts was to lend him a print of Guido Reni's famous "Ecce Homo," which he at once proceeded to copy. After he had reproduced the picture as well as he could, he begged a friendly bookseller to hang it in his window, and to sell it if possible. Mr. Healy confesses in his autobiography that he made as many excuses as possible for passing the good-natured book-vender's shop. At last the "Ecce Homo" actually found a customer,—none other than a Catholic priest who had charge of a rural parish not far away. He inquired if the picture was for sale; and the bookseller, thinking this a chance to do the young artist a good turn, replied that he thought the painter might be induced to part with it, if the price offered was liberal.

"I am poor," answered the priest; "but I wish this picture very much, and will give ten dollars for it."

The bookseller promised to ask young Healy about the matter, and report the next day. The transaction was perfected, and the good priest carried off the precious

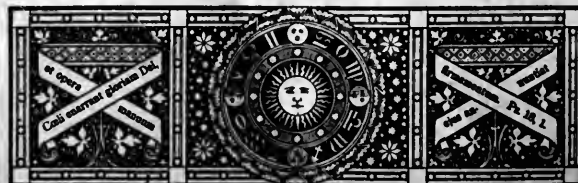
painting in triumph. This would seem to indicate that even then the genius of Mr. Healy was manifest, and possibly the kind purchaser was aware that he had a good bargain. Now for the sequel.

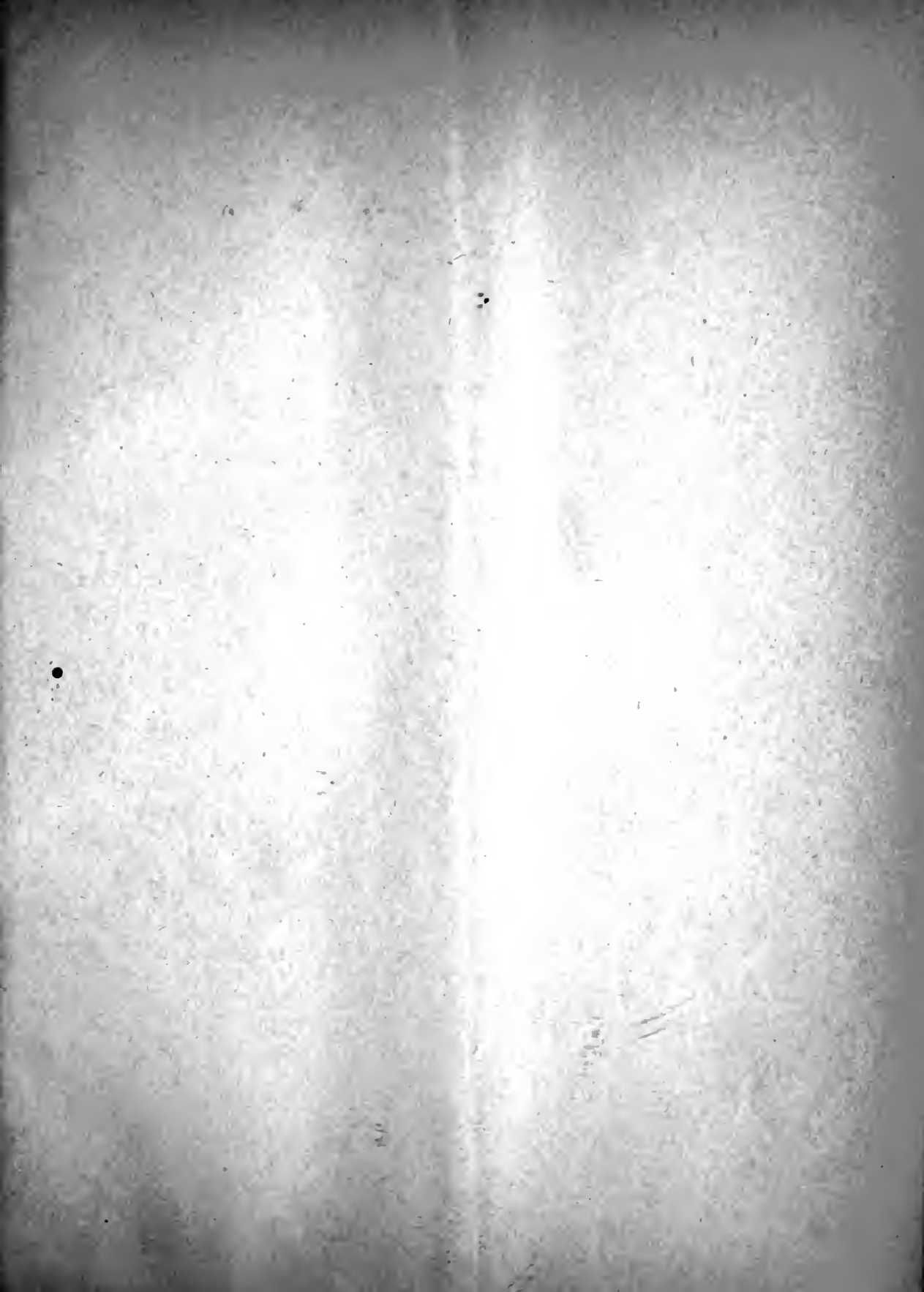
Some thirty years after, when the artist, enjoying world-wide fame, was chatting with some friends at the Capitol at Washington, an aged priest stepped up to him and asked if he were not Mr. Healy, the portrait-painter. The painter admitted his identity, and the old priest remarked, with a smile:

"I believe that I am the happy possessor of one of your earliest works, if not the earliest. Do you remember an 'Ecce Homo' which you had placed in the window of a Boston bookseller? A country priest offered ten dollars for it. I am that priest, and your picture still hangs in my little church. Who knows? It, perhaps, brought down blessings on your head. I have always felt that I had something to do with your success in life."

Mr. Healy shook hands heartily with his first customer, and told him how much that ten dollars was to him at the time; but in the excitement he forgot to inquire the name of the old priest,—something he never ceased to regret. He would have liked, he said, to pay him a visit, and see his early "Ecce Homo" again.

Mr. Healy died last year at a ripe old age, honored and admired all over the civilized world. He was all his life a most earnest and consistent Catholic, and after his death it was prettily said of him: "Successful in reproducing the features of others on canvas, he was still more faithful in forming his own heart to the image and likeness of his Creator."







MATER AMABILIS.
(F. Iltenbach.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

Vol. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 5, 1895.

No. 1.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Mother Most Amiable.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

9 SWEETEST Mother of the sweetest Son
Ever by woman borne, or held on knee,
Or in arms clasped! did not the Eternal
One,

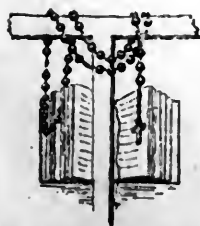
With questioning eyes, as who should ask
thy will,

Make thy heart pulses throb, thy being thrill
With a strange joy, by sorrow half undone,
Foreshadowings of Cana yet to be,
Hosannas, Judas, Pilate, Calvary?

It is a mother face, serene and mild,
With gracious curves majestic; the soft eyes
Downcast, yet resting on the Heavenly Child;
His upward gaze all innocence, yet wise.

O Mother of all mothers, I could gaze
Upon thy fair, sweet semblance all my days!

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

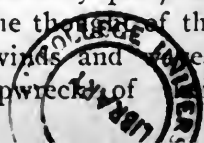


THE dawn of a new year is a propitious season for the inception of laudable projects touching one's scheme of life, and for the prosecution, with fresh energy and an access of revived zeal, of designs formulated more than once already, but hitherto more or less neglected. In the spiritual

life, it is an epoch generally signalized by the taking of new or the strengthening of old resolutions calculated to further one's progress on the straight and narrow path of duty well fulfilled, of days meritoriously spent, of salvation zealously sought. And one resolution which all Christians may well renew, with genuine ardor and energetic force, at this auspicious period is that of increasing throughout the weeks and months of the new-born year their practical devotion to the Mother of God.

Of the millions who receive during this season of social joy and cordial goodwill the common greeting, "A happy New Year!" all in the eyes of God belong to either one of two classes: they are His friends or enemies, are adorned with or stripped of sanctifying grace, are just or sinners. To either class devotion to the Blessed Virgin is practically indispensable. To insure perseverance in virtue or conversion from vice the aid of our Blessed Lady is so efficacious that devotion to her has been time and time again denominated a mark of predestination.

The Fathers of the Church and the masters of the spiritual life have given ample testimony on this point,—testimony which can not be too often reiterated for the encouragement of those who aspire to reach one day the heavenly port, but meanwhile shudder at the thought of the rocks and shoals, the winds and waves, that threaten the shipwreck of



hopes. "A true servant of Mary," says St. Bernard, "can not perish." *Impossibile est ut pereat*. St. Anselm of Canterbury, whose title to theological distinction not even heretics dispute, writes: "Just as it is impossible that he who does not honor Mary can be saved, so it is absolutely impossible that he who shows himself her worthy servant shall not reach heaven."

"Great Queen," continues St. Bonaventure, "he who honors thee and recommends himself to thy goodness is far distant from perdition. . . . Those who love thee will enjoy great peace, and their souls will never be subjected to the eternal flames." And St. Liguori, the profound theologian, the illustrious confessor, the learned and zealous missionary, and the great director of souls, declares: "If I am a devoted servant of Mary, I am sure of reaching Paradise."

Does not the Church herself, that fundamental column of all truth, add her testimony to that of her most eminent children? What else does she mean in calling Mary the Gate of Heaven—*Janua Cæli*,—the hope and refuge of poor sinners—*Refugium Peccatorum*? Does she not teach the same lesson when proposing to our minds Mary as the Star destined to guide us across the world's tempestuous sea, and lead us safely and securely to the shores of a happy eternity? "Hail, Star of the Sea!" Throughout the offices which she has established in honor of the Blessed Virgin, does not the Church unceasingly inculcate that those who invoke that benign Mother will infallibly achieve the great work of their salvation?

It is, then, eminently consonant with both the doctrine of the Church and the sentiments of her greatest members to declare that Mary will obtain for us the supreme grace of final perseverance if we implore it of her clemency. She is both able and willing to insure our arriving at the goal of the elect, the celestial

Sion where she herself reigns as Queen.

As to her ability to effect this work, her very name, Mother of God, is a sufficient guarantee. In virtue of that title, says St. Bernard, all power is given to her in heaven and on earth, and nothing is impossible to her. Her power is that of her Divine Son; with this difference, however, that the Son has His power of Himself, while the Mother holds hers by grace or communication,—a circumstance which, nevertheless, does not change the nature of the power, nor limit its exercise. She is omnipotent interceding.

If the saints in all ages have had such access to the Divine Majesty, if they have so often partaken of His omnipotence, if their prayers have obtained miracles without number; if, in accordance with their desire, the laws of nature have been suspended, and the fountains of grace have irrigated and made fertile the barren rock of the sinner's heart, what, we may well ask, can be unattainable through Mary's prayers to God the Father or to His and her beloved Son? When our Saviour was still on earth He knew not how to refuse anything to His Mother. At the marriage-feast of Cana she asked Him to perform a miracle; and, although He informed her that His hour was not yet come, He forthwith granted her request. Assuredly He is not less likely to accede to her demands now that she is seated by His side in heaven. Rather does He continually repeat to her the words of Solomon to *his* mother in other days: "Ask, my mother; nor is it permitted that I should turn away thy face."

Incomparably more tender and loving in His sonship than ever was Solomon, Christ reiterates with fond insistence: Ask me, my Mother, all that you wish, put my tenderness to the proof. I can refuse you nothing. Now, as at Bethlehem, in Nazareth, and on Calvary, "I am your Child. You are my Mother always, and I can never forget what I owe to your

loving care. Be you my sovereign, the treasurer and almoner of my graces; shower them in profusion upon such of your servants as you deem worthy. Ask me, my Mother. Ask the grace of strength for the weak, the grace of consolation for the afflicted, the grace of triumph for those who struggle, the grace of cure for the sick, the grace of reconciliation for sinners. Ask, nor dread that thy slightest desire shall be ignored, thy simplest petition remain unheard.

The certainty of Our Lady's power to assist us would, however, prove of relatively little comfort to us, were we not equally assured of her readiness to exert that power in our behalf as often and as constantly as we invoke her. Of her willingness, not less than her ability, to protect and save us, no reasonable Christian can entertain a doubt. That she loves each of the souls for whom her Divine Son consummated the tremendous Sacrifice of Calvary with a love surpassing all that other mothers can possibly feel for their best-loved children, is a fact we never seriously call in question. From the moment when Christ confided to her maternal care all humanity in the person of St. John, no child of Adam has wanted a mother tenderer far than the most devoted of all earthly parents.

From a mother's love issues naturally and inevitably the will to benefit her children. Indifference to their interests, neglect of their welfare, heedlessness of their cries,—these are obviously incompatible with a true and tender affection. And therefore it is that, convinced of Our Lady's genuine love for each of the children whom Christ confided to her care, we rejoice in the certainty that, all-embracing as is her power, it is fully equalled by her benignity, her clemency, and her mercy.

Devotion to Mary, then, is clearly a necessary outcome of a real desire to attain the end for which we were created. It is a

manifest corollary of the proposition: I desire to reach heaven, to save my soul. A tender affection for the mother is the concomitant of genuine love for her Son; and honor shown to her, confidence reposed in her, reliance placed upon her power and goodness, are among the surest means of preserving that union with the Son which is called habitual grace on earth, and constitutes the glory of heaven. Happy those of us who, in the New Year's dawning, ponder well such reflections as these, and fan into a glowing flame those sparks of love for the Queen of Heaven which have perchance grown dim!

To us, as to all, is addressed the touching appeal of St. Bernard: "O you who sail the stormy sea of the world, exposed to life's winds and tempests, turn not your eyes from Mary, who will ever prove your guide and consoler. Do you feel the wind of temptation rising, do you fear to strike on the rock of adversity? Look to your Star, call Mary to your succor. If anger or avarice or sensuality threatens to submerge your heart, still gaze on your Star, invoke Mary's aid. Are you troubled by the enormity of your crimes, in dread of the horrors of future judgment, plunged in grief and woe, torn by despair, and already clad with the sombre shadows of death? Think of Mary, invoke her with confidence, throw yourself into her arms. Let her name be ever on your lips and love of her dwell ever in your heart. With such a guide we go not astray, with such a protectress we have naught to fear."

THE Incarnation brought righteousness out of the region of cold abstractions, clothed it in flesh and blood, opened for it the shortest and broadest way to all our sympathies, gave it the firmest command over the springs of human action by incorporating it in a Person, and making it, as has been beautifully said, liable to love.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

I.—ST. PATRICK'S BALL.

IT was the night of the 17th of March, the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint; and St. Patrick's Ball had gathered within the mirrored walls of St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, all the youth, wit, rank, beauty and fashion, not only of the Irish metropolis, but of the entire country at large.

The Lord-Lieutenant, an enormous bunch of Erin's green, immortal shamrock nestling in the rich red of his ribbon of the Order of the Bath, had just finished a country dance to the inspiring strains of "Patrick's Day," and was leading his flushed and smiling partner in the direction of the supper room, when his eye suddenly alighted upon a young and strikingly handsome man, attired in a simple court costume, who was engaged in casting searching glances along the line of dancers, as it slowly followed the Viceroy and the Household.

His Excellency, calling one of his aid-de-camps, asked:

"Is not that gentleman standing there Mr. Bodkin of Ballyboden?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Find out at once!"

In less than a minute the aid-de-camp returned.

"That is Mr. Bodkin of Ballyboden, sir."

"By whose invitation is he here?"

"Your Excellency will recollect that any gentleman who has attended a levee is entitled to come to St. Patrick's Ball, unless the chamberlain notifies him to remain away."

"It's rather cheeky! Eh, Folcamb?"

"You see, sir, I am so new—that—"

"Oh, I forgot! Please ask Carington to come to me." And turning to his partner, the Viceroy courteously invited her to take a glass of champagne.

While the Lord-Lieutenant was engaged in clinking his glass, the beaded bubbles at the brim, with that of the corpulent, be-diamond lady beside him, Arthur Bodkin continued his inspection of the supper line. Suddenly his eyes lighted up, as though ten thousand volts of electricity had been flashed into them; and stepping forward to a young and very lovely girl in the line, eagerly asked her for the next dance.

"*Must* it be?" she half murmured.

"It *must*!" he almost whispered. "It is life or death to *me*."

She grew very pale—pale to the lips; while her Irish eyes assumed the deep, dark, dangerous, delicious hue of the violet.

"I shall be over at the right-hand side of the throne," she said; and passed onward, to the intense relief of her very mystified partner, a Dragoon Guardsman, who afterward declared to a brother officer that 'he'd be hanged if he didn't think there was something deucedly romantic going on between Miss Nugent and the blooming civilian.'

"Arthur Bodkin, I never expected to meet you here," observed Miss Nugent, in a low tone; as, taking his arm, she was led to a somewhat dimly lighted and almost deserted corridor.

"Let us step in here," said Bodkin, wheeling her into the deep recess of a window. "We shall be free from interruption."

The moon bathed the Castle garden, and the quaint and countless roofs of the adjoining streets in liquid pearl. Her pale beams fell upon two white faces.

"This is about the last place I ought to be, Alice, after my marked attention to one of Her Majesty's representatives in Ireland."

"Horsewhipped a Lord High Commissioner," she laughed.

"But I knew that you would be here with your uncle; so I drove over to Galway, caught the mail-train, got into this ridiculous costume. And now, dearest, is it true that you are going to Mexico?"

"Yes, Arthur. You see, my uncle is a fighting Nugent. The Nugents have been in the Austrian service for centuries. My grand-uncle, Tom Nugent of Keils, sent six of his twenty-one sons to the field, and offered a dozen more. My uncle has been specially appointed, and we go with the Archduke Maximilian. I am to be one of the maids of honor to the Archduchess, or Empress, I should say."

"When do you start?"

"I do not know. Very soon, I believe." There was a moment's silence.

"Do you know, Alice," said Bodkin, in a troubled if not a hard voice, "you are taking this very coolly?"

"What can I do, Arthur?"

"Marry me at once, and come to Ballyboden. We can surely live on potatoes and point," he added, bitterly.

Miss Nugent placed her small, gloved hand on his arm, and, gazing up into his set, stern face, exclaimed:

"Arthur Bodkin, you know that I would share any fate with you; but your people—what have they not said! What are they not saying! Have they not arranged everything for your marriage with Lady Julia Travers—by the way," she added, woman-like, "she is here to-night, and looking superb."

"Shall I go to her, Alice?"

"No, no, no! Be rational. Listen to me. It shall never be said that I marred your fortune, and—"

"Marred!" he burst in, with vehemence. "Alice, I must make my fortune before any one can mar it. And this I mean to do. And now listen to me. I am going to Mexico."

"You, Arthur!" rapturously cried the young girl.

"Yes, I. I shall enter the service of Maximilian; and, if I can't do better, as a trooper. I can ride, at all events; and the Galway Blazers will give me a 'karácter,'" he laughed. "I shall be near you, Alice,—shall breathe the same air, see the same sky, the same trees, and shall trust to luck to meeting you."

"This is splendid, Arthur! Surely my uncle would—"

"Put me in irons, and marry you to this Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. He is here to-night, Alice, and is looking superb."

"Shall I go to him, Arthur?"

At that moment a deep-toned voice, in foreign accent, broke in upon them.

"Paurdon me, Mees Noogent, but theese is our dawnce."

Alice started, colored violently, drew back from the side of Bodkin, and exclaimed:

"Not yet surely, Count Kalksburg! 'We are number nine.'"

"Nömber sechs, Mees Noogent. It is wrote here," presenting a dance card, and in such a manner as to allow the moon-beams to light up her name.

"Miss Nugent does not wish to dance this dance," said Bodkin, haughtily.

The Count turned a look upon Arthur pregnant with cold dislike.

"I do not ask upon what authoritee you spik for Mees Noogent—"

"Upon the authority of a—a—a gentleman; and I consider your pressing Miss Nugent to dance an infernal piece of impertinence," burst Arthur, grievously placing himself in the wrong.

As Alice was about to interpose, the Count calmly exclaimed:

"Paurdon, Mees Noogent! One word. Suppose, sir, I failed to claim theese ladee for theese dawnce, would I be acting the part of a gentleman?"

"Mr. Bodkin," said Alice, "this is Count

von Kalksburg's dance. You have no right to speak for me. Count, your arm." And, taking Kalksburg's now extended arm, she swept majestically away, her heart down in her little white satin shoes. But she felt that one moment longer, and her impetuous lover would have been at his rival's throat; and that this was the one chance to prevent a quarrel, with all its gruesome consequences.

Arthur Bodkin turned to the window, flung it open, and, leaning upon his elbows, his chin in his hands, indulged himself for a very bad quarter of an hour indeed.

The eldest son of a right royal house, one of the oldest and bluest-blooded on the Galway side of the Shannon, Arthur Bodkin felt the daily, nay, hourly, bitter mortifications that sting the man of position who is honest and hard up. Ballyboden was mortgaged to the hall door; and, save for some three hundred pounds a year—the jointure of his mother,—the revenues from the once vast and fruitful estate found their undeviating way into the coffers of the British Law Life Insurance Company, whose agent, a Mr. William Brown, a very underbred, pushing Englishman, lorded it, as far as was permitted him—and that was not far—over Arthur, and the tenants who had once paid willing tribute to The Bodkin of Ballyboden. That tribute they still paid with their inner hearts; for "the Masther," as the late Mr. Bodkin was styled, had been the best of landlords, who had shared the "hard times" with the people on his estate, until, acre by acre, the green sods transmuted into yellow gold, leaving nothing but the "big house" unmelted in the devouring crucible. The Bodkin died a prematurely aged man, leaving a widow, two daughters, and a son, the hero of this narrative, who was recalled from Stonyhurst to close his loving father's eyes.

Albeit the daughter of an English Earl

who detested Ireland and the Irish with a rancorous hate that recognized no limit, Lady Emily had been so attached to Ballyboden that she would recognize no other home, although offered asylum with her "Irish brats" in one of his lordship's houses; while her children, who had never known what it was to wander outside the county save for occasional visitings, loved every stone in the great, gaunt, unwieldy house that had resisted the poundings of Cromwell's cannon-balls; had seen a gallant troop ride forth to strike a blow for King James; and a solitary horseman on a priceless hunter spur madly out into the night to arrive in time to thunder forth a "No" on the division in the House of Commons on the fatal night when the Union was carried by the foulest machination that ever men calling themselves gentlemen stooped to undertake.

For ages Ballyboden House had been a stronghold; for generations the Bodkins had held it, sometimes against desperate odds, as they held the faith despite the allurements of honor, office, gold; held it despite rack and gibbet; held it in the woeful jaws of famine, in the desperate straits of penury. Within its massive walls the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up when a price was upon the priest's head, and death and torture awaited every man, woman or child who attended it; and it was on account of a foul and malignant jest uttered by Queen Victoria's Lord High Commissioner, in reference to the secrecy of the confessional, that Arthur Bodkin had given him the lie, followed by the sharp thong of a riding crop.

The girl whom Arthur loved with a wild Irish love, and with the impetuosity of the lordly Shannon in a flood, was the daughter of Tom Nugent, of Carrig-a-lea, who fell in the bloody charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, whilst endeavoring to save the life of his Irish servant,

Mike Donovan, who had been unhorsed. Both men went down, and the mural tablet in the little chapel at Monamullin prays for God's goodness for captain and trooper alike. *R. I. P.* Mrs. Nugent very soon followed her gallant husband; and Alice, their only child, was confided to the care of Tom Nugent's brother, Alexander, to whom a cousin, Field-Marshal Count Nugent, of the Austrian Army, had given a commission. As the Count was *persona gratissima* with "the powers that be," he was enabled to push upward the fortunes of his kinsman, until in a few years Alexander had won a title "Baron," and a highly confidential and important position in the Emperor's household. Baron Nugent married into the noble family of the Princes of Thurn and Taxis,—a lovely and amiable woman, who, however, unhappily bore him no children; and Alice Nugent became the supreme object of their love and care. The Baron, like all the Nugents, being a superb horseman, and passionately devoted to hunting, had come over on a visit to the Master of the Ward Union Stagounds; and it was during this visit that the St. Patrick's Ball was danced into morning, at which the hero and heroine of this eventful tale met, after seeing a good deal of each other at various country houses where Miss Nugent, with her uncle and aunt, had been the guest of honor.

"I have done it this time!" thought Arthur bitterly, as he gazed up at the moon that hung like a gem on the brow of the sky. "What right had I to interfere? I might have guessed I was nowhere with that cursed Count. It *was* infernally impertinent, his coming and following us up! How did *he* know where we had gone to? He must have been watching. I am glad I told him what I thought of him. I shall let him have more of my mind before daydawn. And Alice! Why did she snub me in such a beastly way, and before that cad? It was shameful.

I know how to pay her off. I'll dance every set with Lady Julia Travers. Alice can dance with every count in Bohemia, for all I care. She is a heartless flirt,—no one but a heartless flirt would treat a man so who had placed his heart under her feet. Pah!" and Arthur Bodkin, glowing with passionate anger against Alice Nugent, returned to the glittering glory of St. Patrick's Hall.

"I say, Bodkin," exclaimed a man in the uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant, "Carington has just been asking me what the deuce brings you here—that Lord Woodhouse has asked him."

"For tuppence I'd pull Lord Woodhouse's nose!" cried Arthur.

"That would be high-treason, Bodkin; and you've come near enough to it in horse-whipping the Lord High Commissioner."

"Oh, don't bother me! Really I—Ah, there she is!" and he pushed his way to where Lady Julia stood, surrounded by Privy Councillors, guardsmen and dragoons, all eagerly solicitous of obtaining the honor of "the next dawnce"; for the Lady Julia was an heiress in her own right, with £10,000 a year. She was also a very piquant and pretty young woman.

Pleading a previous engagement with Mr. Bodkin, Lady Julia saluted her suitors after a quaint, old-world fashion, and was led to the dance—a set of Lancers,—and, ere Arthur could move higher up or lower down on the floor, was planted *vis-à-vis* to Alice Nugent and the Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. The stern laws of conventionality commanded that the dance should be danced were it over red-hot ploughshares; and he found himself mechanically moving about to the inspiring strains of Liddel's band, watching every movement of the girl he adored, his heart literally beneath her dainty feet, which peeped and pattered in and out, as Suckling hath it, like little white mice. For the Count, Arthur had a fierce, set glare of the eye, which was returned

with compound interest, with a super-addition of malignity. Alice ever seeking Bodkin's glance, ever failed in catching it; and it was during the last figure, known as "The Lady's Chain," where the dancers move from one to the other, touching and changing hands, that she whispered in passing: "Promise me not to quarrel with the Count."

In the next round Arthur mercilessly retorted: "Is it because he is your lover?" To which unmanly retort Miss Nugent made no reply, save one of deep, piteous reproach through the medium of her lovely eyes.

As our heroine was passing down the great stairway, in the gentle crush of the departing guests, Arthur edged in beside her.

"Alice!" he whispered, hoarsely and eagerly, "I have been a brute. Forgive me, darling! I'll *not* quarrel with the Count; he is *not* your lover, and *never* will be. I shall be at Ballyboden till Saturday. Write me a line to tell me of your movements. You know that I love you as you ought to be loved, and you know I'll go to Mexico."

"Count Nugent's carriage stops the way!" bawled a functionary encrusted in gold lace.

"God bless you, Arthur!" came from the sweet lips of Alice Nugent, as she disappeared beneath the portico where the carriage awaited her.

Arthur Bodkin stood for some moments out under the stars, the night breeze cooling a very feverish brow. His heart was beating high with that throbbing that comes to us but once in our life-time, save perhaps in beauteous and beatific dreams. Every window in the upper Castle yard was glowing with subdued light; and the strains of "Patrick's Day" floated into the night, together with the muffled echo of dancing. A very diminutive specimen of mankind, arrayed in the uniform of an infantry officer, brushed past Bodkin; on the arm of the warrior a colossal

dame, fat, fair and forty. As the son of Mars assisted the portly widow into the yawning vehicle that was to bear her to her home in Fitzwilliam Street, Arthur heard him ask, in tones thick with emotion and Lord Woodhouse's champagne:

"Is it eight children and four hundred a year; Mrs. Bowderby, or four children and eight hundred a year?"

"That will be a good story for Harry Talbot to-morrow," laughed Arthur, as he slowly wended his way to his lodgings in Kildare Street,—a lodging-house "run" by a former Ballyboden butler and house-maid, and where "Masther Arthur" was welcome as the flowers of May.

(To be continued.)

The Italian Peasant's Prayer.

BY WALTER LECKY.

HEAR thy sweet bells chime;
It is the vesper time,
Ave Maria.

The day and work are done,
The hour of rest is won,
Ave Maria.

The sun is setting nigh,
And dark spreads o'er the sky,
Ave Maria.

In light or dark thou'lt be
The same fair Queen to me,
Ave Maria.

I hear thy sweet bells chime;
It is the vesper time,
Ave Maria.

I place my life, my all,
Obedient to thy call,
Ave Maria.

Be thou my shepherdess,
And lead through storm and stress,
Ave Maria.

Until, within the fold,
Thy Jesus I behold,
Ave Maria.

Robert Southwell and His Friends.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

I.

SOME months ago we had occasion to present to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" an English confessor of the faith, Thomas Pounce, whose striking conversion and lifelong imprisonment they may still remember. Pounce's chief characteristics were his bold and generous spirit, his ready wit, his unfailing cheerfulness, that no amount of disappointment and suffering could ever disturb. Robert Southwell, his contemporary, was a man of very different stamp. He had, in common with Pounce, an ardent love of God, an absolute devotion to His cause, a poetical imagination, and remarkable literary gifts; but he was of a gentler temper, and by his courtesy, sweetness, and winning ways, he rather resembled Edmund Campion, the protomartyr of the English Jesuits. His comparatively short life and exceedingly bitter agony form a contrast, too, with the long, dreary, monotonous years of imprisonment during which the impetuous spirit of Thomas Pounce was made perfect by patience, and his superabundant activity sanctified by sacrifice and submission.

Both Pounce and Southwell had the gift of influence over their fellowmen. In spite of his loss of liberty and fortune, Pounce was the terror of Protestants, on account of the facility with which he drew men's hearts to the Church. Robert Southwell's personal influence was no less powerful; and among those whom he guided in the paths of holiness are two noble souls, whose history is scarcely less tragical than his own. No sketch of Father Southwell can be complete without a mention of his spiritual children, Philip, Earl of Arundel, and Anne Dacre, his

wife, whose heavy load of suffering was lightened by the loving sympathy, and soul-inspiring words of their Jesuit friend and Father.

The chief events of Father Southwell's life have been carefully recorded by the old Jesuit historians, More, Bartoli, Tanner, and Juvencius, whose information, chiefly gathered from the testimony of eye-witnesses, has been condensed by Brother Foley in his valuable records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. We learn from them that Robert Southwell was born at Horsham St. Faith, three miles from Norwich, in 1560. His father, Richard Southwell, a country gentleman of good birth and fortune, was twice married: the first time to Bridget Copley, our hero's mother; the second, to Margaret Slytes, who had been governess to Queen Elizabeth. He had eight children, our martyr being his third son.

One day, being left alone in his cradle, he was stolen by a gipsy woman. Happily, the theft was discovered in time; the gipsy was pursued and overtaken, and the infant restored to its parents. In after years Father Southwell frequently related this strange incident of his childhood, dwelling gratefully on the mercy of God, who had saved him from a life of almost certain misery and sin. Many years later, when he returned to England as a priest, he sought out the nurse who had been instrumental in discovering the theft, and brought her back to the practice of the Catholic religion, which she had forsaken.

He was still very young when his father, who at that time was a devout Catholic, resolved to send him abroad to be educated. The penal laws, that weighed upon the English Catholics like a yoke of iron, hampered them at every turn, and, in particular, rendered it almost impossible for parents to bring up their children at home.

Among the English colleges established on the Continent for the training of

youth, that of Douai enjoyed a widespread reputation. It was founded in 1568 by William Allen, the future Cardinal, with the twofold object of preparing ecclesiastical students for the priesthood, and of giving Catholic boys a sound education. Richard Southwell first sent his boy to Douai; then, being still unwilling to expose him to the dangers and difficulties that surrounded English Catholics in their own country, he desired him to complete his course of studies in Paris, where young Robert arrived at the age of fifteen.

In Paris the lad found a numerous colony of English youths, who, like himself, were driven abroad by the pressure of the penal laws, and with one of these he speedily formed a close friendship. This was John Cotton, of Warblington, the representative of a faithful Catholic race, and who was destined himself to endure much suffering for the faith. Between him and young Robert Southwell there existed many points of resemblance, and they became inseparable companions, sharing the same lodging and following the same pursuits.

The two were well fitted to sympathize with each other; and if John Cotton was not destined, like his friend, to gather the martyr's crown, he was to earn for himself a glorious place among the brave laymen whose faithful courage served the Church in her hour of danger and distress. He was only twenty when he was seized by the pursuivants at Lyford Grange, at the same time as Father Campion, and imprisoned in the Tower. A considerable portion of his life was spent in prison. Once, for instance, he was kept in strict and solitary confinement during five years. Nothing daunted, he resumed his charitable offices toward the hunted priests as soon as he was set free. His house at Warblington was open to them, in spite of the cruel penalties that threatened those who ventured to admit a priest within their doors.

Among the persecuted Catholics he exercised the mission of an apostle. He had words of advice, encouragement, and consolation for all; and he was, we are told, very zealous in recommending the faithful to receive the Sacraments as often as possible; reminding them that, in their cruel sufferings, they needed all the helps and graces that the Church holds at her children's disposal. By both priests and laymen John Cotton's house was regarded as a haven of rest, and was always called by them the "common refuge."

Such was the future career of the man who, when a mere lad, became Robert Southwell's friend and companion in Paris. The two were singularly noble, generous, and pure-minded. The difficulties that had surrounded their home life in England, and the separation from parents and country that was now their portion, had probably ripened their minds and characters; and, in spite of the innate hopefulness of youth, a tinge of gravity must have colored their projects and aspirations as they conversed together of their future plans. Nevertheless, these student days in Paris, during which the two English lads—the one a future martyr, the other a confessor of the faith—lived together in brotherly companionship, mark an epoch of comparative peace and brightness in the lives of both.

Another of his countrymen whom Robert Southwell met in Paris was destined to exercise considerable influence over his vocation. An English Jesuit of remarkable prudence and holiness, Father Thomas Darbyshire, lived in Paris for many years. He was well known and greatly respected by the English travellers and residents in France, and was the means of drawing many souls back to the true Church. He became Southwell's confessor; and under his guidance the boy, whose natural instincts were pure and noble, made rapid progress in perfection.

At this period of his life Robert South-

well's countenance seems to have been the faithful mirror of his beautiful soul. He was, we are told, so fair and handsome, his features so perfect and his expression so angelic, that in Paris many who did not know his name used to call him "the beautiful English boy." Under that striking exterior was a mind rich in mental gifts, and a heart framed for heroic enterprises.

In spite of his advantages of birth and education, and of the extraordinary beauty that excited the admiration of men, the lad's thoughts and aspirations were all turned toward a life of sacrifice. No worldly career, however honorable, could tempt his ambition; and when only sixteen he firmly resolved to consecrate his life to God and to become a religious. During some months, however, he hesitated as to which rule of life to embrace: he was almost equally attracted to the Society of Jesus and to the Carthusians. The spirit of St. Ignatius appealed to the innate generosity of his nature; on the other hand, the recent martyrdoms under Henry VIII. had especially endeared the Carthusians to the English Catholics. John Cotton and Father Darbyshire were his only confidants, and to these trusted friends he freely revealed all his perplexities and hesitations. At last, however, light came; and, after much prayer and thought, young Southwell decided to enter the Society of Jesus. He himself relates that he was brought to this resolve, first by his desire to practise the rule of perfect obedience so strictly enforced by St. Ignatius; secondly, by his longing to win the martyr's crown. His thoughts were at that time bent on the Indian missions, where the successors of St. Francis Xavier were laboring for Christ. He little dreamt that the martyr's palm was to be his indeed, not on the distant Indian shore, but close at hand, in his own native land.

On account of his extreme youth, the

superiors of the Order wisely decided to postpone the admission of this ardent young postulant, who, when once his resolve was taken, was impatient of any delay. His disappointment at their refusal to enroll him at once was very great, and is quaintly expressed in an effusion which he wrote about this time under the title, "Complaint of Robert Southwell, when, after petitioning to enter the Society of Jesus, he was for a long time deferred." He goes on to express his grief at being separated "from that Society, where is centered all my love, my life, my whole delight. . . . Woe to me," he continues, "who am still compelled to winter in the world, daily tossed about amid the waves of carnal desire, and dashed against the rocks of occasions of sin!" As far back as these early days, when he was still a mere boy, Robert Southwell's passionate love for the Society of Jesus is a most touching trait in his character. "I know of none," writes the Jesuit historian, Father Tanner, "after the holy founder of the Society, St. Ignatius himself, that entertained a greater affection or a greater esteem for his vocation than did Robert Southwell."

When he found that the superiors of the Order in France and Belgium were firm in their refusal to admit one so young, he determined to go to Rome, the fountain-head of the Society, and to lay his case before the Father General in person. He started, accompanied by a Belgian youth named John Decker, who died many years later, in 1619, in the odor of sanctity, after rendering valuable services to the Order as a writer and a professor. The Father General, who at that time was Father Everard Mercurianus, proved himself less rigid than the French Fathers. Early vocations were more common in Italy than in France, and Robert's perseverance and earnestness quickly carried the point at issue. He was admitted into the Society on the 17th of October, 1578.

The lad's joy and his ardent desire to correspond with the grace of his vocation are quaintly expressed in the note-book where, throughout all his life, he was in the habit of writing down his intimate thoughts, feelings, and resolutions. These notes have happily been preserved, and in their simplicity they give us a faithful and touching picture of the writer's soul. "Remember, Robert," he writes, "that thou art no longer standing outside, but art a son of the same Lord Jesus Christ, a member of the same Society; and that thou who formerly wast an admirer of others' virtues, art now become an example to be seen of others."

In another paper the young novice, after enlarging on the merits and graces of his vocation, writes these words, in which he unconsciously traces his own future history: "Consider how great a perfection is required in a religious, ... who should be ever ready at a moment's notice for any part of the world, and for any kind of people; ... who may be cast into prison by heretics, macerated by hunger and thirst, tempted by the rack and various torments."

Very soon after his admission into the Order, young Southwell was sent to Tournay, in Belgium, where he remained during his two years' novitiate. He made his first vows on the 18th of October, 1580, just two years after his entrance into the Order, and was then sent back to Rome to complete his theological studies. When these were finished, he was appointed Prefect of Studies at the English College in Rome,—a post for which he was eminently qualified, in spite of his youth; being a cultivated English scholar, a poet, and a prose writer of no little merit. Yet, although his mental gifts were remarkable, they were less conspicuous perhaps than his virtues: his sweetness of manner, deep humility, and tender consideration for the wants and feelings of others.

He continued at the English College the beautiful practice he had adopted in his boyhood, of writing down his meditations, resolutions, and examinations of conscience. These papers reveal his constant watchfulness over self, his ardent longing to act in all things, great and small, in the most perfect manner; and, as though some secret voice warned him of his future destiny, the grace most desired by the young religious seems to have been the love of suffering.

His resolutions for the guidance of his daily life are at once simple and practical. "Among the loquacious," he writes, "observe moderation of speech; among the irascible, guard the tongue; among lovers of pleasure, beware of self-indulgence. ... Our vocation is not to be inclosed in our cells, far from all intercourse with men, but to combat openly; and while rebuking the irregular desires of others, we must be watchful that we are not overcome by our own. ... Because as thou art a companion of saints, a soldier in the army of Christ, thou art hence to become a fisher of souls, a laborer in the harvest of Christ, a leader of the blind, a staff of the lame,—all things to all men. ... As far as possible, always choose the lowest and worst things for thyself, in all things yielding to others the better part."

The following passage reveals the heroic thoughts that then occupied his mind,—thoughts that, many years later, he expressed in broken accents in the torture chamber of Topcliffe's house: "God gave His life for thee. ... What great matter dost thou think it to offer thy life for His cause?"

This longing to lay down his life in the service of God grew stronger daily in the heart of Robert Southwell. On entering the Society, he had wished to be sent to India; but within the last few years grave events had come to pass, and the object of his ambition was now not

the Indian but the English mission. In the year 1580 Father Everard Mercurianus, upon the representations of Doctor William Allen, had consented to send his sons to labor for God in England, where, owing to the increasing severity of the penal laws, their presence was sadly needed. Henceforth a field of action, no less difficult and dangerous than India was open to the zeal of the young English Jesuits, and toward it tended all Robert Southwell's hopes and prayers.

In June, 1580, Father Parsons and Father Campion, closely disguised, succeeded in landing on the coast of Kent; and sixteen months later, on December 3, 1581, after enduring cruel tortures with unflinching patience, Father Campion gained a martyr's crown. The news of his glorious death, and the painful trials of the English Catholics, increased Southwell's longing to go back to England; but it was not till 1586, five years later, that his superiors consented. In the month of March of that year, to his deep joy and thankfulness, he was appointed companion to the new superior of the English mission, Father Henry Garnet, and ordered to accompany his chief to England.

Southwell was then twenty-six, and it was on account of his youth that his superiors waited some years before granting his request to be sent to England. He had been ordained priest the previous year, and this new dignity gave fresh weight and maturity to his singularly lovable character. With his warm and graceful imagination, his poetical talent, his refined and cultured intellect, his pure and holy soul, his childlike simplicity and kindness to others, his manly beauty and innate courtesy of manner, he was the very ideal of a perfect religious and of a high-born gentleman.

On the morning of the 8th of May, 1586, a little group of travellers left Rome, and proceeded through the Campagna toward the Ponte Molle. They were Father Henry

Garnet and Father Southwell, who were bound for England, Father Parsons, and a number of Roman Jesuits. When they reached the Ponte Molle, Father Parsons took tender leave of the two missionaries, who continued their journey alone. With his experience of England and of the dangers and difficulties that awaited his brethren, he must have felt inclined to salute them in the words so frequently addressed by the great St. Philip Neri to the students of the English College: "*Salvete flores martyrum!*"

Brother Southwell's thoughts evidently ran in the same direction; for as he bade Father Parsons an affectionate farewell, we are told that he said to him that 'he and his companion were two arrows shot toward the same goal.' Prophetic words; for both the travellers who left Rome on that fair May morning were to gain the martyr's crown, after long and bitter suffering. His desire for that crown breaks forth in the letters written by Father Southwell at this eventful period.

On the 15th of July, 1586, just before embarking for England, he writes from Flanders to the Father General of the Society: "Being now exposed to extreme danger, I address you, my Father, from the threshold of death. . . . I am sent indeed into the midst of wolves. Would that it were as a sheep to be led to the slaughter in the name of Him who sends me!"

In another letter to one of his fellow-religious, Southwell confesses that he had never asked God for anything without his prayer being granted. He adds that only two petitions he had made since his childhood still remained to be answered: the one, that he might lay down his life for God; the other, that this final sacrifice might be preceded by much labor for the salvation of souls.

Just before the arrival of the two Jesuits new and more severe measures had been taken against the Catholics. The violence of the persecution seemed to increase.

daily. The different ports of the kingdom were strictly watched, with a view to discovering any priests who might arrive, and it was no easy matter to effect a landing. However, Father Southwell and his superior contrived to pass unnoticed; and on the 22d of July, more than two months after leaving Rome, they reached Hackney, in the suburbs of London, where they found a shelter in the house of Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, whom Father Parsons had reconciled to the Church. Here they remained several months, during which they employed themselves, as far as the difficulties of the times would admit, in missionary work among the Catholics.

Father Southwell seems to have written twice to the Father General, giving him an exact account of the employment of his time. But these letters were probably intercepted by the Government; for an abstract of their contents, evidently the work of some informer, has lately been brought to light in the state papers. We gather from these notes that Father Southwell was diligently employed in hearing confessions and in other priestly duties, "without fear or fainting"; also that the demand for priests was very great; and that in one case, for instance, "three whole shires, with many Catholics, had but one priest among them."

(To be continued.)

THERE have been great missionaries, confessors, bishops, doctors, pastors. They have done great works, and have taken with them numberless converts or penitents to heaven. They have suffered much, and have a superabundance of merits to show. But Mary in this way resembles her Divine Son—viz., that as He, being God, is separate by holiness from all creatures, so she is separate from all saints and angels, as being "full of grace."—*Cardinal Newman.*

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

I.—THE STORY OF GIUSEPPE POGHI.

PIETRO ROVI and Giuseppe Poghi, the only Italians at the Home, generally sat together in the men's yard, in the afternoon, smoking and chatting,—that is to say, Rovi chatted and his friend listened; for he seemed a silent, morose man, to whom the world had been unkind, and who was only waiting for the great change which would, it was to be hoped, even all things for him.

It came suddenly in the night. The day following, seeing Pietro alone in his accustomed place, I went out of my way a few steps to speak with him.

"You are lonely, no doubt, without your friend, Pietro?" I said, taking a seat beside him.

"Yes, a little," was the response. "But I have known long time that he must soon die; and I have work too long alone in mines, in California, to care much for anybody, whether he is here or not. If I have only enough money to go back there, or if I am strong enough to walk back, and work part my way, I go there. But that can not be for me."

"How long have you been in this part of the country?" I inquired.

"Only five year. Three I am at the Little Sisters; and I like very much to be with them, if it is not for the climate,—so hot in summer, so cold in winter. In California now it is like in Italy,—hot days maybe, but not so hot as here, and in the nights always under a blanket; and the winter time there—oh, it is lovely!"

"Why did you come so far East at your time of life—you must be long past sixty?"

"Pretty soon seventy year," was the reply. "I came with fifty other foolish men. It was a railroad that would be build, with big wages. The man fooled us. We all give twenty-five dollar, and he run away when we get in Chicago. I

don't know how that is,—that railroad was really build, but he bring too much people. It was some kind of fraud."

"Did Giuseppe come then?"

"No, ma'am: Giuseppe here in this house when I come. He much change, and at first deny; but I know his name. He not change that, nor his face all. He was bad man, that Giuseppe; but I feel sorry for him some, and I stay with him. You ever hear him talk?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, he have gone to school much in the old country. His father have big factory for wax-candles at Bologna, his brother a priest. He have other brother once in this country; pretty rich man. He dead now too. Giuseppe run away to America. You like to hear about him? I think he pretty sorry before he die."

"Yes, Pietro, if you wish to tell me," I said, more from a desire to please the old man than anything else.

"Well, you not in a hurry? I tell you. You see, Giacomo Poghi, the oldest one, I not know him very much, but he good man. He live in San Francisco; he keep hardware and miner's goods. Very good man—not cheat never. Go always to church too, with his wife, and give much to the priest and the poor. Then Giuseppe he come; run away from his home; done some very bad act there. So his brother set him up in drug-store after a while, spend good deal money on that. Giuseppe he live in house with his brother, but not like his wife. So then they quarrel little bit, and Giuseppe he take couple rooms behind his shop. I work in chop-house next door, and so I know him pretty well. Then he marry pretty good woman. He get along pretty nice. They have three children. His brother come all time to see him, and never take back that money he lend him—he give it to him. After a while I go the mines. I stay there three year. When I come back I say:

"Where your brother now?"

"I don't know," he say. "He all broke up. He put his money in mining stocks, and burst up mines. He all broke. He go away from San Francisco with his wife. I believe he have some little ranch close to Los Angeles. I don't know about him."

"You help him some when he burst up?" I say to Giuseppe.

"I got plenty to do when I take care of my own family," he say to me. "I not help him—he not ask me."

"But he help you when you come first. You better not forget that," I say.

"Then he get mad at me, and tell me to mind my own business, and I go away. I not like that kind of man."

"Five, six year pass away. Giuseppe Poghi make his store bigger, and he get plenty money. Some time I come back, and work in that chop-house again. Sometimes I see him. One time I go in his store for cigar. He reading a letter then. He say to me:

"Pietro," he say, "this letter from my brother. I not hear from him for good while. His wife die three year ago. I not hear from him since. Now he write me he sick, and please come and see him."

"You go?" I say; but I think not from his face.

"How I go?" he say. "My wife not understand this business, no clerk can be trust. How I go?"

"Three or four days, that not much," I say. "You not lose much for three or four days."

"No, I not go," he say. And I go away.

"Two weeks maybe I come again in his shop, and he say:

"I get 'nother letter from my brother. He bother me all the time come see him before he die."

"I say: 'You go this time? If I be in your place I would. Your brother good to you. He all alone; he like to see you before he die. Maybe he be poor.'

"Course he be," Giuseppe say. "Want me to give him something, I know."

"Then I say: 'If he not ask you for anything, how you know? That very nice, I think, in his place. You in good business, Mr. Poghi. You brother need you; you better go.'

"He not say anything, and I go away again. It come maybe two weeks longer, and I go in his store again. He look terrible bad.

"'What ail you, Mr. Poghi?' I say. 'You sick, or something go wrong in your business? Or maybe your brother dead, and you feel sorry?'

"'I think it terrible shame!' he say. 'There ought to be some law against such things.'

"'What things?' I say.

"'Sit down, Pietro,' he say, 'and I tell you.' (I think he like to talk to me, for I speak his own language; and when we in trouble we like to talk our own tongue). 'Sit down, Pietro,' he say again. And I sit down. Then he tell me all:

"'Yesterday morning a strange priest he come in here, and ask for me. I come down. He very nice man. He come from Los Angeles, and he know my brother. I say; 'Father, I very glad to see you, and I sorry my brother sick; but I can do nothing for him, with my own family.' Then he say. 'He ask you do anything for him?' I say: 'No.' Then he say: 'He send me here to tell you something; and now that I see you and hear you talk, I very glad to do it, though before I hate to. I come up here on trip, and I promise your brother that I tell you the message he send.'—'Very well,' I say; 'tell it.'—'You know your brother pretty rich, eh?' the priest say.—'No,' I say; 'I guess you mistaken, Father. Once he have plenty money, but he lose it all long ago.'—'I guess *you* mistaken,' the priest say: 'he own forty-acre ranch near Los Angeles. He buy it long ago for three hundred dollar. Four year ago he sell it in the boom for one hundred thousand. That pretty rich, eh?'—'I

not know that, Father," I say. "Why he never tell me?"—"I don't know," the priest say. "That make no difference now. Last week he send for me, and make his confession. Then he say to me: 'Father, I have one brother in San Francisco. I long to see him—he my only friend in this country. I write to him several times, but he never answer me. At last, the other day, he write he can not come. Then I make up my mind. Father, in my house I have very good girl—servant-girl. She go to Mass every morning; she keep my house well; she wash and cook for me nice, and take good care for me since I be sick,—such good care as my dead wife would take for me if she be alive. Get license, and bring lawyer, and come marry me to Mary Doherty. First I marry her, then I make my will, and I leave most all my money to her.' I ask to see the girl. First she say no, she ashamed; she very good girl. At last I tell her she foolish, and then she say yes. I bring lawyer, I get license, we go there, I marry your brother to that girl. He make his will, and tell me to tell you. He leave to your brother, who is a priest in Italy, ten thousand; he give me a nice little sum in my hand; he send something to the church, and five thousand to some orphan asylum; the rest he leave to his wife. I think your brother got maybe hundred and twenty thousand, Mr. Poghi." For a minute I can not speak. At last I say: "He dead, Father,—he dead yet?" He say: "No, not when I come; but I expect pretty soon he die."

"After that the priest go away; for I can not talk with him,—I nearly die. Now what you think, Pietro, my brother do me that way?"

"Then I say: 'I think it serve you right, Mr. Poghi. I don't know when I hear any news that please me so much.'

"Then he go to strike me, but I go very quick out of his shop, and I not come back again. Pretty soon that story

was print in the *Chronicle*, and everybody know it, and they all laugh at Giuseppe Poghi. But his brother not die for more than two year. He live in nice house in Los Angeles, with his wife; and have two big lots around, with flowers and lemon trees and oranges, and all kind nice vegetables in the back."

"The man really got what he deserved, Pietro," I said. "But how did he arrive at such poverty as to be obliged to come here, to the Home?"

"I tell you, Missus. After a while Giuseppe Poghi he go to Mexico with his family. He most crazy when he find how rich his brother be. Some one tell him when he go to Guadalajara he get rich with drug-store. But he not get rich there. Soon his wife die; then—he very bad man, very bad man, Missus—he run away with hotel-keeper's wife. She young Mexican woman. She think he got plenty money. He take pretty near all he got, and come to United States again. He try to live in New Orleans, but he very poor soon. That woman she run away from him too, so he keep getting worse and worse. He drink, he get rheumatism, he work for cook on boats, he come up here at last. He sick in Marine Hospital. They turn him out when he better. He can't work: he too feeble and sick and old. He got something they call chronic,—I think, I don't know just what. That good Italian priest over there at the Jesuit he see him, he get the Little Sisters to take him. That how he come here. God punish him, I think, because he be so mean to his brother, and because he run away from his children. I not very sorry for Giuseppe Poghi,—not very sorry. But I sit with him; for he is only Italian here, and I know him long ago."

"And the poor children?" I said. "I suppose no one knows what became of them."

"I know all 'bout that," said Pietro, a new ring in his voice. "That is a very

good part; that make person glad again. When Giuseppe Poghi is gone away to Mexico, and his brother be dead, I work in mine little while with Mike Doherty. He very nice young Irishman. After a while he find his sister; she Mrs. Poghi, that married with Giacomo. She buy him nice little ranch near Los Angeles. He bring out girl, from Ireland and marry hef. Some time I get tired working in mine, and I go to Los Angeles and work on ranch near by. Then I see Mike Doherty again, and his sister, Mrs. Poghi. She very nice woman. I work in her garden two, three times. She nice, pretty too, dressed up, and go with all fine people she want to. She fine woman. I tell you what she do. When Giuseppe Poghi he run away from his children, his oldest girl—she very nice—write to Giacomo Poghi's wife, and tell her if she will send them enough money to come back to California, they will work and pay her. What you think that woman do, Missus?"

"No doubt she sent the money."

"I bet you. She send for them children, and take them in her own house. She dress them up, and next fall the boy he go to Santa Clara College, and the girls to San José. Very fine schools, Missus; best in California. Then she go to Europe with them children. The boy he study violin there; make fine player. The girls they travelling with their aunt when I hear of them. Maybe they married now. I guess so. She got plenty money. But Giuseppe he not know that till I tell him. Maybe he sorry he not behave better, so he get some money too. Maybe he glad his children not so poor as he. Anyhow, he not try to find them, or tell them where he be. Well, I hope he not stay long in purgatory—not too long,—but I be afraid. Act very bad."

And, with sundry solemn shakes of the head, Pietro prepared once more to light his pipe, which had gone out during the narrative.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

INTRODUCTORY.

ALL the world admires, and has admired time out of mind, "The Imitation of Christ." All the world, in its various ways and fashions, reads it, and praises it loudly. But it may be doubted if it be thoroughly "understood of the people," or as much relished as it deserves to be. Nothing is more easy than to read through a chapter; yet many in their heart of heart will confess that it is not quite as attractive as they expected: they find it hard and dry. This may be owing to its severely logical, clear-cut phrases. In my own youthful days I thus often attempted it, and found it rather gritty work. I, in fact, got "no forrarder," as it is called.

This, however, is not the way to appreciate "The Imitation." No superficial reading will help us to its understanding: all its weight, beauty, meaning lie underground, as it were, or under compact language, and must be *dug* for. We must weigh, perpend, and inwardly digest it; read it again and again, turn it over and inside out. We must get at the *scheme* of the author,—find out what he has in his mind. It is only, perhaps, on the half-dozen, or it may be dozen, reading that we reach to the full meaning. We shall then have lights on religion and the practical religious life that we never had before.

One thing that is borne in on us after this steady, "dogged" perusal—and a most remarkable thing it is—is the "sweet reasonableness" of its whole religious scheme. Many pious books lead us, without intending it, to think that much depends on a state of feeling,—that we must *feel* devotion and love and longings

and emotions. But in "The Imitation" we find the good common-sense of religion. It is as though we were with some long-headed family friend.

At this moment it may be said "The Imitation" is in high fashion. Editions of all patterns are coming out almost simultaneously. The original manuscript has been fac-similed; so has the first, or *editio princeps*. The High Church Canon, Knox Little, has furnished "fore-words"; so has Canon Farrer. The first English translation is being reproduced.

The writer of these lines has issued a little quarto, "The Treasure of À Kempis," in which many curious things about the book are collected. It is curious that it should have of a sudden become so acceptable to our zealous Protestant friends. The reason, no doubt, is that the march of Ritualistic ideas has been so rapidly forward that its Catholic sentiments, formerly a stumbling-block, have now become quite acceptable.

I propose now in these "notes" to furnish yet a little more of this instruction, and show, according to my imperfect lights, how much is packed up, compressed into passages which many have, no doubt, stepped lightly over, without dreaming of the riches that lay below. I will venture to say that, after perusing my little exposition, the reader will confess candidly that he had no suspicion that the simple sentences, which may have been familiar to him, contained so much sense and easy simplicity. It will be seen that no particular logical order is followed. "I pick up my goods where I find 'em,"—taking whatever strikes me, here, there, and everywhere.

I.

"Study to wean thy heart from the love of visible things, and to betake thee to the things unseen."

This is the key-note of the whole, and is set forth at the very opening. The principle is enforced indirectly in many

forms. This taste for "visible things" enters even into religion. No doubt it is an enormously difficult gift to get rid of; still it is a great thing to know what is to be done, even if we make little effort. Our author is all for attempting, and does not assume that we ought to succeed or will succeed. Thus he says: "*Study to wean*"; that is, turn it over, try, see how all-important it is.

The world holds its visible things to be the only genuine, real things, and the things of the other world to be mere fancies and dreams. Even for the good there is something shadowy in spiritual things, they appear so remote. But a person whom this truth seriously strikes as a novelty will familiarize himself—by degrees even, if little more can be done—with the notion that it is the visible things that are purely scenic. By practice he will gradually come to knowledge.

II.

"He whose taste discerneth all things as they are, and not as they are said or accounted to be, is a truly wise man."

And indeed he is truly a most precious gift. This is one of the fine passages in the book. There is a something supernatural in it; yet it is the bare truth. Everything on earth is really no more than what it seems to us; just as on the theatre a coarsely daubed, unmeaning bit of canvas, by the blaze of the lamps, becomes a lovely landscape.

The world is but a thing of shadows and dreams. We need only think for a moment how everything is made *real* by feelings, tastes and sentiment. All the arts and pleasures exist only for those who relish them. On a desert island a chest of gold pieces becomes a collection of useless bits of metal, and so on. The religious man sees what these deceptions are. Our author puts it in a nutshell. "He whose taste discerneth all things as they are, and not as they are said or accounted to

be, is truly a wise man, and taught of God rather than of men."

This seeing "things as they are, and not as they are said or accounted to be," is a precious and supernatural gift. Things are accounted or accepted as realities, and more often are said to be so; and it is the fashion to believe what the world says. He assures us: "The senses of men are often deceived in giving judgments, and the lovers of this world are deceived in loving only visible things." The contrary is the foundation of the whole life and works of the saints, and even the less ambitious have glimmerings of this great and necessary truth. Hence in another place he supplies this excellent prayer: "Suffer me not to judge according to the sight of outward eyes, nor to give sentence according to the hearing of the ears of ignorant men; but to determine upon matters, both visible and spiritual, with true judgment."

(To be continued.)

A Thought for the New Year.

THE obligation of living up to our holy religion, and of edifying our neighbor by the practice of Christian virtues, is plain to every Catholic. Next comes the duty of knowing the doctrines of the Church, and of being able to give a reason for the faith that is in us. We are surrounded by unbelievers, who closely observe our conduct, and are often sincerely desirous of understanding the truths of our faith. We ought to be able to help them, to answer their questions, and to refute their arguments. It is not to be expected, of course, that every one shall be competent to reply to all objections, to refute any calumny that may be current; but every Catholic ought to know the catechism thoroughly, and have at hand some of those standard religious works,

which supplement it. Inquiring non-Catholics are not always disposed to confer with a priest; they will freely open their minds to a Catholic associate when they would hesitate to seek enlightenment elsewhere. Hence the obligation, especially in a country like ours, of knowing one's religion. A layman may do a great deal of good where a priest would be powerless. The influence of a practical, well-instructed Catholic in a Protestant community is simply inestimable. It is not enough to practise our faith: we must be prepared to give a reason for it, and to defend it.

The great truths of religion are uppermost in men's minds. The most indifferent, worldly, and seemingly irreligious persons are constantly reminded of God and eternity. If we could penetrate the minds of our unbelieving friends and acquaintances, we should find that the question, What shall I do to be saved? presents itself betimes to them as well as to us. Men who would seem to be ignorant, prejudiced, or bigoted to a hopeless extent often feel drawn to the Church, experience misgivings as to their attitude toward it, doubts as to whether it may not be the Ark of Salvation in spite of all that its enemies say against it. The good which it is everywhere effecting, the blameless and beautiful lives of so many of its members, can not fail of making an impression on the minds of outsiders; and there are times, unquestionably, when they feel curious about Catholic teaching.

If the lives of the children of the Church were always in accordance with what they profess, if they were qualified to explain their religion, and truly zealous for the salvation of their neighbors' souls, how many more would be led to follow the "kindly light," and find peace and security in Christ's sheepfold! That we are *not* as zealous as we should be—as zealous as there is no excuse for not being—there are innumerable proofs. For instance, many books and pamphlets are published

to explain the doctrines and practices of the Church, to combat every possible objection against her to silence her calumniators; yet the demand for such publications is lamentably small. The great majority of Catholics are either indifferent to them or ignorant of their existence.

One of the very best things to put into the hands of an inquiring non-Catholic is a lecture delivered some years ago in St. Louis by the eloquent Archbishop Ryan. One would suppose that it should be known everywhere and sell by thousands. We had occasion to order a copy for a non-Catholic clergyman last week, and were surprised and saddened to receive from the publisher soiled copies bearing the date 1878! It may be asserted that many new books have appeared since then, that the pamphlet in question is not kept before the public by advertisements, etc. We hold that if faith were not weak and zeal lacking, a work like "What Catholics Do Not Believe" would never be neglected. We possess nothing so well calculated to enlighten the minds of our separated brethren. The Rev. Dr. Sonneschein, a prominent minister of St. Louis, referred to this lecture at the time of its publication as "the best effort ever made by a Catholic to correct errors in regard to the Catholic Church."

At the opening of a new year, when to every earnest soul is given a fuller realization of the solemn truth that "one thing is necessary," it ought to be a general resolution to amend our lives, to multiply good works, and to embrace every opportunity of spreading the Kingdom of Christ. The light of the Star of Bethlehem is our most precious possession. So let it shine that Our Father in heaven may be glorified.

A LITTLE kindness does away with a great deal of bitterness.

Notes and Remarks.

Whatever the daily newspaper may have been in Thoreau's day, its moral tone has not improved; and if that gentle scholar were still living he would probably denounce the secular press of our time still more roundly. But the daily newspaper is not wholly bad, and it is least objectionable when it yields to the influence of Christmastide. In a leading editorial in one of the Chicago dailies we find these notable words:

"Skepticism has claimed in every age that Christianity 'would decline with time'; that, unlike the great rivers that are narrow in their fountains and widen toward the sea, it was most copious in its origin, and must gradually shrink until its stream shall perish in the desert of rationalism. This contention has appeared with the dawn of every century, and each succeeding century has disproved it. The prophets of the decline and disappearance of Christianity have their confounding in the ever-widening observance of Christmastide."

That Christianity is still a force in the world is shown by the fact of finding one such oasis as this in the desert of a Chicago daily.

The career of the late Sir John Thompson, who was as good as he was great, is a shining vindication of the truth that a post of high responsibility is not inconsistent with Christian fervor, and that a man much occupied with temporal duties need not for that reason neglect his spiritual affairs. Sir John was a good Catholic, a monthly communicant; and it was no surprise to those who knew him to learn that a crucifix and a scapular were found upon his body after death. It is not often that it can be said of a statesman, as His Grace of Toronto said of Thompson, "one of the elements of his greatness was his loyalty to conscience." To the abuse and vilification which followed his conversion, his only answer was a simple profession of the faith, and a scrupulous fidelity to its obligations, proclaiming before friends and enemies that he scorned to account to any man for his religious belief.

A pretty story of the dead statesman is told by the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ontario. Shortly after joining the government of Premier Macdonald, Sir John Thompson

was to make his first great speech in the Canadian Parliament. His opponent was the eloquent Edward Blake, and naturally Thompson was nervous about the issue. His first thought was to secure the prayers of his eldest child, who was a weekly communicant; but it was too late to send a letter to Halifax, and the message could hardly be forwarded by telegraph. He resigned himself to prayer and waiting; and his astonishment may be imagined when, after a triumphant reply to Mr. Blake, he received a note from his daughter, saying that, having accidentally learned of the important speech he was to make, she had received Holy Communion and prayed for his success. That speech was the beginning of Sir John's greatness, and he always attributed its success to prayer.

Some time ago we called attention to the good which wealthy Catholics might do by the support of existing schools for deaf-mutes and by the founding of new ones. Since then we have received information, showing that the efforts of religious Orders in this direction have met with astonishing and utterly unintelligible indifference in many places. In one large city, for instance, the Sisters and their little charges hung upon the brink of starvation last winter; and after a hard day's work in the class-room, these self-sacrificing religious were obliged to go from place to place in search of supper for the children. This is a shameful condition of things, and we feel sure that if the matter were brought to the attention of the proper authorities, a remedy would be speedily forthcoming. While our Protestant friends contribute so generously to "humane societies" and other organizations for the relief of dumb animals, it is simply shocking that the appeal for these dumb lambs of Christ's flock should be heard with coldness or insensibility, or that the efforts of the Sisters in their behalf should go unnoticed and unassisted.

A recent decree from Rome prohibiting Catholics from accepting membership in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and Sons of Temperance, has been officially published in certain dioceses, and will probably soon be promul-

gated in all. These societies are specially singled out for condemnation; but, of course, all similar ones, if not positively forbidden to Catholics, are branded as dangerous. We believe it would be more in conformity with that Christian charity which bids us assist our neighbor in time of need, if there were no secret or benevolent societies. The principle of true charity is, "Love your neighbor as yourself"; and not merely, "One good turn deserves another." It is not for this reason that the Church condemns such societies, however; but because they are really serious dangers to the faith of Catholics. It has been observed that the Holy Father, referring to Freemasonry, always calls it a "sect"; while many apologists for this society declare it to be highly moral and admirable, because "it teaches religion." But this is precisely what it has no business to do. A few days before Christmas the grand-master of the Knights Templars issued a manifesto, which reads like the pastoral letter of an heretical bishop. He declares that—

"Templarism aims to kindle the inner genial life of man. It inspires him to live, not for happiness, but for something higher. It would gain followers by awakening the heroic that slumbers in every man's heart. To awaken the heroic, Templarism points with unwavering constancy to the greatest of all heroes—the Carpenter of Nazareth. Worship of Him has always been, is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence of every Templar's life. Templar faith is loyalty to Him."

Now, there is nothing anti-Catholic in this, but neither is there much Christianity in it, and the danger to faith lies in the fact that after being preached at in this manner for a long time, people easily mistake it for religion. Such societies are in reality heretical sects, which usurp the place of the Church, and which aim to attain by merely natural means the end for which the Sacraments were instituted.

A romantic story is told of an ancient picture of the Madonna and Child, said to have been painted by St. Luke, which has recently been placed in St. Joseph's Church, Paris. It was bequeathed to the Passionist Fathers not long since by Col. Szerelmey, a Hungarian nobleman, who came into possession of it in 1829. It appears that, while

travelling between Palestine and Egypt, he met with a Greek monk lying dangerously ill. The Colonel nursed the sick man tenderly, and bought passage to Europe for him. Dying on the way, the monk bequeathed to his benefactor a large bag containing all his effects—the picture, two parchment manuscripts, a black silver cup of the earliest Byzantine period, and a silver monstrance of fourteenth-century workmanship, adorned with many relics of martyrs in Palestine. The picture of the Madonna is 8 x 10 inches in size, and is painted on copper. On being cleaned, it disclosed inscriptions which Cardinal Mezzofanti declared to be early Chaldaic. The most striking peculiarities of the painting are the absence of the nimbus and the Jewish features of Mother and Child. Even apart from any question of its authenticity, the picture is highly valuable as a specimen of early Christian art.

In a letter to the Brussels *Patriote*, Adriano Lemmi, grand-master of Italian Freemasonry, impugns the veracity of a certain Margiotta, who, in a series of papers contributed recently to the *Patriote*, has showed M. Lemmi in a rather unfavorable light. Among other statements, the grand-master declares: "I have never embraced Judaism. I have never been prosecuted before any tribunal whatsoever." Commenting on which declaration, the *Annales Catholiques* of Paris observes: "If Adriano Lemmi desires to prove that he was not condemned at Marseilles and was not circumcised at Constantinople, he should get the French Government to reconstruct the records at Marseilles in the matter of the identity of the Adriano Lemmi of 1844."

The ubiquitous word-juggler who seeks not truth but controversy had better steer clear of syllogisms. "Majors" and "minors" are dangerous stilts to stand on, and unless one hath his cause just he is sure to come to grief in the end. As an instance of the force of close dialectical reasoning, we clip the following from the *Outlook*, which is non-Catholic:

"The syllogism which leads the High Churchman logically to Rome is very simple, and from its con-

clusion there is no escape. It may be stated thus:

"The Church is the final authority in matters of faith and practice. The Church has declared that authority to be vested in the Pope. Therefore the Pope is the final authority in matters of faith and practice.

"One must deny either the major or the minor premise or accept the conclusion. If he denies the major premise, he is a Protestant. If he denies the minor premise, he denies the final authority of the historic episcopate; since, beyond all question, the Roman episcopate is in the line of the historic episcopate.

"The Episcopal Church has come to the parting of the ways. It is where John Henry Newman was half a century ago. It can not permanently remain in this self-contradictory attitude."

A large and distinguished regiment could be formed of those who, having come to "the parting of the ways," turned right about face for Rome. That many others have answered to the eternal roll-call before the last march shows how short is human life, how slow-moving is the mind, and emphasizes again the need of fervent and continuous prayer that all men of good-will may attain to that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Talleyrand's famous dictum about his friend's book, that "it contains some things that are good and some things that are new; but the good things are not new, and the new things are not good," may well be reversed in the case of Bishop Messmer's essay on temperance published in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. Like Father Elliot, Bishop Messmer believes that whenever Catholics can unite with their separated brethren in any moral crusade, it would be criminal to neglect the opportunity. But he believes, too, that such union can only be one of aims and sentiment, and never a corporate one. He says:

"A temperance union of this last kind, a corporate union which is to consolidate Catholics and Protestants into one moral body, seems to be impossible, for the one reason that our temperance work must be built on religion. Religion is the life and principle of Catholic Temperance. As good Bishop Layley well said: 'Any great, permanent reform in this matter can only come from religious influence. . . . It is evident that to grapple with this great evil successfully, we must revert to religion and its beneficent influences. We must direct our movements against it from a religious point of view.' But Christian temperance, as understood and prac-

tised by Catholics, is not based on the mere principle of religion that man is bound to avoid sin and its dangers, in which Protestants agree with us; but it supposes the practical knowledge of prayer and intercession, penance and sacrifice; the efficacy of the Sacraments, and other Catholic doctrines unknown to our separated brethren."

We have always held that herein is the vital point in the temperance question. Any organization which should aim to overcome the sin of drunkenness by will-power or any merely human means would be un-Catholic and foredoomed to failure. By all means let us have temperance societies. The Catholic body owes much to those great-hearted, single-minded men and women who give their time and their best efforts to destroy the vice of drunkenness. But for this sin, as for every other sin, confession and Holy Communion are the proper remedies. The Sacraments must be the impulse of every movement that aims at moral reformation.

The new Czar has begun his reign in a wise and tolerant spirit which seems to justify the best hope of his friends. In connection with this fact, a correspondent of the *Union and Times* gives a clear and concise statement of the relative status of different creeds in the Russian Empire. According to this writer (who seems to have excellent facilities for knowledge), all religions are protected by the state; but, as is well known, only one, the Orthodox Greek Church, is supported by public money. Clergymen, whatever be their spiritual complexion, are permitted to minister to their own flocks without let or hindrance. They are also allowed to make converts from any other religion than the state church, to "apostatize" from which is a high crime and misdemeanor. This, of course, is not all that could be desired, but it is not bad for Russia. Still, even granting the tolerant spirit of the Czar, there is, as in most autocratic governments, too much discretionary power allowed to subordinate officials, who are generally very arbitrary. We applaud the just and tolerant spirit of Nicholas II., but honeyed words and mere benevolent disposition will not suffice to remove from Russia the stigma of religious intolerance.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

A New Beginning.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

OLD Father Time, the other day,
Got in an awful passion;
At Ninety-Four he stormed away
In a most tremendous fashion.
"You're old," he cried, "you've got the gout,
You're scarcely half alive;
So there's the door: now you get out,—
Come down here, Ninety-Five!"

Then Ninety-Five, a gay, young lad,
His eyes with pleasure dancing,
Came jumping down the stairs like mad,
Or like some wild colt prancing.
"Well, Father, what's the matter now?
You don't seem very blithe;
I almost thought, to hear the row,
You'd broken your old scythe."

"My boy," said Time, "I grieve to say,
As I look round about us,
The world is in a dreadful way,
And yet can't do without us.
Your brother from his throne I've hurled,
His place I give to you;
Now you take hold and run the world
We'll just begin anew."

So there you have the reason right
Of all this talk you hear,
On every hand from morn till night,
About the "glad New Year."
The moral isn't very long,
But, long or short, 'tis true:
Whene'er your projects turn out wrong,
Why, just begin anew.

The Boys' Strike.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.



T'S plaguy mean that we fellows have to work for three dollars and a half a week, without a hint of ever getting any more. I say we oughtn't to put up with it."

The speaker was a talkative lad, who stood in the midst of a group of the boys employed in the large dry-goods establishment of Allen & Co. It was shortly after noon, and they were gathered in a small room on the ground-floor. Each had either pulled out of his overcoat pocket (if he had an overcoat) or drawn from a corner a little paper parcel containing his dinner. Now, a good dinner is conceded to be most conducive to a contented frame of mind. If the boys had a request to make of Mr. Simpson, the superintendent, they always managed to make it just after dinner; for then he was likely to be in excellent humor. Any one of the dinners produced from these folds of greasy newspaper, however, would have rendered him cross and dyspeptic for a week. They consisted mostly of soggy bread and pie—especially pie,—and doughnuts, with occasionally a bit of meat or sausage, a cold potato, or a pickle, according to

individual taste. For a drink,—why there was plenty of water to be had from the faucet at the sink, and a battered tin cup, which had seen considerable service, to take it from. The lukewarm water certainly would not have agreed with Mr. Simpson, and his scented and waxed mustache would hardly have condescended to the tin cup.

But boys of healthy appetite are not disposed to cavil at their fare; and though perhaps a comfortable meal would have made them, as Mr. Simpson said it made him, "at peace with all the world," the lack of it was not directly responsible for the present grumbling. The cause was, in fact, a bit of intelligence which George Jeffreys had just heard, and was reporting to his companions.

"Why, Phil Taylor, who works at Parker, Wendell & Co.'s, says the fellows there are expecting a raise of fifty cents a week."

"Yes, *expecting!*" interposed a quiet lad, who was struggling with a crust that rather defied his white teeth.

"Oh, there's no doubt about their getting it!" said George, scowling at him for the interruption. "It is as good as settled."

"Well, the hours at Parker, Wendell & Co.'s are longer than we have. You know they always keep open till seven o'clock, and on Saturday nights until ten," persisted Ned Harvey, the quiet boy, who was not easily daunted either by tough crusts or social agitators.

"My opinion is that if they can pay their boys four dollars a week, Allen & Co. ought to do it too, and ought to be made do it!" cried an aggressive little chap, gesticulating with his grimy fist.

"I think so too," declared another.

"And I," chimed in a third.

"If half a dollar a week more is to be had, I'm a fellow who would know how to find use for it," said Ned, laughing.

"I'll tell you what we must do," con-

tinued George. "We must go on a strike."

The proposal met with general favor.

"The first thing to be done is to call a meeting of all the boys in this establishment," added George, warming up to the subject. "Then we'll stand out for more pay, and get it too; see if we don't! But hush! Keep mum! There's the porter prowling around in the passage way. Wants to find out what we're talking about, does he? Time is up. Scatter, boys; scatter! But wait a moment. We'll meet to night, at five minutes to six, in the 12th Street corner of the cellar. Let each one bring a new boy with him,—one pledged to secrecy, you understand,—only those willing to be sworn into the C. B. M. H. A. The pass-word will be *Mush-shalla*. No fellow will be allowed in without it. We must make sure that there are no traitors in the council. Now *vamoose!*"

That evening at Allen & Co.'s, as six o'clock approached, the cash-boys began gradually to disappear; and by the time the doors of the store were closed, about thirty of them had gathered in the basement, in obedience to the summons conveyed to them during the afternoon. George had constituted himself the leader of the strike, but the position was tacitly yielded to him; for he was older than most of the others, and also, having a fondness for hanging about public meetings, had picked up a few parliamentary phrases. Moreover, his step-father had been a member of the great strike of the railroad *employés* the summer before; and it was considered, therefore, that George would best know how to carry on the strike of the C. B. M. H. A. in a regular manner. Now, mounted upon a packing box, he harangued the assembly.

"Friends and fellow-countrymen—that is, fellow-workers," he began, "the object of this meeting is to devise means for our mutual protection and advantage."

"Hear, hear!" called out two or three

of the auditors, with flattering appreciation.

"For this purpose," continued the speaker, "we must band together; 'cause, as an illustrious patriot (I forget exactly who) has said: 'In union there is strength.' We must not cringe before our oppressors, but meet them boldly, and set before them our just demands."

Here some of the boys showed a disposition to set up a round of applause, not entirely free from irony. They knew of old that the orator loved to hear himself talk.

"Hush, you idiots!" cried an eager listener, the sleeves of whose jacket were considerably broken at the elbows. "If you make a noise, you'll give us away."

"I say, George," spoke up Charley Mallon, the aggressive little fellow who had much to say on the former occasion. "Don't waste too much time in speechifying. You know we've got to be out of here by a quarter-past six. Just tell the fellows what it is proposed to do."

George cast a withering glance at him, but understood the necessity of adopting the suggestion.

"Well, then, friends and companions in misery," he proceeded, lowering his voice and looking about, "I suppose there is no one present but those who are already, or those who are willing to become, loyal members of the C. B. M. H. A."

"No, no! It is all right!" declared several voices.

"Oh, go on! go on!" urged Charley, impatiently.

"Then, the long and the short—"

"Particularly the *long*," groaned Mallon.

"Of the matter is," went on Jeffreys, "that we intend to go on a strike for a fifty per cent raise in our wages—no—ahem! I mean a raise of fifty cents a week; and I think it would be a good plan to put in also the reduction of the fine for coming late, so that it should be not more than three cents instead of five."

"So do I," agreed Jim Post, the boy with the tattered elbows, who was always behind time.

"That's a good point," said Ned Harvey. "Two cents is a good deal to us, but I don't believe you'll get the superintendent to split a nickel."

George rapped upon the packing box with a stick which he had been flourishing. Without difficulty he changed his rôle from that of orator upon the rostrum to chairman of the committee.

"It is moved and seconded," he went on, taking everything for granted, as a method of hurrying up,—“it is moved and seconded that the C. B. M. H. A. go on a strike, all in favor of the motion, say, 'Aye'; contrary-minded, 'No.'"

"Aye! Aye!" cried all in chorus.

"It is a unanimous vote," announced the leader, stepping down from the platform.

The group of boys turned away, satisfied that they were pledged to something grand, but with hazy notions as to future proceedings.

"Well, it's just like George!" muttered Charley. "No one has an idea what is to be done next."

Scrambling up on the box, he called out:

"Fellows, there will be no other general meeting, 'cause it makes a risk of being caught. The day appointed for the strike will be told to each one, in secret; and maledictions on the one, if there should be any so base, as to break his promise as a member of the C. B. M. H. A."

The way Charley said maledictions, hissing the word out between his closed teeth as he had heard a stage hero do, was calculated to strike terror to the heart of any possible traitor.

(To be continued.)

WE seldom deceive people for any great length of time. Impostors are sure to be discovered in the end.—*Madame de Sévigné.*

Stories of the Saints.

ST. RAYMUND OF PENNAFORT.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

There are some folks who have the notion that all kings and queens are like those told about in fairy tales,—who always sit on golden thrones, wearing purple robes, and heavy crowns on their heads. I know of a young person who clung to this idea for ever so long; and it was a great shock to her to hear that the little Infanta of Spain giggled and got sleepy in company just like any ordinary little girl. The Crown Prince of Germany, who, if God spares his life, will some day be the ruler of a great empire, is just like any other little boy,—not always as good as he might be, I suppose.

Our notions of the saints, too, are quite as wrong. We imagine them living in a sphere entirely different from our own,—in a region where ecstasy is breathed like common air, and wherein visions and miracles are as free as water. Yet, although they were favored with ecstasies and visions, and had the gift of miracles, the saints were as really human as we ourselves are, with the very same bad tempers and evil dispositions to fight against. Some of the greatest of these heroes and heroines were not always good; many of them went astray at first, and had to begin their lives all over again.

It seems to me we ought to know and remember all this, because there are many beautiful and interesting stories in the Lives of the Saints which would lose half their charm if we were to think of them as fairy tales. The saints of the Church are the real heroes and heroines, and the loveliest stories that could possibly be told are found in the books written about them. I know ever so many, and am glad

of an opportunity to relate some of them. My first shall be about a Saint whose feast falls on the 23d of this month.

**

St. Raymund of Pennafort was born in Barcelona, Spain, a country which has produced many of the greatest saints. He belonged to the Dominican Order, and is called one of its glories. St. Raymund was a priest of deep learning, and wrote many books, which are still studied in Spain, and which Pope Gregory IX. found very useful to him when making laws for the government of the Church. But St. Raymund was even more famed for sanctity than for learning. He had a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and helped St. Peter Nolasco, who was one of his penitents, to found in her honor the Order of Mercy, the object of which was to ransom people who had been taken into captivity by the Moors. The Blessed Virgin appeared to St. Raymund, St. Peter, and King James of Arragon on the same night, telling them it would be very pleasing to her if such an Order were founded in the Church.

Like the first Apostles, St. Raymund of Pennafort had the gift of miracles, as it is called. One of his miracles—the most celebrated of all—I will relate in a few words. It was on the occasion of a visit to the island of Majorca, where the father of our great Admiral Farragut was born. When he was ready to return home, instead of waiting for a boat, he just spread a part of his cloak on the water, using the rest of it for a sail, and his staff for a mast; and then, after making the Sign of the Cross, sailed away for Barcelona, which is about a hundred and sixty miles from Majorca. In the Office of the Saint it says that the voyage lasted six hours, which would be over twenty-six miles an hour. The people at Barcelona were as much astonished to see the Saint arrive as those at Majorca were to see him depart in such a strange craft. There were many wit-

nesses of the wonder, and Spanish artists, ever since it took place, have delighted to paint the scene. A chapel in Barcelona marks the spot where our Saint landed.

St. Raymund lived to be nearly one hundred years old. He is a model for a good life and a patron for a happy death. His own end was so peaceful that his biographers say he "slept in the Lord." The prayer which the priest recites at Mass on the Feast of St. Raymund has an allusion to the celebrated miracle I have related. See how nice it is:

"O God, who didst marvellously lead blessed Raymund through the waves of the sea, grant that we, through his intercession, may be enabled to reach the port of everlasting salvation!"

(To be continued.)

Born of an Illustrious House.

Everyone has heard of the youthful swine-herd who afterward became Pope Sixtus V. He was tending his neighbor's swine one day when a Franciscan friar, who had lost the right road, passed by, and asked for directions to the next village. The child aided him as well as he could, at the same time asking him if he could render the friar any service in return for which he might be taught to read. The good friar was so pleased with the question that he took the boy to the convent with him,—a step he never regretted, for seldom did a pupil apply himself more industriously or live more piously. In due time the boy embraced the religious life, and at last became the wearer of the tiara and the ruler of Christendom. Almost everyone knows the history of Pope Sixtus V. thus far, but something remains to be told.

Even so good a man was not without enemies; and upon his election to the supreme office there were not wanting

those who reflected upon his humble origin. In answer he only remarked:

"They are mistaken. I am *domo natus illustri*" (that is, born of an illustrious house); "for the walls of my father's cottage were so broken that the sunbeams came in and lighted every corner of it."

The poor people of Italy have always been fond of telling their children the story of the great and good Pope who once tended swine.

A Japanese Custom.

An American boy living in Japan complains of the strange way they have of extracting teeth in that country. He had the toothache, and went to the office of the dark-colored little dentist to consult him about having the molar removed. The smiling dentist placed him in a bamboo chair which tilted back, and asked him to open his mouth. Seeing no horrible forceps, he did so, thinking himself perfectly safe, when—what do you think?—Mr. Dentist put his slim brown fingers upon our lad's tooth, and, presto! it was out in a twinkling, and held up before the patient with a most celestial smile.

A little Jap aged twelve sat on the floor, taking his first lessons in dentistry. Before him was a board in which were a number of holes, into which pegs had been tightly driven. He was trying his best to pull out the pegs with his thumb and forefinger. As his strength increased, the pegs would be driven in still more tightly. After about two years his education would be considered complete, and it would be easy for him to extract the most stubborn tooth, just as he had pulled out the pegs.

THE "Hail Mary" is a beautiful rose which we present to our Heavenly Queen; it is a precious pearl which we offer her.—*Blessed Grignon de Montfort.*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

Vol., XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 12, 1895.

No. 2.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev D E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The New Year's Guerdon.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

WHAT does this New Year hold for me,
What is its largess like to be,
What shall mine eyes ere its waning see,
As the morrow succeeds the morrow?
Shall peace or strife fill each passing day,
Life's sky be sunlit or sober grey;
Will flowers or thorns strew my future way,—
Does the New Year bring joy or sorrow?

Ah! the New Year holds whatso'er I list;
And my way will be dark with the shrouding
mist,
Or bright, by the golden sunshine kissed,
Just as I choose to make it.
We fill as we please all the years that run,
Cloud them with rain or gild them with sun;
Life's truest joy dwells in duty done,
Its grief burdens those who forsake it.

Our Lady of Prompt Succor.*

A GLORIOUS EVENT, REMEMBERED ONLY AT THE
URSULINE CONVENT, NEW ORLEANS.

I.

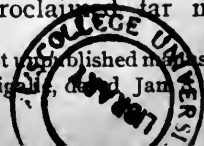
THE weather is gloomy; the
wind is blowing; the Missis-
sippi, in front of my lowly
dwelling, has thrown off his
usually placid appearance to assume the
airs of an angry ocean; while I, seated by
the fire, am musing. However, I take up

my pen, remembering that this is the
anniversary of a glorious miracle.

In the afternoon the various military
associations will parade the streets; they
will repair to the inauguration of the
Historical Museum, in which are to be
preserved memorials of Louisianian ex-
ploits, with trophies of the principal battles
won; but the cause of Louisiana's most
signal victory will probably never have
its memento there—it is unremembered.
On this the seventy-sixth anniversary of
the battle of New Orleans, the patriotism
and valor of Louisiana's sons will deserv-
edly be extolled; the national flag will be
unfurled in token of their country's grati-
tude; but where will be the banner which
should, on this joyful occasion, wave above
every other? In this morning's *Picayune*
appears an article relative to the battle of
Chalmette, from which I quote the follow-
ing just appreciation: "The result seems
almost miraculous. It was a remarkable
victory, and it can never fail to hold an
illustrious place in our national history."

Now, all this is quite true; for Jackson,
with only six thousand men, had to fight
against the flower of the British troops,
fifteen thousand strong; so that if the
three thousand slain on the side of the
English declared their defeat a miracle,
the six killed and seven wounded on
the American side proclaimed far more

* Translated from a quaint unpublished manuscript
the late Rev. C. Bournigale, dated Jan. 1891.



eloquently the victory of Jackson to be miraculous. But nowadays people seem to have forgotten that marvel.

For many a long year priests were wont on this day to remind their congregations of the miracle wrought by the right hand of the Almighty on the plain of Chalmette, whereon were once more verified these words of the divine oracle: "The horse is prepared for the day of battle, but the Lord giveth safety." Jackson and his valiant few seemed to have been convinced of this truth; and if they remained unalarmed by the overwhelming number of their enemies, it was probably because they bore in mind, the words of the royal psalmist: "Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will call upon the name of the Lord our God."

While the men were fighting bravely on the plain of Chalmette, many a devoted mother, wife and sister was praying in the Ursuline chapel; and soon could the victorious army exclaim: "They are bound and have fallen; but we are risen and are set upright." For a long time these heroes and their descendants, though not failing to "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," did not forget on this glorious anniversary, to "render to God the things that are God's"; saying to Him, in the words of Holy Scripture: "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory given." But who is yet mindful?

For a long time the religious festival commemorative of this glorious victory surpassed in splendor the military festival. An old journal, giving an account of January 8, 1841, says: "Archbishop Blanc, accompanied by the Bishops of Mobile and Natchez, and all the clergy, presided at the ceremony, during which the Governor and the members of the Legislature occupied the seats of honor in the cathedral." To-day, while surveying the streets adorned with flags, while admiring the splendor of the military costumes, and hearing the

flourish of trumpets and the thundering of cannon, people will say to themselves: "It is the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans." How many will add, "It is the anniversary of the day on which, through the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, the wondrous victory was gained, the city saved from pillage and ruin"?

The monastery which contributed to the success of the battle is, perhaps, the only institution in New Orleans that has cherished the memory of this glorious event. It is remembered at the Ursuline Convent, where this morning, for the seventy-sixth time, a solemn Mass of thanksgiving was sung in honor of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, to whose intercession is justly attributed the victory of 1815. Our Lady of Prompt Succor! Who knows the Blessed Virgin under this title? Who thinks of her and invokes her? And, still, it seems to us that she is entitled to the gratitude of Louisiana, especially to that of New Orleans, whose confidence she has merited by her numerous benefits. Let us now examine her claims.

II.

The foundation of the Ursuline Convent, New Orleans, is essentially French, having been founded, in 1727, by French religious, under the auspices of Louis XV. In 1763 Louisiana became a Spanish possession; hence it was only natural for the community to recruit subjects from that nationality. The retrocession of Louisiana to France in 1800 created great excitement at the convent, whose inmates feared a repetition here of the horrors of the French Revolution. The majority of the Sisters being then Spanish, the superior, Mother St. Monica Ramos, a native of Havana, addressed, in 1802, a petition to Charles IV., King of Spain, begging his Catholic Majesty to allow herself and community to retire to her native city. Without waiting for the royal answer,

she, with fifteen religious, left the monastery of New Orleans on the evening of May 29, 1803.

Not a gleam of hope seemed left to the seven Sisters who remained. However, they courageously set to work; and their zeal succeeded in keeping up the boarding-school, day-school, and orphan asylum, as well as the instruction of negroes in the Christian doctrine. In this conjuncture, Mother St. André Madier felt inspired to address herself to a cousin of hers, whom the Reign of Terror had driven from her convent, and with whom we must now become acquainted.

Agatha Gensoul, in religion Madame St. Michel, besides being remarkably pious, was endowed with talents of a high order, and possessed of amiable and distinguished manners. Though expelled by the Revolution from her Convent of Pont St. Esprit, separated from her Sisters in religion, and compelled to conceal even her title of religious, she continued to preserve the spirit of her holy vocation. On the first indication of religious toleration, she quitted her solitude, and did her utmost to clear away the *débris* with which the impiety of the Revolution had encumbered the vineyard of the Lord. Where now are her former co-laborers? In vain does she seek them. Privations, exile, the scaffold have cut off nearly all. She understands the futility of her efforts to re-establish her community; but she remembers that a real Ursuline ought never to lose courage. True, no convent of her Order then existed in France; but she was still an Ursuline, obliged by her vocation to instruct young girls, to train their hearts to virtue, and to store their minds with useful knowledge. This explains why Madame St. Michel, aided by another Ursuline, known in the world as Miss Sophie Ricard, opened a boarding-school at Montpellier. It was then that she received the letter of Mother St. André, telling how much the New Orleans

convent stood in need of subjects. Immediately she felt inspired to abandon her own foundation, and hasten to the relief of her Sisters in Louisiana.

Here let us note the obstacles in the way of her carrying out this generous resolution. The more numerous and powerful they are, the better will they serve to establish the miraculous result of the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

France was just recovering from the baneful effects of the Revolution, which had left behind it only ruins. For many years there were no priests or religious to teach the children, who had grown up in the shadow of deserted convents, desecrated churches, overturned altars.... Madame St. Michel was a person of no ordinary abilities, and already had her zealous labors been crowned with wonderful success. Therefore, her bishop could not even think of dispensing with her services in his diocese. Aware of this, her spiritual director, who was first consulted, gave no answer. She then addressed herself to the bishop. To form an idea of his surprise and grief, as well as of the force of his opposition, one need but reflect on his answer: "The Holy Father alone can give this authorization."

The Pope was still at Rome. There were no railroads or steamboats; the distance was considerable; and, besides, it was not so easy then as it is now to obtain an audience with the Head of the Church. But the greatest obstacle of all, and that which seemed humanly insurmountable, was that Pope Pius VII. was a real captive at Rome, while awaiting to be dragged as such to Fontainebleau. Napoleon held close custody; and the jailers of the Holy Father in the Eternal City had received strict orders to prevent every communication, even by letter, with the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Consequently, writing to the Pope and expecting an answer from him was, humanly speaking, an act of folly. This.

however, Madame Gensoul felt inspired by God to attempt. Accordingly, on December 15, 1808, she wrote to the Pope. After having set forth her motives, she concluded thus: "Most Holy Father, I appeal to your apostolic tribunal. I am ready to submit to your decision. Faith teaches me that you are the voice of the Lord. I await your orders. 'Go,' or 'Stay,' from your Holiness will be to me the same thing."

The letter was written, but how could it be made to reach its destination? Three months passed, and still there was no opportunity of sending it. Madame St. Michel knelt before a statue of Mary, to whom she recommended the success of her enterprise; and while thus praying she felt inspired to address the Queen of Heaven in these words: "O Most Holy Virgin! if you obtain for me a prompt and favorable answer, I promise to have you honored at New Orleans under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor."

Now, if this inspiration had come from Heaven, if Mary was pleased with this new appellation, if she desired being honored under this beautiful title at New Orleans, let her fulfil the two conditions laid down by the suppliant, and doubt would no longer be admissible. The letter left Montpellier on the 19th of March, 1809; and the answer is dated Rome, April 29, 1809. Hence the first condition, that of receiving a prompt reply, was accomplished. Let us here note that, owing to the reasons already stated, the promptitude of the Pope's answer is remarkable. We shall now see how the second condition was fulfilled, bearing in mind that Pius VII. knew the state of affairs in France, and the need of laborers like the applicant to regenerate it. Still, he did not hesitate to approve of her coming to Louisiana. No better proof can be given of the accomplishment of the second condition than the following passage from Cardinal Pietro's letter to the pious petitioner:

"I am charged by our Holy Father Pope Pius VII. with answering in his name.... His Holiness can not do otherwise than approve the esteem and attachment you have retained for the religious state, and the spirit you have maintained within yourself of the institute of St. Ursula. The Holy Father has experienced the greatest consolation on learning that a monastery of an Order so useful, and which has rendered such signal services to the Church, is established in Louisiana; and that piety, peace, and the most exact regularity reign therein.... His Holiness approves of your putting yourself at the head of your religious aspirants, to serve as their guide during the long and difficult voyage which you are about to undertake."

Good Mother St. Michel unquestionably obtained a prompt and favorable answer. The Bishop of Montpellier was so surprised that he acknowledged himself vanquished. The devoted Ursuline began to fulfil her promise, by ordering a fine statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor to be sculptured. Bishop Fournier himself was so convinced of the Blessed Virgin's desire of being honored under this title that he expressed a wish to bless the statue, which was to be the shield of the pious missionaries during their passage across the Atlantic. On their arrival at New Orleans, December 31, 1810, this precious statue was solemnly installed in the convent chapel. And from that time may be said to date the public worship offered to the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

It is a fact worthy of mention that this statue had been preceded by another smaller one, brought in 1786 from the monastery of Pont St. Esprit. We know not if Mother St. Michel Gensoul had, during her stay in that monastery, become acquainted with the history of this statue, of which the one brought by her seems to have been a reproduction; and which had, under somewhat similar circumstances,

been instrumental in showing the Blessed Virgin's power with her Divine Son. Let us now see how this came to pass.

III.

In 1785 Mother St. James, superioress of the Ursulines in New Orleans, seeing with regret that her community hitherto eminently French, would soon cease to be such if not recruited from the mother country, applied for subjects to the flourishing house of her Order at Pont St. Esprit. Three Sisters — Sister Marie Thérèse Farjon de St. F. Xavier, Sister Françoise Alzas de Ste. Félicité, and Sister Christine Madier de St. André — nobly responded to her appeal; but many obstacles were opposed to their departure. The Spanish Government of this colony seemed desirous of doing away with the French character of the Ursuline community; therefore, we need not be surprised at the difficulties which the religious of Pont St. Esprit had to surmount in carrying out their generous resolution. Weary of waiting for an opportunity of reaching the new field of her labors, Sister Ste. Félicité having one day found in the garret of her monastery a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, picked it up, saying with that childlike simplicity so pleasing to the Heart of Mary: "Good Mother, if you quickly remove the obstacles which lie in the way of my departure for New Orleans, I promise to have you honored there to the utmost of my power." Here the condition laid down is the same as that which, twenty-five years later, will be laid down by Mother St. Michel: the speedy removal of obstacles. Now for the result.

An aged Father of the Society of Jesus having applied directly to the King of Spain, the obstacles were immediately removed; and the three Ursulines on leaving France brought away with them their little statue, which they regarded as their most precious earthly treasure. Later on, Sister Ste. Félicité, having been chosen to hold the highest offices of the

community, found it easy to fulfil her promise to the Blessed Virgin, whose statue, placed over the superior's stall, soon became a special object of devotion. On the Feast of the Assumption it was customary to place this statue on an altar decorated with flowers and lighted tapers; and there did our Heavenly Mother, as a queen on her throne, receive the homage of her devoted subjects; after which the superioress, accompanied by the senior members of the community, advanced to lay at her feet the keys of the monastery, in token of her being their Mother and first Superior. Since 1810 the two statues of which we have given the history have been honored under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

IV.

If the worship which has for over eighty years been paid in New Orleans to Our Lady of Prompt Succor has been pleasing to her, she must have within that period manifested her pleasure in an evident manner. It comes not within our sphere to relate here all the spiritual and temporal favors attributed to her intercession. The chronicles of the monastery sum up these favors by saying: "Under this new title the Blessed Virgin has so often manifested her power and goodness, that the religious repose in her an unbounded confidence." Two facts in proof of this assertion deserve record.

Devotion to Our Lady of Prompt Succor was just commencing to spread through the city when, in 1812, a terrible fire broke out. The wind was rapidly driving the flames toward the convent, and the nuns were told that remaining there any longer would be tempting Divine Providence. The order to break through the cloister was already given, when a lay-Sister, Sister St. Anthony, placed the little statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor on a window-sill, out of the fire; and at the same moment Mother St. Michel fell on her knees, exclaiming:



"Our Lady of Prompt Succor, we are lost if you come not to our help!" Immediately the wind changed, the convent and its environs were out of danger.

We will not repeat here what we have already said relative to the battle of 1815. From the windows of their convent the Ursulines could see the smoke rising from the battle-field, and could hear the report of guns and the thunder of cannon. The night of January the 7th was spent in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Everything seemed hopeless for the Americans. The disproportion of troops ensured victory to the English, in which case nothing save the horrors of pillage could be expected for the conquered city, the brutal watchword being "Booty and Beauty."

Jackson had sworn that, should he be vanquished, the enemy would find New Orleans a heap of ruins. In order to help in averting this imminent danger, the Ursuline chapel was continually thronged with pious ladies, all weeping and praying at the foot of the holy statue, which was placed on the high altar; and there, as a mother in the midst of her weeping children, did Mary listen to the supplications of her devout clients, and plead their cause with the Heart of her Divine Son.

On the morning of January 8, 1815, the Very Rev. Father du Bourg, V. G., afterward Bishop of New Orleans, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in presence of the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor; and the community made a vow to have a Mass of thanksgiving sung every year should the Americans gain the victory. Just at Holy Communion a courier entered the chapel to announce the glad tidings of the enemy's defeat. After Mass Father du Bourg intoned the *Te Deum*, which was sung with a fervor of gratitude impossible to describe.

Nobody could reasonably doubt of the miracle wrought on this occasion through the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt

Succor. Jackson himself, the hero of the day, did not hesitate to admit of the divine interposition in his favor; and in his first proclamation to the army he says: "By the blessing of Heaven, directing the valor of the troops under my command, one of the most brilliant victories in the annals of war was obtained." The following day, in a letter to the Very Rev. Father du Bourg, the valiant General wrote:

"REV. SIR:—The signal interposition of Heaven in giving success to our arms requires some external manifestation of the feelings of our most lively gratitude. Permit me, therefore, to entreat that you will cause the service of public thanksgiving to be performed in the cathedral, in token of the great assistance we have received from the Ruler of all events, and of our humble sense of it."

On the 23d of January Father du Bourg proclaimed the same truth when, ere placing the victor's crown on the brow of Jackson, he thus addressed him: "How easy it would have been for you, General, to forget the prime Mover of your wonderful success, and to assume praise which must redound to that exalted Source whence every sort of merit is derived! The first impulse of your religious heart was to acknowledge the signal interposition of Providence." The same day General Jackson visited the Ursulines, in order to thank them for the prayers which had helped him to gain so signal a victory.

Have we not here more than sufficient proof of the divine interposition in behalf of the American troops during the famous battle of 1815? The wonderful success of their arms was then attributed to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, invoked in the Ursuline chapel under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

In 1850 the superioress of the monastery sent, through the agency of the Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc, a petition to the Pope, laying before him the signal favors with which the community had, since

1810, been loaded through the mediation of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, and beseeching His Holiness to authorize the annual celebration of the feast and the singing of High Mass in her honor on the 8th of January. On the 27th of September, 1851, this favor was graciously granted by Pius IX.; and on the 6th of August, 1852, Archbishop Blanc promulgated the papal decree in favor of the Ursulines of his diocese.

May this devotion be propagated throughout the whole world! What a beautiful title for Mary! Our Lady of Prompt Succor implies the urgent need we have of Mary's help; it proclaims that we expect everything from her; and that, being a good and powerful Mother, she can not keep her children waiting for what they need.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

II.—AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLPHIN.

THE Upper Castle Yard—known as the "Dirty Half Acre," on account of the unsavory deeds done within its enclosing walls prior to the Union—is a dingy quadrangle; the south side being taken up with the apartments of the Lord-Lieutenant, and the north and west with the offices of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. The clerks in the Chief Secretary's offices are for the most part composed of the younger sons of pauper and English swells, who regard Ireland as a sort of penal settlement, and the Irish as so many half-civilized barbarians. The salaries of these gentlemen are modest, but their social pretensions and their sense of superiority to their surroundings recognize no limit. They are languid,

patronizing, sarcastic; and, as a consequence, wildly worshipped by the ignoble snobs who live, move, and have their being within radius of the Viceregal Court,—an institution as demoralizing as it is a sham both rotten, ridiculous and useless.

On the morning after St. Patrick's Ball, a tall, strapping, straight of back, broad of shoulder, tweed-clad young man strode into the Chief Secretary's office, and, without consulting the magnificent English porter lolling in his arm-chair, engaged in perusing the *Freeman's Journal*, passed along a corridor, and entered a large and well-lighted office occupied by three sleepy-looking, well-groomed clerks.

"How goes it?" cheerily demanded the newcomer, Arthur Bodkin. "Where's Talbot?"

"Getting a wiggling from Tom Burke," the ill-fated Under-Secretary for Ireland, who was so brutally murdered later on by the blood-thirsty Invincibles.

"What for?"

"Well, you see," drawled a flaxen-haired youth, with an impertinence of manner that cried aloud for the application of the cudgel, "he—haw! haw!—objected to my being promoted over his head."

"And quite right too, Mr. Ponsonby," said Bodkin. "How would you like a man to be promoted over *your* head?"

"Well, if it was an Irishman, I'd—" The drawling youth ceased to drawl; for Arthur had drawn nearer to him, stern menace in every movement. "Hang it all! If my people have more influence than his, that ought to settle it."

"Not a bit of it! You were foisted in this office about a year ago—I remember it well,—and here's Harvey Talbot, with six years' and more service, passed over to make room for you, because you are English. I don't suppose you've done five pounds' worth of work since you came here."

"Not a shilling's worth," laughed Mr. Ponsonby; "and don't intend to. It was

hard luck enough to be banished here, without being asked to work. Rot!"

At this moment a young man bearded like a pard, and the very embodiment of physical strength, entered the office. His face was flushed, while in his honest grey eyes signs and tokens of a mammoth anger wave appeared in fitful flashes. Without looking to the right or to the left, he proceeded to a desk, flung its lid wide open, and commenced sorting papers wearing the neat, cold, precise appearance of documents that must be tied with red tape.

"I say, Harry!"

At the sound of Arthur's voice Talbot looked up, flung a package of official documents into the air, and, letting the desk lid fall with a bang, rushed over to Bodkin with outstretched hands.

"Why, Arthur, this is too good to be true! Don't let us stop in this infernal hole. Come over to the Dolphin for a Poldoody—the best oysters in the world. We're sure to meet Nedley or Mahaffy, or some of the lads of the village. And I have a lot to tell you."

As they emerged from the Castle yard on to Cork Hill, Talbot suddenly stopped, turned round and exclaimed:

"Congratulate me, Arthur?"

"I do, my boy. Who is she? When is it to be?"

"It's not a *she*,—it's an *it*. I have resigned. They were for popping that impudent ass Ponsonby over my head, you know. I remonstrated. No go. No reason vouchsafed. Tom Burke cold as a cucumber. So I just told him—not five minutes ago—that as they were providing berths for English paupers with whom no Irish gentleman would care to associate, he could have mine with pleasure. You should have seen his face, Arthur!"

"I'm awfully glad you did it, Harry. I wonder that you were able to stand it so long. I couldn't be in the office with any of those English cads five minutes without longing to tickle their English

ribs with this Irish blackthorn,"—giving a vigorous shake to a *kippeen* which he swung in his right hand. "And what are you going to do?"

"To take about a dozen walks to and from the Hill of Howth—twenty-two Irish miles. By that time I will have determined upon a plan. There's nothing like a long walk, alone, for letting your thoughts mould themselves."

They had now reached the Dolphin, in Essex Street,—a famous hostelry kept by one Flanagan, a jovial old chap, with a wooden visage, and wearing that description of artless wig known as a "jasey." At the bar were all sorts and conditions of men, from Lord-Justice Keogh and the Attorney General, to Lord Straithnairn, Commander of the Forces, and Dr. Tisdall, the merry-eyed, merry-tongued Chancellor of Christchurch.

This laughter-loving cleric, catching sight of Harry Talbot, called him over to where he was standing engaged in demolishing a lobster sandwich.

"Talbot," he cried, "your aunt, Mrs. Cusack, a good live Protestant, gave twenty pounds the other day toward putting a new floor on the Catholic chapel in my parish. I met her this morning, and I said: 'Mrs. Cusack, if you go on flooring chapels in this way, you'll soon floor the church.'"

This sally was received with roars of laughter.

"That was a good thing that Father Healy, of Little Bray, said to McComas the souper the other day," observed John Francis Waller (Jonathan Freke Slingsby), the poet. "McComas, who is one of the most unscrupulous of 'souters' and proselytizers, is a tailor and army contractor in Molesworth Street. He was going out to Kingstown, and in the same carriage was Father Healy. This was too good a chance for McComas, who immediately commenced talking at the genial *padre*, who, by the way, kept on reading his Office. McComas raved about a Salva-

tion Army that was to be raised to save us from papists and the Scarlet Lady, and kept it up until the train reached Booterstown. Father Healy, who was going to dine with Canon Farrell, quietly opened the door, and just as he was about to step out exclaimed: 'By the way, Mr. McComas, when this famous army you speak of arrives, don't forget to get the contract for clothing it!'"

After the laughter had subsided, Judge Barry chimed in:

"There's a better one yet—what Father Healy said to Keogh. The Judge, who hasn't shown much orthodoxy, though he is a Catholic, was brilliantly arguing the claims of Moslemism, and ended by declaring that very little would induce him to turn Moslem. 'Hadn't you better turn Catholic first?' said Father Healy."

The two friends seated themselves at a small table, in a gaunt apartment singularly free from the meretricious air of modern decoration; ordered a dozen a piece of the famous Poldoody oysters, a fine, fat, luscious bivalve, with, to the uninitiated, a very forbidding-looking green fin, rather suggestive of decay.

"Have you any money, Harry?" asked Bodkin.

"About £300. You're welcome to it, Arthur."

"Thanks, dear old boy! But I don't want a penny of it. You will want it for travelling expenses."

"Travelling expenses! I am only going to travel to the Hill of Howth and back. What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are going to take a pretty particularly long voyage. Harry, you are going to Mexico!"

"Mexico!" Talbot stared at his companion. "I tell you what it is, Arthur. Woodhouse's champagne is still fizzing in your brain. What the dickens would bring *me* to Mexico?"

"Listen to me!" And Arthur in a few minutes so enthused his friend that Talbot

joyously consented to start, and was for setting forth on the following morning.

"It is providential!" he exclaimed. "For years I have been longing to see that wondrous country. From the moment I first read Prescott, the word Mexico has had a fascination for me. I can easily do as well there as being a Castle hack here; and, at all events, I'll go. And here's my hand on it. And who knows," he added, laughingly, "but I may pick up a dark-eyed *señorita*, settle down and become a *ranchero*? Hooray! Here comes Nedley. Sit down, Tom, and hear the news."

A handsome man, of scarce yet middle age, entered. There was a flash of merriment in his smile that lit up the entire apartment. Dr. Nedley was *persona grata* everywhere. Physician to the Viceregal Court, his official position brought him into the highest circles, where he shone a bright, particular star; while his noble and generous heart led him to the pallet of the poorest, where his ready wit oftentimes proved much more efficacious than his most elaborate prescription.

"Boys," he cried as he took a seat, "I've had a nice compliment paid me just now as I passed through King Street. As you may be aware, I have the distinguished, and in these Fenian times somewhat perilous, honor of being Doctor to the picturesque inhabitants of the Liberties. As I was walking down here, an old woman thus apostrophized me: 'Arrah, there ye go, Docthor Nedley! Shure ye killed more poliss—good luck to ye!—nor the Faynians!'"

As soon as the genial Doctor had become acquainted with the plans of his two young friends, the thought of serving both came uppermost.

"I'll speak to His Ex., Talbot, and see if I can't make him give you a roving commission, of a purely scientific character."

"But I know nothing of science, Doctor."

"So much the better. You will go

in totally unprejudiced and unfettered by fad. Yes, I'll get Sam Houghton, of Trinity, to aid and abet me. Zoölogy, the Fauna of Mexico. Capital! The very thing! You will write a book, Talbot, and we will elect you an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy. As for you, Arthur, the licking you gave—"

"For heaven's sake, Nedley, don't let me hear anything more about that."

"Faith, you are as sore as the chap that got it,—sorer, I think. Well, I'll see if I can't dig out a couple of letters of introduction for you that may be of use. I can give you one myself to a countryman of ours, a banker—Don Ferdinando O'Flynn. He married a girl who owned a silver mine, and he's now as rich, as Pat Dempsey would say,—as rich, my dear fellow, as Creosote."

The room became very crowded, and in a few minutes the resignation of Harry Talbot was in everybody's mouth.

"I'll ask a question in the House of Commons in regard to this gross injustice," observed a very pompous personage, half choked in an old-fashioned black satin stock. "I'll ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland—"

"I'll tell you one thing you won't ask him, Macdonna," thrust in Nedley.

"And what is that, sir?"

"You won't ask him to dinner."

This sally delighted the listeners, to whom the Honorable Member's stinginess was familiar as a household word.

As the two friends walked down Dame Street they met Father Healy.

"I'll get you a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Mexico," he volunteered; "although, as I see there was an insurrection up there last week, he may be only a bishop *in partibus* by this time."

Arthur Bodkin, by virtue of being a lieutenant in the Galway Militia, was a member of the United Service Club, to which palatial institution on St. Stephen's

Green he bent his steps, after arranging to dine with Talbot at Burton Bindon's. In the hall of the Club he encountered a kinsman, Colonel Brown, who had lost his left arm in the trenches before Sebastopol. When this gallant warrior found that Bodkin was bound for Mexico, he congratulated him very warmly:

"I tell you what, Arthur, you'll see some fighting out there as sure as Sunday. Napoleon is foisting this poor Archduke on the Mexicans; and believe me there's a big anti-French party in the country that will fight to a man. So, by the powers, Arthur Bodkin may bring everlasting glory on the Galway Militia by taking a hand in the game; and he's not his father's son if he doesn't. And, now that I think of it, your cousin, Tom Ffrench, of Gortnamona, is out there. He fought like a Connaught Ranger at the battle of Molino del Rey, and faith he remained in the country. If I don't mistake, he wanted to be president or lord-mayor or commander-in-chief, or something very swell. He sent your mother a feather cloak, some years ago, made by the Aztecs. And Jack Turbot, of the Ninth, spent a few days with him in some out-of-the-way place, where he nearly killed Jack with a whisky made out of the century plant. You look him up, Arthur, and your bread is baked, my boy!"

"Is it Tommy Ffrench, of Gortnamona, you're talking of?" asked a little red-faced, red-necked, white-haired major. "Sure Tommy marched into Puebla with General Forey, and was at the taking of Mexico. He is now Capitano Tomaso Ffrench, and the same dare-devil chap that swam the Shannon from Kilrush to Tarbert, and that's nine miles."

And as Bodkin wended his way to Burton Bindon's to meet Harry Talbot, he could not help reflecting that the finger of destiny was very fixedly pointing in the direction of the Halls of the Montezumas.

The Flight into Egypt: A Miracle Play.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

SCENE I.

(JOSEPH *sleepeth, in a room flooded with moonlight. Outside lieth Bethlehem, still in the moonlight. JOSEPH dreameth, and speaketh aloud his dream.*)

JOSEPH.

ARE they not safe? I heard, methought,
The crying of women, sore distraught;
And through that lonely sound I caught
The wail of babes, and then

Clashing of swords; and oaths, and fierce,
Wild laughter rang against mine ears.
I saw in sleep the dripping spears
In hands of wicked men.

'Twas night in Bethlehem did seem
All through the horror of my dream;
And woe, and woe for Bethlehem,
I heard the wind cry on.

And yet I know the small town lies
Soothed by the sweetest lullabies,
Watched by a million starry eyes
That wake until the dawn.

I know the babies lie at rest,
Each on its mother's silky breast,
For whom love makes the rosiest nest.
O hard-heart little town!

That bade my Dearest in her need
Take shelter in the cattle-shed,
And give her sweetest Son for bed
The cattle's manger brown,

Nevertheless, sleep well; and far
Away from thee those cries of war.
Sleep sweetly under the Birthnight Star
Until the cock shall crow.

The while I hear, as soft as love,
The tender breathing of my dove;
And the dear Babe, her heart above,
Breathing so soft and low.

(*A radiance floateth in his dream, in the midst of which is the ANGEL OF THE LORD.*)

THE ANGEL.

Joseph, arise! No time for sleep,
If thou thy trust with God would keep;
Leave Bethlehem town to wail and weep,
But thou up and away.

Take Mother and Child, and ride in haste
Across the desert still and vast.
The ass is saddled; be thou fast,
And far ere break of day.

Herod doth seek the Child to kill;
Up and away with a good will.
Soon will the wind of dawn blow chill,
And the day-star dawn red.

Ride far! Behind thee will be moan,
Weeping and lamentation lone:
The voice of Rachel for her own
Weeping, uncomförted.

(JOSEPH *waketh with a cry, and stareth in the moonlight. Then he ariseth with haste, and wakeneth MARY.*)

JOSEPH.

Mary, awake, and take the Child!
We must away ere yon star mild
Fades in the day. While thy lips smiled
In sleep, a vision rose,

And warned of danger dark and death.
Wrap thee right warm: the morning breath
Is chill, and cold the night bloweth
The way our journey goes.

MARY.

Alas! and is't so soon they seek
To slay my Lamb, new-born and weak?
This little One so mild and meek
No wild beast would Him harm.

Bring thou the ass. We two will be
Ready by then to ride with thee.
My Sweet shall be right safe with me:
My veil and cloak are warm.

Come, little One, now leave behind
The town where we no roof could find
The night that Thou wast born. Unkind
The desert need not prove

For Thee, to whom the world is ill,—
Yea, raveneth like a wild beast still
My little innocent Sön to kill.

Come, dear and harmless Dove!

(*They go out in the darkness, where JOSEPH holdeth the ass.*)

SCENE II.

(In a robber's cave of the desert. MARY kneeleth, bathing the CHILD; while near her, nursing a suckling babe, sitteth LEAH, the robber's wife.)

LEAH (*singeth*).

Sleep sweet, my baby,
Whiter than snows!
Rose of the desert
That in the night blows.
Round my white rosebud
Floweth my veil,
Hiding my white rose,
Tender and pale.

Little white rosebud,
Be not in haste
Yet to uncover
To the hot blast.
World's breath will scorn thee,
Icy winds blow,
Ravage my rosebud,
Whiter than snow.

Lullaby, my rosebud!
Grow not a rose.
Round thee to shield thee
Mother's love flows.
Rose of her darkness,
Make her heart glad;
The saddest poor mother
That ever babe had.

MARY.

Why, then, my sister, dost thou sing
So sad a cradle-song to wing
Thy baby into slumbering?
Nay, sweet, thine eyes be dried!

Kiss his small feet, remembering this:
Thou art a mother; with that bliss
Turning all lesser grief there is
To happy joy and pride.

We take the grief and joy in one,
Being proud mothers of a son;
And would not wish our fate undone
If it were else all woes.

Now hold my Jesus, and let me
Your pretty baby on my knee
Nurse for a little. I would see
His face you hide so close.

LEAH (*covereth her face*).

Lady, ah, now you touch my wound!
Ne'er was a sadder mother found.
All the sad earth o'er and around.
O Lady, see, my child,

White with the leprosy! I dare
Not touch your Boy's sweet face and hair,
Lest that my finger tips should bear
Those seeds, rank and defiled.

MARY.

Alas, poor mother! was this why
Didst lay thy precious baby by,
And would not let my gaze come nigh
His piteous little form?

Nay, give him me, and take my Sweet,
That is all sound from head to feet.
The evil thing I fear not it:
It can not do Him harm.

Give me thy babe. I will him bathe
Here where my one Son bathed hath.
Great virtue His all evil scathe
And taint away to take.

(Holdeth the babe, swiftly undressing him.)
Now in the water I thee lay.
My Baby's Father, take away
This baby's leprosy, I pray,
Even for Thy dear Son's sake.

(She lifteth the babe from the water, cleansed and rosy, and layeth him in his mother's lap.)

MARY.

Here is thy Dimas. Lift thine eyes,—
Behold a rose of health he lies,
That piteous was and food for sighs!
Now, sister, praise the Lord!

LEAH (*kneeleth*).

I praise Him. Yea, and thee He sent,
His angel and His instrument,
To work on me His good intent,
And on my baby bird.

MARY.

Praise me not. If thou wilt, praise
My Baby through thy length of days;
And praise His Father, who had grace
And pity for thy state.

O little Dimas, who art clean,
I have a vision of thy sin,

And of thy sorrow that wins in
At last through heaven's gate!

Thou little Dimas, round and smooth,
I see thee in thy lusty youth
Drawn down to shame and death, in truth.
I see thee keeping tryst

In a most bitter day and hour,
When men are mad and hell hath power,
High where the awful crosses tower,—
Keeping the tryst with Christ.

Little Dimas, when all is done,
Side by side with my loved Son,
Thou winnest in when heaven is won.
O happy little child,

Now sleep! And sleep, my Jesus small.
For the small birds are sleeping all;
And shadows lengthen on the wall,
And fades the daylight mild.

Robert Southwell and His Friends.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

FATHER JOHN GERARD, whose memoirs, lately published by the lamented Father Morris, give so vivid a picture of the days of persecution, often mentions Father Southwell in terms of affectionate admiration. Owing to the fear of detection in which they lived, the priests had to assume false names and disguises, and, in mixing with Protestants, to adopt the manners and language of men of the world. Father Southwell, we are told, used to admire the ease with which Father Gerard could, if needful, play the part of a sporting gentleman, and discuss hunting, falconry, and other fashionable sports, when the circumstances required it. He naïvely confessed his inferiority in this respect, and, with childlike simplicity, begged Father Gerard to instruct him in the technical terms of sport. However, it would seem that he was by nature more

of a scholar than a sporting man; for he used to complain that he found it very difficult to remember Father Gerard's instructions on the subject of horses, hounds, and hunting. The two religious, so different in character and so like in their courage and zeal for souls, were bound by strong mutual esteem and affection. Father Gerard describes Robert Southwell as "prudent, pious, meek, and exceedingly winning."

Now and then the Jesuit missionaries were able to meet in secret, in some friendly house, to confer together on matters relating to their ministry; and these rare meetings were especially valuable to men accustomed to a community life. Sometimes, however, they narrowly escaped detection. Once Fathers Garnett, Southwell, Oldcorne, Stanney and Gerard met in Northamptonshire — probably at Harrowden, the residence of Lord Vaux,—for the purpose of renewing their vows. Father Southwell was beginning to say Mass at five in the morning, when a great noise was heard, and a band of pursuivants, or priest-hunters, with drawn swords attempted to force an entrance. The priest hurriedly took off his vestments, stripped the altar, and concealed the books and altar furniture, while the servants of the house kept the pursuivants at bay. He then, with the other Fathers present, made his way to a safe hiding-place, and a few minutes later the enemy succeeded in entering the house. But, although they diligently searched during four hours, the pursuivants found nothing. Both masters and servants were silent, and the good walls of Harrowden kept their secret. At last the baffled priest-hunters took their leave, after having been paid for their day's work by the Catholics themselves; for, as Father Gerard quaintly observes, "so pitiful is the lot of Catholics that those who come with a warrant to annoy them in this or any other way, have to be paid for so doing

by the suffering party, instead of by the authorities who send them; as though it were not enough to endure wrong, but they must also pay for the endurance."

[¶ When at last the coast was clear, one of the Catholic ladies staying in the house came to fetch the priests, whose hiding-place was underground, and half filled with water. In it were hidden, besides Fathers Southwell, Garnett; Oldcorne, Stanney and Gerard, of the Society of Jesus, two secular priests and two or three laymen. The next day the priests thought it more prudent to disperse, and Fathers Southwell and Gerard rode away together.

In the midst of the incessant perils and labors of his missionary life, Father Southwell found time to write to his brethren abroad long letters, that give us a pathetic picture of the sufferings of the English Catholics. In one of them, written in January, 1590, he says:

"The condition of Catholics here is the same, and full of fears and dangers. As many of ours as are in chains rejoice, and are contented in their prisons; and they that are at liberty set not their hearts upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance.... A little while ago they apprehended two priests, who have suffered such cruel usages in the prison of Bridewell as can scarcely be believed.... The labors to which they subjected them were continual and immoderate, and no less in sickness than in health; for with hard blows and stripes they forced them to accomplish their task, however weak they were.... Some of them are hung up by the hands, so that they can just touch the ground with the tips of their toes.... In fine, they that are kept in that prison truly live *in lacu miseriæ et in luto fœcis*."

Two months later he wrote another most touching letter, which was translated into Spanish and widely circulated among the Catholics abroad. "We are still," he says, "tossed in the midst of dangers, and indeed in no small peril." He goes on to

relate the sufferings of a confessor named Nicolas Horner, a tailor by profession, who was imprisoned for sheltering and helping priests. God seems to have rewarded, by peculiar favors and graces, the courage of this good man. His first prison was so damp and unwholesome that his legs began to mortify, and one of them had to be cut off. During the operation God filled him with such joy that he felt no pain. He was finally condemned to death for having assisted the hunted priests. And Father Southwell relates how, on the eve of his execution, as he was sitting in his dark and filthy dungeon, he saw "the form of a crown reflected on the head of his shadow" against the wall. Thinking that the appearance was caused by some object or other, he rose, changed places, put up his hand to his head, and walked up and down his dungeon; but he discovered nothing that could explain the fact, and for a whole hour he saw something "like a diadem upon his head, to foreshadow his future glory." Horner's courage and supernatural cheerfulness remained the same to the end; and, says Father Southwell, "he gained the palm of victory with as great constancy as the rest."

Another of Father Southwell's letters is addressed to a priest who had embraced a wandering and unsettled mode of life. While conveying much wise advice to his correspondent, he unconsciously gives us an insight into his own conduct and demeanor. "Be at home somewhere," he writes, "and there live by rule; then go forth to other places, like a guest looking toward home. Imitate the bees, who suck honey from the flowers and immediately return to the hive, and there go about domestic duties, which begin with prudence and end with profit. I wish you to place a measure to your social disposition, not as I would cage a bird or condemn it to the dark. There is a medium between mute solitude or silent obscurity and a continual change of company; both these

extremes are equally bad.... Learn while at home to behave in company, and instruct your mind how to nourish in secret holy thoughts, which, in the exercise of every virtue, will prove to you sweeter than all other delights."

We may easily imagine how great was the influence of one whose grave words of advice were always clothed in graceful and gentle language. In spite of their old-fashioned phraseology, Father Southwell's letters, after two hundred years, retain much of their original charm. One of the longest and most important of them is addressed to his own father, Richard Southwell, who after having, as we have seen, proved himself a zealous Catholic in providing for his son's religious education, had gradually fallen away from the practice of his religion. He had married as his second wife a woman who had been governess to Queen Elizabeth; and, under her influence, he abstained from the Sacraments and outwardly conformed to the new religion.

Father Southwell begins by giving him all the arguments capable of convincing his intellect; he then concludes by an appeal to their mutual love: "It is the thing we have chiefly at heart, that we may be as nearly linked in spiritual as we are in natural consanguinity; that we may, to our unspeakable comfort, enjoy in heaven your most desired company. Blame me not, good father, if zeal for your recovery has carried me beyond the limits of a letter. So important a truth can not be too much avowed, nor too many means used to draw a soul out of the misery of schism."

It is evident that, in spite of the many years he had spent away from home, Father Southwell's family affections had remained warm and constant. He wrote to one of his brothers, whose spiritual condition inspired him with some anxiety, a letter no less affectionate and earnest than that addressed to his father.

In his leisure moments he composed poems, which enjoyed great popularity among the English Catholics of his time. Although their form is now antiquated, and their phraseology seems somewhat stiff and stilted to our modern taste, these poems reveal a brilliant and delicate fancy, a deeply poetical feeling, and a spirit of loving piety. Such are the chief characteristics of "St. Peter's Complaint," "St. Magdalen's Tears," and many odes to Our Lady. It is needless to say the appearance of these poems was hailed with delight by our persecuted ancestors. Father Gerard frequently alludes with brotherly admiration to Father Southwell's gifts as a writer, and to his works "so full of spirit and eloquence, both in prose and verse."

As we may gather from our hero's advice to the priest whose wandering propensities he endeavored to check, he himself contrived, in spite of the perils of the times, to have a fixed residence, where he generally lived, unless the welfare of souls obliged him, as was often the case, to travel abroad. His place of abode in London was the house of the Countess of Arundel; and we may believe that it was through a special permission of God that he was led to seek shelter under the roof of one who so sorely needed advice and assistance. Sometimes, we are told, he went to the house of a Mr. Cotton, in Fleet Street,—probably the friend of his boyhood; now and then he made excursions into Sussex, and even into the northern shires. But, although closely disguised, he never adopted the extravagant costumes which some priests thought it necessary to wear for the sake of safety. He used to dress in black, "with clothes more fit than fine," as he says in one of his poems.

(To be continued.)

BETTER one thorn plucked out than that all remain.—*Horace.*

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

II.—THE FORTUNES OF M. CROQUELAIRE.

M. CROQUELAIRE had been at the Old Men's Home nearly ten years when the event occurred which made such a change in his destiny. "Jerome," the Sisters called him; and with his intimates, when all were in a good humor, he was sometimes "Croquelaire"; but in general he wished to be, and was, addressed as Monsieur Croquelaire.

"M. J. Croquelaire," he would say,— "that is my name, no less a gentleman than I am forced to become the charge of the good Sisters. By them, for whom I keep in order the flower-garden, it is right that I should be addressed by my baptismal name; but by people in general, not at all. If on occasion, through having heard so much the good Sisters say 'Jerome,' Madame should now and then, either by preference or in absent mind, also address me in such manner, I should take it rather as compliment. But for the others, no!"

He had come to poverty through varied misfortunes and errors of his own, not the least of which had been the habit of drinking, to which he had at one time been addicted. But for many years he had touched nothing but wine, which to a Frenchman is seldom intoxicating. He was, like the rest of his countrymen, a lover of strong coffee; and once privately complained to me that the beverage as presented to the old people at the Home was not of the best quality.

"Although how could one expect it," he continued, apologetically, "when the greater part, if not all, of it is obtained from hotels, who give to the good Sisters every day the refuse, the dregs! Clean, Madame, and not at all to injure the health, but very, very weak. To me, Madame, a cup of good coffee is equal to soup, of which we have an excellent

quality. On Sunday a week we had a strange priest to say Mass. As is my custom, or rather I should say my charge, I took him his coffee.

"No, no!" said he, with an Irish brogue very strong. 'Bring me a cup of *thé*, my good man.'

"The Sister then hastened to prepare a cup of *thé* for him; and while I waited she said:

"Jerome, drink the coffee yourself, and take with it a cracker. You will find one in the bin.'

"The coffee I drank. It was excellent. They have for visitors and the clergy a fine quality, *vous savez*, as is but right. But a cracker! *Mon Dieu*, with such a mouthful I would not spoil my coffee. *Un petit pain* now, that would have been acceptable; but a cracker—oh, no, no! And those Irish, what a strange people! How they have such passion for *thé*! But again Madame will understand it is not of the good Sisters I complain."

Shortly after this he came to borrow a mowing machine, and I took advantage of the occasion to make him a cup of strong coffee. He pronounced it excellent, and added:

"But how could it be otherwise, made by the little hands of Madame herself, which I have often admired, as it is the privilege of all to have approbation of beauty where it exists? Again the excellent, superfine quality of Mocha, or perhaps Java and Mocha blend; the quick accomplishment; the drinking on the moment; the rich, yellow cream, produced by the Jersey cow in that little field I can see through the window. (That cow, Madame, if Monsieur would sell, would bring any day one hundred dollar and twenty-five.) The sparkle lumps of sugar; the large china cup with flowers thereon. (Does Madame paint? No? Well, they do such paint like that nowadays very well in the stores.) The beautiful shape and heavy quality silver spoon,—that all

have much to do. Is it not so, Madame?"

Finally he rose to go, but there seemed to be a reluctance in his manner.

"Will you not take another cup, Monsieur?" I asked (he had already disposed of two). But he quickly responded:

"No, Madame. Thanks, thanks! I have had all sufficient. The cup it was very large, and the coffee most excellent, as I have said. I was only thinking—you will smile, Madame,—that in my country we are a frugal people. There is a custom, when one goes to take coffee in a restaurant—not, of course, as now, in a private family where one is invited, but where one pays,—there is a custom, as I said, to take very simply the remaining lumps of sugar, if one has not used all with the coffee, and put them in the pocket, for a *bonne bouche*, or the bird at home, or even the little ones. It is understood, Madame, that one does so. It was merely a recollection that came to me."

I hastened to empty what was left of the sugar in his capacious pocket. The old man blushed, and faintly struggled as he said:

"Thanks, thanks, Madame! But this is too much goodness of you. I beg you will not think that I was—what you call?—hinting for these sugar. But yes: I will not deny it. I have a sweet tooth. Ha! ha! I have but five altogether. To nibble at a lump of sugar is to me pleasant; and a little glass of *eau sucre* in the afternoons, that I like."

A sudden stroke of good fortune changed the aspects of life for the old Frenchman. One day news came that a legacy of twelve thousand francs was awaiting him; the bequest of a nephew in Paris, to whom he had once been kind, and to whom the approach of death had brought welcome, if tardy, recognition of past benefactions. There was great rejoicing among the old people, with whom M. Croquelaire was a great favorite. I hastened to offer my congratulations. The old man bore his new

honors modestly, yet with a certain dignity that comported well with his six-and-seventy years. After some slight conversation, he looked at me in a half-quizzical, half-shamefaced manner, as he said:

"Madame, perhaps you have not heard that I am about to leave the good Sisters and make my own home?"

"But, Monsieur Croquelaire, you are so old, you will not be able to manage alone."

"Madame, it is to marry."

"At your age?"

He drew himself up with dignity.

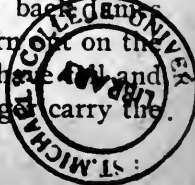
"I am already promised."

"Oh, it is an old engagement, then!" I replied, scarcely able to repress a smile.

"No, Madame. Last week I have said to the good Mother that I wish to speak with her. I have thank her for all her kindness to me, and I have said that no longer is it necessary I live on charity. This is for me not now the place. For three hundred dollar I will buy that small cottage of Patrick Burns, who is now dead, and who have lease of ground for ten years still, at five dollar the year. Then I can grow my flowers and vegetable, and keep chicken and my cow, and it may be some pigs. When I have buy everything, and have furnish my house, new and clean, I have still left maybe nearly two thousand dollar. I divide in four-hundred-dollar parts. That last for five years, and on that I can live. After five years I die. I be eighty-one years old."

"But if you should not die, and your money should be all gone? You know it is a rule with the Little Sisters not to receive again any one who has left them."

"Some time they break that rule," said M. Croquelaire, with great confidence. "They have take back that cross Mr. Mahoney, who was here but two years, and grumble all the time. Now he is good and happy. They have take back Mr. Smith, when he have been turn out on the street by his son because he have break his leg, and can no longer carry the



water for the road-makers. I have meself met on the street, very poor, that old woman who so much quarrel with the others. I know not how they call her, but she is dirty and have only one eye; and yesterday they have take her back, for I have seen her come down from an express with her feather-bed again."

"But if they should not take you back, what then?"

"Then I would go to another place, where they do not know me, and go into some other house of the good Sisters."

"They might ask whether you had ever been in any of their Homes before."

"Then I would say, making like very sad and angry: 'O my good Sister, do you think that if once in the Home of the Old People I would go out again?'"

"But that would be equivalent to a lie."

M. Croquelaire shrugged his shoulders in that expressive manner peculiar to a Frenchman, as he replied:

"Sometimes, Madame, it can not be help."

I was silent. After a brief pause he resumed, and his face was very grave:

"Madame, I must have some time of liberty again; some time to feel I am my own master, even if at the end I must go to the county—what you call?—the poor-house. And I want some good woman to make happy with me, and cook my meals and keep my house clean. I have promise of Jessamy Traber, and next Sunday we marry."

My face bore witness to my surprise at this news. M. Croquelaire laughed.

"Madame," he said, "I see my news make you surprise. I have said to Sister Emilia I have choose two: the little Irish-woman so clean, so clean, who take care of flowers in the women's garden with Jessamy Traber; that nice, quiet Helen, who always been old maid. But Sister Emilia will not ask for me. Then I have written letter to Helen, and good Mother she have read it to her; and Helen have

been mad; she have cried. I have been sorry for that afterward. Yesterday I have asked Jessamy herself when we ride in the wagon to the dentist, and she say 'Yes' right off. First good Mother have been a little mad, then she have laughed; but she say she never take us back again. To-night I leave; I buy everything and fix up my house."

"And why not?" said Jessamy, in reply to my question as to whether the news was really true. "It seems to me that I am called. I have no prejudice against the French as a nation, nor against individuals; and for M. Croquelaire I have always entertained a most profound respect. He is, in every sense of the word, a gentleman. We are both, in a certain sense, superior to the class among which it has pleased a gracious Providence to have placed us, it may have been for the purpose of bringing us together as now contemplated. I have often been struck by the strong likeness which the profile of my future husband bears to that of the first Napoleon. My own resemblance to her gracious Majesty the Queen of England has been so often commented upon that it is superfluous to mention it. That in itself is a coincidence. I shall consider it a privilege to render his declining days more happy than they might otherwise be. I feel myself greatly honored by the preference of so exemplary and amiable a man. The good Mother was at first disposed to argue against the proposed union between myself and M. Croquelaire—or Jerome, as I shall call him hereafter. But she had no tenable grounds; and, angel that she is, so yielded gracefully. I have a box of excellent clothing stored at a commission house, with directions for disposition after my death, should such occur suddenly. It was my intention to bequeath it to the Little Sisters. In the meantime I have taken occasion of visits to the city to take some necessary articles of wearing apparel therefrom, not wishing

to be dependent upon the good Sisters for clothing as well as food and shelter. I shall now find it useful, and feel to a certain extent, as is becoming, independent of my future husband as to wedding garments, although not doubting his willingness to provide all things needful."

Who could gainsay her?

They were married the following Sunday. The union lasted three years. Happy as two little children, they were constant visitors at the Home, to which they never came empty-handed. Their garden was the pride of the neighborhood, producing the finest vegetables in great abundance. Their wealthy neighbors paid fancy prices for the crisp radishes and early lettuce of M. Croquelaire; not to mention young onions, early peas, succulent string-beans, and tender asparagus, which M. Croquelaire was wont to describe as "a dream." They had quite a nice little income from the milk of their cow, and Jessamy's chickens were always in demand. So well did they husband their resources that when M. Croquelaire died—with one hand in Jessamy's, the other in that of the good Mother, from whom he had obtained a promise to receive his wife at the Home for the Aged whenever that dear woman wished,—the principal of the legacy, minus the original outlay, had been augmented by two hundred dollars.

A year later Madame Croquelaire was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism, which carried her off after six months of intense but patient suffering. She was forced to go, much against her will, to the Hospital of the Sisters of St. Francis, while her soul longed for her old home.

When her will was opened, all accounts being settled, as provided for—viz., board, attendance, physician's bills, and funeral expenses, not forgetting a sum set apart for Masses for herself and her husband, the Little Sisters of the Poor found themselves richer by a thousand dollars.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

III.

OUR author is vigorously stout upon the impediment caused by "things," as he happily calls them. Things everywhere are in the way, and interpose as a cataract between the eye and the reality. "In proportion as a man *draws* things to himself, just so much is he hindered and distracted." It is the drawing to one's self that causes the mischief. It does not destroy, but as the writer, with due reserve, says, hinders and distracts. He adds, more strongly: "There is nothing that so defileth and entangleth the heart of man as an impure attachment to created things."

IV.

"Woe to them that know not their own misery! And, still more, woe to them that make this wretched and perishable life the object of their love."

Misery is a strong word, but it justly describes the state of the unhappy blind folk who do not think or reflect; who, from settled habit, have actually come to believe that to walk decently through life in devotion to earthly things will secure them comfortable quarters in the next world. This is a genuine state of delusion. But yet more woful, he says, is the condition of those who love this wretched and perishable life. "For some there are who cling to it so closely (though even by laboring or begging they hardly have bare necessities), that could they live here always, they would care nothing for the kingdom of God." This is putting the truth very bluntly; but there is little doubt it is the truth in the case of millions. Few can say from their hearts: "Thy kingdom come."

A good test always of our true spiritual state is to put it to ourselves when we make this aspiration in the morning or at

night. Assuming that we are fairly ready, would we be willing to accept with cheerful confidence a summons to depart? In most instances we know what a really honest answer would be, and these are those who know not their own misery. We have all, in our own circle, numbers of persons who go on their way in this fashion,—who think that “everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds”; who are most respectable and even good in their lives; who may be called “seventh-day Catholics,”—that is, who ask no more than the compulsory Mass of Sundays. They know not their own misery. But we can see them in their last illness,—the priest suddenly called to patch up as well as he can, etc. Oh, the misery and confusion of it!

(To be continued.)

A Hint to the Heads of Families.

NO one who observes the behavior of mankind can be surprised at any manifestation of inconsistency. It is only when something monstrously antagonistic in theory and practice is brought to our notice that we are constrained to exclaim, “Consistency, thou art a jewel!” The tendency is to become indifferent regarding anything that is common. We regulate by law the sale of gunpowder, the administration of poison, because these things are likely to cause destruction of property and to endanger life; but we are utterly careless of dangerous reading, which is calculated to undermine character, uproot faith, destroy virtue, and ruin immortal souls. The power for evil exerted by the press is incalculable; how inefficient are the measures taken to curb it! There are disorders which can be cured only by the moral sense of the public; and the one of which we write is likely to increase, for the reason that standards

of morality are lowered. Books that are read and discussed everywhere nowadays would not have been permitted to pass through the mails twenty-five years ago.

But, whatever may be the public standard of morality, Catholics can have no excuse for “doing as the rest of people.” The principles by which they are bound to regulate their lives are unalterable. If a book or a newspaper is an occasion of sin, it has to be given up or let alone, no matter how popular it may be. As Bishop Hedley observes in a recent pastoral: “You can not read about, dwell upon, or entertain in your heart and thought, any scene, description, sentiment or feeling, which it would be wrong to put into act, or which urges and leads to sinful act. All such reading and indulgence of the imagination is sinful, either because they set up sinful thinking, or because they lead to sinful acts, or for both reasons.”

At a season when recreation is largely confined to reading, it behoves the heads of families to examine into the sort of literature that comes to their homes. No father or mother with the least sense of responsibility would allow a child to associate with criminals. And yet the secular papers, which are accessible to the youngest members of the family, are filled with reports of all sorts of crimes. In many cases these reports are so detailed as to corrupt the minds of youthful readers and incite them to acts of immorality. As for books, some of the most popular are at least dangerous reading. Parents who prefer to have their sons and daughters “unspotted from the world” than followers of its fashions will banish all such literature from their homes as they would exclude criminals. If it be dishonorable and demoralizing to associate with dissolute men and women, it is certainly to no one’s credit or profit to form their acquaintance in books and newspapers which reveal their corrupt minds and describe their shameful deeds.

Notes and Remarks.

The Apostolic Letter of Leo XIII. respecting the discipline of the Oriental churches has been described as one of the most important pontifical documents of the century, and no one who peruses it attentively will challenge the characterization. How serious is the Holy Father's determination to safeguard the discipline of the Eastern churches may be seen from the severe penalties decreed against any one who should attempt to win over an Oriental to the Latin Rite. Those who remember how other overtures of a similar character have failed may think the Holy Father over-sanguine; but the truth is that Leo XIII. has got nearer to the Oriental mind and heart than the two other illustrious Popes who made special efforts to reclaim the schismatics. The letter is a masterly production, clear, strong, and replete with tenderness and solicitude for the Orientals. As the Holy Father himself points out, nothing more clearly proves the catholicity of the Church, and her perfect independence of places and forms, than the liberty she permits respecting ceremonies and liturgical languages.

Recent expressions of President Cleveland and Secretary Hoke Smith, while admirable for their moderation, are interpreted as foreshadowing the end of the Indian contract schools. These schools were, from the very nature of the case, temporary institutions. They were established by Catholics, and accepted by the Government because they were cheaper and more efficient than others. To eyes sharpened by distrust and prejudice they savored of danger and "State aid," and a howl went up for their abolition. There is no necessity, however, for such a violent settlement of the case. If our Government permits its agents to pursue their policy of cruelty and neglect, the Indian will settle the difficulty himself—by being exterminated. Meantime be it understood that gratitude, not reproach, should be the meed of these schools. As that valiant American, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, said in a recent article: "Grant that the whole system

was wrong, it was the United States Government that made it wrong. To issue the call to the denominations, and then turn in wrath upon the body that responded to the call most efficiently, is as if, when the fire-bell rings, a fine should be imposed upon the men who get their engine first to the fire."

That Col. Higginson's statement of the case is as just as it is picturesque is evident to any one having the slightest knowledge of the history of Indian education. If the Indian survives long enough, these schools will be superseded, of course; and Catholics will not protest. But in the name of common fairness let us not be blamed for getting our engines first to the fire.

One is sure to find something notable in the circulars issued by the Rev. President of the Pittsburg branch of the C. T. A. Union. Father Lambing is a zealous laborer in the cause of total abstinence, and his plans are as practical as his energy is indefatigable. After referring to the scandalously large number of those claiming to be Catholics engaged in the liquor traffic, he asks what can be done to remedy the disorder. We hope every good citizen will heed the answer: "Keep your name off petitions for saloon license; and thus help pastors to 'induce,' as the Council of Baltimore instructs them, 'all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic.' Refuse to sign the petitions!"

The late Robert Louis Stevenson, so far as we know, never claimed to be a prophet, but at least one of his prophecies has already proved true. Admiration for the martyr-priest of Molokai increases apace, while he who reviled him is forgotten, or remembered only for his infamy. The memorials in honor of Father Damien—some of them erected by non-Catholics—show how willing the world is to pay tribute to real merit, and how highly it prizes the example of his heroic charity. Such reflections as these must have been uppermost in the minds of those who met at Louvain on the 16th ult., to witness the unveiling of a statue of Father Damien. In

the shadow of the great University, and in presence of one of the most distinguished assemblages ever gathered at Louvain, his inspiring career was commemorated in enduring form. The statue is of heroic size, and the expression of the countenance, which would have been plain if the beauty of his soul did not look through his eyes, is characteristic. Father Damien is represented pressing the crucifix to his heart and sheltering a leper with his cloak. It has been pointed out as a remarkable coincidence that the monument was unveiled almost on the same day on which the news of the death of his defender, Mr. Stevenson, reached Europe.

We referred recently to the marvellous growth and popularization of historical knowledge within the last half century. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this truth is found in the changed attitude of cultured minds to the Middle Ages. That the true notion of this much-maligned epoch is rapidly winning ground may be inferred from the constant reiteration of such statements as these:

"There is nothing more noteworthy in the history of the human mind than the manner in which the Middle Ages have been handled by economists, chroniclers, and religionists. Even sober writers seem to lose their heads, or become afraid to tell the truth in this matter. . . . It is high time that, without any prejudices in favor of that Church, the nonsense which has been foisted onto the public by men interested in suppressing the facts should be exposed."

These words were spoken by Mr. James Hyndman, the London socialist; but words like them are being spoken by some one somewhere every day. It proves that historical knowledge is growing, and on no point more than on medievalism.

One of the peculiar results of the rapid growth of our republic is that some of the pioneer Catholics who sat by the cradle of the Church in our Western States still live to witness her vigorous maturity. The old-time missionary, while he did not lack the culture of his successor, had need of a much stronger constitution. His parish was limited only by his endurance. He often went two

hundred miles and more on a sick-call; and there were times when he had to dispute his dinner and his bed with the panther or the bear,—not to mention other less picturesque but yet serious dangers. This type of priest is rapidly passing away with the old conditions, but there are a few of them left; and of these one of the worthiest is the Rev. J. M. Jacquet, of Coshocton, Ohio, who lately celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood. Father Jacquet's years have been three-score and eight, and of these the half century of his priesthood has been spent in arduous labor in the United States. He was the first to offer the Holy Sacrifice in the city of Chattanooga. When the cholera visited Tennessee in 1855, he spent day and night in administering the Sacraments, visiting the sick, and burying the dead. During the war of the Rebellion Father Jacquet served as a chaplain, and after its close he resumed priestly labors in Coshocton. His pioneer experiences seem not to have impaired his health; for he still evinces a vigor and an interest in his work which promise some years of honorable service.

It is a gratifying surprise to learn that the number of native priests and religious in Japan is steadily increasing. In the Diocese of Nagasaki alone there are fifteen Japanese priests, forty-five native catechists, and eight native religious communities, numbering one hundred and eighty Sisters, principally engaged in teaching girls.

Apart from the important position which he holds as President of Cornell University, Dr. J. G. Schurman has long been recognized as one of the ablest educators in America. His opinion, therefore, in matters educational commands more than ordinary respect. Dr. Schurman has recently published, in pamphlet form, a study of "Moral Obligation"; and though we can not accept all his conclusions, no Catholic will quarrel with his attitude to the question of religious education:

"On its lower as on its higher levels, religion is the indispensable ally of morality. And wise men can not survey without anxiety and alarm the demand for secular, as opposed to religious, moral

instruction in our schools. As though children could be influenced by abstractions like the categorical imperative! As though the body of divine commands and sanctions were not schoolmasters to bring us to understand, love, and acquiesce in goodness as the supreme fact in the life of man and God! The non-religious adoration of duty for the sake of duty is a consciousness not easily maintained. In strong natures it passes easily into stoical and even cynical heartlessness, in formal natures into prudery, in weaklings into license, and in the average man into indifference. What the abstract sense of obligation, divorced from piety, is likely to become, has been told us by the prophet of the new era of natural as contrasted with supernatural morality. The pure sense of duty, Mr. Herbert Spencer declares, will decline with the progress of evolution and ultimately disappear."

Thus is another eminent name added to our long list of those who protest against the abominable theory of secular education. Dr. Schurman's words should be widely circulated; they will do good. Before any new system of education can be discussed with profit, the American people must first be convinced that the present one is wrong in principle and disastrous in effect.

Since the time of the great Deluge, the dove bearing the olive-branch "in her mouth" has been a favorite figure with orators. And as the rainbow in the sky is a continual reminder of the covenant of God with man after the destructive flood, so, too, it would seem, the dove has inherited the instinct of its Scriptural predecessor. A lover of birds declares that a dove which he is in the habit of observing, regularly plucks a flower from a vase in the dining-room, carries it to his cage, and lays it tenderly across the neck of his mate as she sits on the nest. Probably everybody who observes doves has noticed at one time or another their propensity to carry twigs or small branches from place to place.

There seems to be an impression in many cities that almost any physician is good enough for the public hospital. It is thought that these institutions are admirable places for young doctors to practise in, and accordingly the medical staff is usually selected in a reckless fashion, or as the result of a political "pull." The injustice of this

iniquitous method is well set forth in this paragraph from *Le Contreux Leader*:

"Sick people outside of public and other institutions choose their own medical attendants. If they do not like one they can get another; and if they allow themselves to be treated by the incompetent or unprincipled, theirs are the risks. But the helpless unfortunates in asylums and hospitals, who must take uncomplainingly or with unavailing protest 'what they get,' deserve our commiseration when they are left to the mercies of men whom political rather than scientific and moral influences have raised to important posts."

We commend this thought to city folk who may have influence in the appointment of hospital physicians. People who die in public institutions are usually homeless and friendless. This is an additional reason why their physicians should be religious as well as skilled.

The Rev. John F. Lowery, of Cohoes, N. Y., has some reminiscences that are worth recording. The comparatively recent death of Senator Kernan, of New York, for instance, lends a special interest to these words:

"The late lamented and distinguished jurist, United States Senator Francis Kernan, once told me, when I was a young man, that when he arose to address judges and juries he valued a *Pater* and *Ave* more than all the lore in the books on the shelves of his library. And his distinguished father, old General Kernan, of the war of 1812, told me that he laid greater store in trouble and danger by the Sign of the Cross than in bravery, cunning or good luck on the field of battle."

The example of such men is of immeasurably higher value than are their services on the field or in the forum. In view of such cases as these and of countless others even more striking, and remembering how many distinguished officers of the late war were received into the Church, it is difficult to understand how the silly notion that piety is, somehow, connected with unmanliness or weakness can still prevail in some minds.

Whether or not the curious form of devotion known as "bidding prayers" was of post-Reformation invention, it proves that the English nation once loved the Blessed Virgin, and that devotion to her was general amongst them. The fact is that "bidding prayers" were in use as far back as the tenth

century. In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* we find the following early specimen of the prayer rendered into modern English. It is copied from Canon Simmons' "Lay-Folk's Mass Book":

"Let us pray God Almighty, heaven's high King, and St. Mary and all God's saints, that we may God Almighty's will work the while that we in this transitory life continue; that they us uphold and shield against all enemies' temptations, visible and invisible: Our Father.

"Let us pray for our Pope at Rome, and for our King, and for the Archbishop and for the Alderman; and for all those that with us hold peace and friendship on the four sides of this holy place; and for all those that us for pray within the English nation or without the English nation: Our Father. . . .

"Let us pray for our gossips and for our god-fathers, and for our gild-fellows and gild-sisters; and all those people's prayer who this holy place with alms seek with light and with tithe; and for all those whom we ever their alms receiving were during their life and after life: Our Father.

"For Thorferth's soul pray we a *Pater Noster*; and for many more souls; and for all the souls that baptism have undertaken and in Christ believed from Adam's day to this day: Our Father."

It will be noticed that the sovereignty of the "Pope at Rome" was also acknowledged long before any one invented a branch theory.

Prof. Brooks, of Harvard University, recently said before a large audience:

"The Roman Catholic Church appears to be doing more aggressive and more telling work in the social question than the Protestant church. No one can with impartial care study her theoretic position upon these questions, or the ample variety of successful practical experiments, without surprise and admiration."

It is pleasant to add this testimony to the long list of similar ones. It is to be remembered, however, that the Church has no pretensions directly along this line. No priest labors merely to solve social problems, important though that work undoubtedly is. Poverty and misery are generally the result of somebody's sin; and in effecting social amelioration, the Church does it indirectly, by purifying men's hearts and by making them more sober and industrious. The true test of religion is its power over the human heart. The virtue which goes forth from the Sacraments ought to make our Protestant brethren reflect seriously.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. P. F. Kirwen, of Paterson, N. J., who yielded his soul to God on the 27th ult., at Jersey City, N. J.

Mother M. Teresa, Mt. Carmel Convent, Loughrea, Ireland; Sister Josephine Mary, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Lowell, Mass.; Sister M. Elizabeth, of the Sisters of Mercy, Sacred Heart, Okla.; Sisters M. Laurentia and M. Benedict, Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H.; who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Michael Hannon, whose happy death took place on the 17th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Maurice Hanrahan, of Baltimore, Md., who passed away on the 18th ult.

Mr. James McRaith, who departed this life on the 15th ult., at Darwin, Minn.

Mrs. Anna Bowlin, of St. Paul, Minn., who died a holy death on the 15th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Gunn, whose life closed peacefully last month in Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Francis McCusker, of Waltham, Mass., who piously breathed her last on the 21st ult.

Miss Annie Burke, whose good life was crowned with a happy death on the 26th ult., at Randolph, Mass.

Miss Catherine Conway, of Charlestown, Mass., who passed to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 17th ult.

Joseph Rowling and Frederic Albech, of New York; James and John McEachran, Williamsburg, Iowa; Mrs. E. Maguire, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Martin Loughlin, N. S. W., Australia; Patrick Miles, Woodbridge, N. J.; Mrs. John Brady, Blackrock, Conn.; Miss Nellie F. Keefe, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Joseph Kuster, Newark, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Ockington, Cleveland, Ohio; H. A. Fink, Ste. Sophie, P. Q., Canada; Dr. Basil Shorb, Littlestown, Pa.; Austin Kuhns, Baltimore, Md.; Henry Davis, Waynesboro, Pa.; Michael Lyons, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. M. E. Lynch, Desert Springs, Utah; Mrs. Elizabeth Danehy, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Thomas and Roger Carroll, Miss Minnie Cavanaugh, Miss Margaret Hanley, Miss Mary E. Rhatigan, Mrs. James Dargan, and Martin Wolseley,—all of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Charles Howley, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Margaret Gallagher, Canton, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret McCallen, Manayunk, Pa.; Thomas Coleman, —, Ireland; Miss Josephine Collins, Athens, Pa.; and Mrs. Annie Deehen, Philadelphia, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!





UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Boys' Strike.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.



ED HARVEY did not hurry home with a scamper and dash, as usual; instead, he walked along quite slowly, with his hands in his pockets,

whistling thoughtfully, as he was apt to do when anything troubled him. In fact, he was not satisfied either with himself or the turn that affairs had taken.

"If Parker, Wendell & Co. give their boys four dollars a week, we ought to have it too," he soliloquized. "We ought to have it any way; for it is little enough, especially when a fellow's father is dead, and he has a mother and three little sisters to work for, as is the case with me. And we work hard enough, that's sure. But I'm afraid the boys haven't taken the right way to get the raise. I ought to have spoken out at the start, and advised getting up a petition to the firm, or something of that sort. I intended to propose it, but that blustering chap, George, took up so much time; and then up popped little Charley Mallon, with his theatrical goings on. I wish I'd told them in the beginning what I thought about it, or else had nothing to do with the plan. And yet 'twould have been hard to get out of it too; for there's my promise as a member of the C. B. M. H. A. Hang it! if

they're not trying to make the proceedings and objects of the Association very secret and mysterious. And didn't Father Martin, at the Working Boys' Social Evenings, warn us against having anything to do with secret societies?"

The Cash-Boys' Mutual Help Association had been founded by the junior *employes* of Allen & Co. a few weeks previous, for no other definite purpose, despite its high-sounding title, than the amusement of the members, and to gratify the ambition of the boys to get up a club. Not all the members were actually cash-boys. The older ones, like George, Jim Post, and Ned Harvey, were messengers, or did up parcels; but the C. B. sounded well in the title.

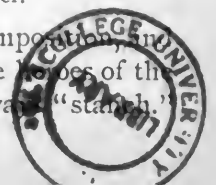
Owing to the force of circumstances, the club met irregularly, and there was seldom an attendance of more than five or six associates at any one time; but the initiations were accompanied by much solemnity, and were supposed to call for a formal promise on the part of the aspirant. This was the formula he was required to say after the master of ceremonies:

"Stanch and true, stanch and true!
You stand by me, and I'll stand by you."

After this all the boys, joining hands in a ring, repeated:

"Stanch and true, stanch and true,
My C. B. M. H. brother!
Stand by me, I'll stand by you,
We'll stand by one another."

The verse was George's composition, and he was very proud of it. The boys of the Wild West stories were always "stanch."



This, then, was the pledge by which Ned felt himself bound.

"As I'm in for it, I'll have to stand by the boys through the strike, so long as they don't ask me to do anything that is against my conscience," he decided. "But after it is over, if they are set upon making the Association a secret society, I'll quit; for the worst of those concerns is that you don't know where they're going to end, or what some of the fellows may be up to."

The next morning as Ned was returning from the office, to which he had been sent with a message, George telegraphed to him, by a signal in use among the boys, that he had something to say to him. Later, passing near the corner where he was doing up parcels, George whispered:

"Meeting in the old place at the noon hour."

At dinner time, accordingly, Harvey made his way to the cellar, where he found George, Charley, and several others, including two or three new associates. Each of the latter was taken in turn to the remotest corner by the two former, and made to promise upon honor that he would not back out of the strike until its object was gained.

While these mysterious proceedings were in progress, Ned heard some one coming. Waving his hands by way of warning, he slipped behind a packing case. The others disappeared in a twinkling,—all except George and Charley, who, intent upon securing the pledges of their comrades, had forgotten the risk of discovery, and now had only time to follow Ned's example and find a hiding-place. Scarcely had they done so when the round-shouldered figure of Tom the janitor came into view.

"Mousing old codger!" Charley muttered. "If he gets a scent of our plan, we're done for."

"Sh!" said George; "sh! can't you?"

The slight rustling sound caused by their flight caught the ear of the old man

as he shuffled along, and the wriggling toe of a boot sticking out from behind a heap of rubbish did not escape his shrewd eyes.

"Ha-ha, my lads! What are you doing here?" he cried, pouncing upon George and Charley. "And, sure as I'm alive, if here isn't another one!" he added, discovering Ned also. "Now, lads, no show of fight, if you please, or you'll fare the worse for it. What are you lurking here for? To defraud the firm, I'll be bound. What have you been stealing and stowing away here? Come now, deliver it up, or I'll march you straight to the office."

"Stealing! O Tom, no indeed!" gasped Charley, appalled at the charge and its probable consequences.

"There is no use in trying to frighten us," said George, boldly.

"What right have you to suppose we have stolen anything?" protested Ned, with indignation.

"What right have I, is it?" echoed Tom. "The right of finding you three boys under very superstitious circumstances." (He meant suspicious, but the mistake did not weaken his argument.) "And as for trying to frighten you, faith you may well shake in you shoes," he went on. "What have you made away with from the store and hidden among this rubbish here?"

"Nothing, upon my honor, Tom," said Ned, a flush mounting to his cheeks at the realization that he was thus accused. "Did you ever know me to take anything that did not belong to me?"

"Well, no," acknowledged the janitor, scratching his head. "You've always borne a good character, as far as I know, and I own I'm surprised to find you here now. I'd never have thought it of you. So much for getting into bad company. But here, boys," he continued, addressing them all, "you may as well confess at once. What dishonesty have you been up to?"

"None, truly, truly, Tom," faltered Charley, in great distress. "George, Ned,

hadn't we better tell him what we really were doing?"

George scowled a reluctant assent, and Ned nodded.

"Well, we were getting up a strike," the culprit blurted out, trying to get away from the old man's grasp upon the collar of his jacket.

"Whew!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, we are going to strike for a raise in our wages," explained Ned.

"It'll be a big thing, old chap; and if you want to join, we'll put in a word for you too," struck in George, assuming a swaggering air, with the notion of bluffing him off.

The idea of going on a strike with the "young uns," as he called them, amused Tom mightily.

"What! all the boys going to quit work?" he cried.

"Yes, every one," admitted George, unguardedly. "Not a fellow in the store will run a cash or do up a parcel or carry a message next Mon—well, I won't say when; but before long the firm will be considerably put about, if they don't meet our demands, you bet."

"So this is what you were up to?" asked Tom.

"Yes, honor bright," replied Charley.

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to let you off," said the old man, releasing his grip of the latter, and standing aside to let the others pass.

"And you'll keep our secret?" pleaded George, anxiously.

"No good comes from lads like you having secrets," grumbled Tom.

"But you won't break up our plan?" persisted Ned.

"Do you think I've nothing to do besides bothering about the foolishness of you youngsters?" he replied testily. "Away now! Your half hour's up, I'll be bound. Mr. Simpson noticed that some of the boys did not get back on time, and sent me to look for them."

The conspirators needed no second warning, especially as they were eager to get clear of Tom.

When they reached the foot of the stairs, however, George stopped, and, looking around very carefully to make sure that the janitor was not within hearing, whispered:

"Wait a minute, fellows. That old idiot will peach, as sure as a gun. He'll think about it a while, and make up his mind that it's his duty to tell the superintendent. Luckily he's a bit slow, though. What we'll have to do is to hurry up the matter. What do you say to our going out on strike to-morrow instead of Monday?"

Ned and Charley agreed, feeling that if anything was to be done they must get ahead of Tom.

"Then pass the word to all the boys this afternoon as you get a chance," said George. "'We go out to-morrow morning. Stand firm for your rights. Let no boy run a cash or an errand or tie up a parcel until our demands are granted.' The firm will see that we are just as necessary, in our way, to the running of this store as the head of the concern. Business will be at a stand-still for a while, and in the rush of the day too. Four dollars a week and three cent fines—that is what we must hold out for, remember."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Bo!

When one of our young readers frightens his playmate by appearing suddenly around a corner and saying "Bo!" he is using a very ancient word. There was once a general of the Goths named Boh, who was so fierce and warlike in appearance that for many centuries mothers hushed their children by telling them to be quiet, or Boh would come and get them. This was finally corrupted into Bo, the familiar "scare-word" of to-day.

St. Germaine's Flowers.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

Did it ever occur to any of you bright-eyed lads and lassies that there must be a wondrous flower-garden up in the blue sky? Our beloved Longfellow meant something deep when he called the stars "the forget-me-nots of the angels"; for poets, they say, are wiser than common people. How is it that flowers appear sometimes here on earth in seasons and climes quite remote from their own? St. Elizabeth opens her basket, and out peep a crowd of roguish roses. St. Veronica searches in the snow, and a fragile lily rises to her touch. And St. Germaine Cousin—oh, she herself was a fair flower!

This pure and sweet young girl was shamefully treated at home—made to sleep on a bed of vine twigs in the stable, and to eat scraps of bread left over from the meals of the other children. How would our Miss Dainty like that? Now, Germaine used to do some very wonderful things,—things that made the people of Pibrac stare; for they never expected wonders from a ragged little peasant girl. She used to give bread to the poor—loaves of good, fresh, white bread,—and nobody knew where it came from.

One day the report reached the ears of her stepmother, who, in a great rage, flew out to find Germaine, exclaiming: "She has stolen that bread, and she shall be punished severely!" Germaine was quietly plying her distaff as she tended her sheep on the hill. "*Jésus! Marie!*" she cried when she saw her stepmother coming with hurried step and frowning brow,—"*Jésus! Marie!* I shall be beaten!" And beaten she was, though meekly protesting her innocence. Then her mother, suspecting that the loaves were hidden somewhere, tore off the apron in which the child carried her day's meal. Out fell

the miserable crusts, but lo! as they fell they turned into the most exquisite flowers, such as had never bloomed in that part of France! And how glad and grateful our dear little Saint must have been!

But perhaps the most interesting story of her is this: One morning she took her sheep very early to pasture, for they had bleated at her door since the first streak of dawn. Arrived on the hillside, she called them all together, planted her staff in the ground in their midst, and said: "Now, little flock, stay here together until I return." Then off she went to hear Mass. Now, would you believe those meek-eyed sheep could understand? Yet there they stayed nibbling the green grass, nor did a single one stray away!

Did some of my little readers shake their heads over "so wonderful a story"? Well, to such I must say that these things are not articles of faith. Our mother the Church does not say we *must* believe them as being absolutely true, though I think they are too lovely *not* to be true. If ever, on a summer evening, you watched the clouds build themselves up into lofty palaces, you did not think them less beautiful because they were not palaces of stone. So St. Germaine,—does she not awaken thoughts which passed through your mind when you traced out your lovely cloud castles?

(To be continued.)

A Big Mistake.

MISS MOLLIE'S mamma wrote the notes,
And sealed them all to send,
Inviting to a birthday lunch
Each one she called a friend.

But Mollie opened one, to see
Just what the writing said.

"Your presence is requested, dear—"
Was all that Mollie read.

And, rushing to her mother, cried:

"A change you'll have to make;
'Your presents are,' the words should be.
Oh, what a big mistake!"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke i. 28.

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 19, 1895.

No. 3.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Stella Matutina.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL WATSON, S. J.

9 MORNING STAR, whose mild and peaceful ray
Brought to the nations hope in cheerless hour,
In my dark heart shine forth with gladdening power,
Lead back the sun and drive the gloom away!
As when o'er sleeping earth the night holds sway,
Fierce beasts can wreck at will the blooming bower,
So demons ruin souls when sorrows lower:
Shine, then, white Star, and be my joy and stay!
Fair Mother, shield me from the deadly foe:
Thy Son, who honors thee with boundless love,
Will mark thy pleading voice and save from woe.
Be pitiful and hear, I crave for light:—
Lo! darkness flees! the daystar shines above!—
Flame on, sweet Splendor, ever pure and bright!

THE old friendships, safe, genuine, and firmly built, for which we take little thought, and which always avail us, are like those good, thick walls of by-gone days, which need no repairs, and are ever ready for shelter or defence.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

The Light of Faith in Shakspeare.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



T is almost a waste of time to argue the question as to whether or not Shakspeare was a practical Catholic. The phrase could hardly be applied in 1570 in the meaning it has to-day. It was not easy to hear Mass in those days, when the amiable Queen Bess had no objection to have the priest who celebrated it drawn and quartered in front of the very theatre in which Shakspeare's plays were performed; and when, in all parts of England, the priest's hiding-place was looked on as necessary in a dwelling-house. Was it not in Lancashire that white linen was spread on the lawns, to signify to the initiated that the priest, proscribed and hunted, was within? It required much ingenuity and tact, and knowledge of men and their ways, to practise one's religion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The Church was lenient, as she always is to her children of good-will, tried by the mighty forces of evil; and if we were to discover to-morrow an affidavit made by Judith Shakspeare, to the effect that her father had assisted at Mass regularly in the chapel of the French Ambassador at London, we should have no more reason

to believe that he understood the teachings of the faith and loved it than we have now. After all, an author should be judged by his works; God is the only judge of his life. And no form of uncharity has been more developed by Puritanism than the habit of judging the morality of one age by the conventional rules that govern another. We, who are saturated with the results of the Council of Trent, would be almost as unjust as Puritanism if we should make our standards of religious practice gauge the lives of men of the Elizabethan epoch.

The more one reads Shakspeare's plays, the more one is amazed at the sympathy one has with his utterances. It is not a mere literary or artistic sympathy, or even the exquisite delight of finding how deep and true his knowledge of human nature is: it is something finer. To us Catholics he echoes, as if he were a shell, sublime sounds from the limitless ocean of theology and philosophy. It is certain that without the influence of the Catholic Church, Shakspeare—the Christian Shakspeare—would not have existed. At the same time the undue worship of the dramas of this great genius should be deprecated. Shakspeare's literary work is uneven; no one defends the vulgarity of the allusions to Joan of Arc in "Henry VI." It is well understood that in these Shakspeare appealed to the false patriotism of the English mob. There are political allusions to the Papacy which are unpleasant; but there are fewer allusions of this kind in Shakspeare than in the works of those devout Catholics, Dante and Chaucer.

Again, Mr. Andrew Lang is right when he condemns the "Taming of the Shrew" as an exaggerated farce. There are patches of bombast and coarseness, even of dulness, in nearly all the plays. And we have every reason to thank God that a great deal of "Henry VIII.," especially the fifth act, was written by John Fletcher, not Shakspeare, who took

the coarse canvas of preceding or contemporary writers and embroidered it thickly with beautiful things. Here and there, as even in "As You Like It"—suggested by Lodge's "Rosalynde,"—we see the rough canvas. One has only to compare Belleforest's "Tragedy of Hamlet" with the greatest of all dramas to discover how Shakspeare changed common vapor into the likeness of the rainbow.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and Mr. John Malone have drawn many jewels from the Shakspearean casket, to show what riches of Christian dogma and practice and tradition lie there. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Catholic Jewels from Shakspeare"—now, unfortunately, out of print—contains "infinite riches in a little room."

It is not for the purpose of boasting that we are glad to point out the Catholicity of Shakspeare's works. We have been too long on the defensive against aggressive ignorance. We simply take Shakspeare's faith as a matter of course, and as a consolation and a stimulus. A man who does not understand the teaching of the Church is limited when he attempts to interpret Dante, Chaucer or Shakspeare. As an example, let us take the first great scene in "Hamlet,"—a scene which has not received enough thought or attention from English-speaking Catholics. If there can be any objection to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's fine *brochure*, it is that his space compels him to prove the beauty of Shakspeare's belief and ethics by isolated speeches,—jewels indeed, but divorced from their fellows.

There can be no doubt that the ghost of Hamlet's father comes from purgatory. The conventions of the tragedy of Shakspeare's time required that there should be a ghost; but this ghost is not a mere stage spectre. It does not come like a mere mist and dissolve, or stalk across the stage, an ineffective, sheeted figure from nowhere. The King, Hamlet, was a good king from the worldly point of view. He had

sinned and repented; again he had sinned, and he had been cut off in his sins—

"Unhousled, disappointed, unanel'd."

Simply, in modern English, without confession, unprepared, without Extreme Unction. A purist once asked why the ghost in Hamlet should allude to the holy oils, since the King had died a violent death. The King, by his own account, had died by poison; but his death had been preceded by an unknown illness. He says:

"And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body."

The grave obstacle in the way of the Christianity of the ghost is that the elder Hamlet calls for revenge. He protests that Denmark shall not be ruled by sin, by incest,—since it was looked on as incest for a man to marry his deceased brother's widow. The Danes were Catholic in the eleventh century, and such a marriage could only have been made valid and righteous by a dispensation from the Pope. But the marriage of Claudius and the Queen was hurried,—hurried, as we learn frequently from the text, in defiance of all propriety. There was no question of a dispensation. Horatio comes from Wittenberg to be present at the obsequies of the King. "My lord," says Horatio, "I came to see your father's funeral."—"I pray thee," Hamlet answers, "do not mock me, fellow-student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding."

This haste evidently shocked the whole kingdom. Strange rumors were abroad; portents and dire imaginings filled the hearts of the people. Why else does the robust soldier, Bernardo, whisper, in a trembling voice, "Who's there?" and wait anxiously until Horatio and Marcellus, the companions of his watch, arrive?

"'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart."

Francisco, in this speech, voices the fear that glooms the whole kingdom. There

had been rumors of strange spectres, hints even that his late Majesty of Denmark had met his death by poison; and, then, the hasty marriage of the Queen, and the equally hasty setting aside of Prince Hamlet by the nobles, and the election of Claudius!

But let that pass. The question is: Could the spirit of a Christian father suffering in purgatory, incite his son to revenge? The answer is easy: No. Could Shakspeare have shown great art in Hamlet, as well as a knowledge of Catholic belief, if he had made his spirit so inconsistent? The answer seems to be just as easy. Let us note, then, that the ghost—unless we can suppose, as some critics *have* supposed, that it was an evil spirit,—comes not for revenge, but for justice. The kingdom of Denmark is ruled by an "adulterous beast." It is threatened by the courageous Fortinbras from Norway. Corruption has spread through the whole Danish court; and if it be not arrested, the punishment of God must fall on the people. No human witness saw the poisoning of the late King. "A serpent stung him," the court gossips say, "as he slept in his orchard, shortly after dinner." The suffering spirit appears, symbolically armed for war, "not in his habit as he lived," to rouse Hamlet to the patriotic duty of justice, not mere human revenge. The murder of a king was worse than parricide: it was a blow at the fabric of the state. The ghost's strongest appeal is that Hamlet will not "taint" his mind. Queen Gertrude has sinned; but the spirit pleads—

"Nor let thy soul contrive
Against that mother aught. Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her."

If Hamlet fails in his object, it is because he lacks faith, and is unable to rise to a full understanding of the ghost's mission. A volume might be written—as volumes have been written—on the mission of the ghost. A careful examina-

tion of the text, made in the light of Catholic teaching, shows that the ghost was not the conventional Elizabethan apparition, but a spirit "cut off even in the blossoms of its sin,—

"Unhoused, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

"Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in flames
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

The Catholic note is visible throughout Hamlet, even in the despair of Claudius, who dares not pray, because he is unwilling to leave his sins. He perceives that penitence is useless without the intention to amend and make satisfaction. He will not give up the Queen and the position which his marriage with her has brought him.

"May one be pardoned and retain the offence?" He knows how to answer this, and he cries out:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

"And thus," Mr. Percy Fitzgerald says, "the poet leaves but the one remedy to suggest itself—to hie straight to the confessional, without caring to wait for a gust of penitence which may never come."

It is a mistake to imagine that the Catholic view of life was strange to the Elizabethans. If King Philip, in the preceding reign, had been an Englishman instead of a Spaniard, and Cardinal Pole less of an alien, the reunion of England with Rome might have been consummated. The knowledge and the feeling which had made this probable under Mary had not died out in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Shakspeare, the man of brain and heart, the consummate artist, knew no faith but that which Elizabeth's "hedge-priests" were trying to mutilate. Therefore, surprise seems to be foolish when brought out by the serene Catholicity which is the dominant tone in Shakspeare's serious hours.

Some of Shakspeare's worshippers have a way of rejecting everything that does not reach his general level as an interpolation. This is foolish. It is true that the practice of "gagging," so prevalent among third-rate actors of the present day, was not unknown at the Globe Theatre. An author is practically helpless in the mouths of actors who wish to make "interpellations" of this kind. And the text of Shakspeare has suffered from these bids for a transient popularity. Still, we must remember that Shakspeare was of his time, and of a time which loved puns and even horse-play, in spite of that intellectual elevation which led it to appreciate "Hamlet." One may as well remark, in passing, that the Catholic Church in England could not have mentally cramped the Englishmen of the sixteenth century, since it left them capable of applauding "King Lear" and "Othello." After nearly five hundred years of a different kind of culture, we find the nineteenth-century Londoner preferring the ditties of the music hall. The Elizabethan audience would not have permitted a woman on the stage, and it adds to our respect for Shakspeare's rare genius to observe how delicate he makes Ophelia and Desdemona and Cordelia; and then dares to entrust the interpretation of these exquisite creatures to boys,—well trained, however, if they took Hamlet's famous advice to the players.

The historical dramas of Shakspeare are especially full of Catholic allusions. Indeed, the Reformation, so far as one can judge from his plays, does not seem to have occurred. There is no speech in all the historical dramas more beautiful or suggestive than that of the Bishop of Carlisle, in "Richard II.":

"Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian Cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

"Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?" asks Bolingbroke.—"As sure as I live, my Lord."—"Sweet peace," answers Bolingbroke, "conduct his soul to the bosom of good old Abraham."

Let us remark, by the way, that "Richard II." is laden with Scriptural allusions. Shakspeare says nothing of the suppression of the Bible, but calmly makes his good Catholics as familiar with it as if the Reformers had not discovered it, and given it to England and the world in the reign of Henry VIII.!

King Richard, contemplating his deposition, says:

"I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown;
My figured goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,—
A little, little grave, an obscure grave."

Gaunt, crying out against the degradation of England, recalls the valor of those kings who fought for the Holy Sepulchre,—the tomb

"Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son."

Shakspeare does not make sin a necessity of life, as Goethe does. He does not hold, with the new lights of the University of Wittenberg—to which, with one of his usual anachronisms, he sends the young Hamlet,—that faith without works is enough. He is as Catholic as Dante in his treatment of sin. It is a cancer; its roots spread in all directions. In "Hamlet" these encircling roots grow and grow, not wisely checked, until the innocent and the guilty alike go down to dusty death. Sin, he teaches, must be forsaken; satisfaction must be made, and contrition must have practical effects.

Modern squeamishness, which is frightened by the unconventional, but which easily forgives the immoral, looks shyly at "Measure for Measure." Mr. John Malone,

a Catholic and a scrupulous student of Shakspeare, says of this tragic comedy: "It is a play which may be said to be framed upon the application of the Sacrament of Penance.... The opportunity is seized to contrast the attitudes of men of different classes when subjected to this ordeal of a last ghostly preparation. The reprobate Barnardine is suddenly aroused and told that his hour has come.

ABHORSON: Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

(Enter DUKE disguised as a FRIAR.)

DUKE: Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNARDINE: Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day,—that's certain.

(Enter PROVOST.)

PROVOST: Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE: A creature unprepared, unmeet for death.

And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.*

Mr. Fitzgerald's "Jewels" reflect, as he points out, the light of the teaching of the saints. "How truly Catholic," he says, "is this plea for gentleness in trifles when dealing with others, especially in cases of opposed opinions,—

'When we do debate

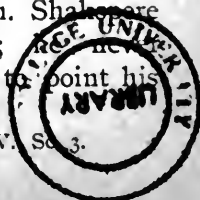
Our trivial differences loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds.'"

"Where the remedy often inflames the disease we wish to cure," adds Mr. Fitzgerald, "we should rather

'Touch the sorriest points with sweetest terms,
Nor earnestness grow to the matter.'"

Any of the great plays of Shakspeare is a lesson in religion. Professor Masson, of Edinburgh, once said that to study a play of Shakspeare well is to acquire a liberal education; and this education is based on the fundamentals of all education,—the ethics of the Catholic Church. Shakspeare was a consummate artist; he appeared before the curtain to point his

* "Measure for Measure," Act IV. Sc. 3.



moral; he was as impersonal as fate, and as logical to the premises of life. His people act out their parts under that God whom they, being human and not artificial creatures, never forget. Who can escape sin or its consequence? Who that has sinned has a quiet conscience? Who can say "Evil, be thou my good," and hold the sympathy of the author or his audience? Shakspeare's postulate is Christianity unmutilated,—Christianity that made possible Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher and Southwell and his own Norfolk. And yet how he covers with the soft mist of pathos the death of the sinner in whom there were touches of honor! He is as true as Dante, and a thousand times more tender. He has in mind, even in the green forest of Arden, near the melancholy Jaques, who has sinned and suffered, near the dying Falstaff,—

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter Cross."

"Romeo and Juliet" is replete with Catholic allusions; and note the philosophy of this tragedy, condemned by the thoughtless as merely a romance of love. It shows that inordinate passion, like the limitless jealousy of Othello, works its own ruin. Where the creature is put above the Creator, death and gloom must follow. But of all the plays, "Hamlet" will yield the most to the Catholic student.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has done incomparable service in setting his isolated "Jewels" in the purest metal; and the great plays, read with knowledge of the eternal verities, and read as a whole, will arouse to enthusiasm that interest in the Catholicity of Shakspeare's tone of thought which becomes plainer the more carefully we read.

To Newton and to Newton's dog Diamond, what a different pair of universes! while the painting on the optical retina of both was most likely the same.—*Carlyle.*

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

III.—BALLYBODEN.

IT was a lovely morning in spring. The birds were whistling on every hedge, and buds were peeping timidly forth, and pale primroses were wooing tender violets in green and mossy nooklets.

The mail-coach from Galway drew up at a *boreen* to deposit a male passenger.

"I'll carry on your luggage to Ballyboden, Masther Arthur," said the coachman. "I'll lave it at the Widow Byrns till they sind for it from the house."

"That's a good fellow!" said Bodkin; and, bestowing a last cigar upon the willing Jehu, he leaped lightly into the roadway.

As he passed up the *boreen*, or narrow road, leading to the grand entrance to Ballyboden, he met Father Edward Murtagh, the parish priest of Glenismole,—the good *padre* who had christened him, had prepared him for Confirmation and for his first confession and Communion; one of those lovable, pure, and innocent men who are veritable saints in this world of sin and sinners.

Father Edward was loved by all—rich and poor, simple and gentle. He was as fearless as Death, and just as sure. People who differed from him in creed loved and respected him, for he invariably treated them as truant and erring children; and the "soupers," who were endeavoring to seduce the poor peasants from their allegiance to the true Church—

"Savin' their sowles
Wid pinny rowls,
And flitches av hairy bacon,"

dreaded the very mention of his name. He was about sixty-five years of age—

tall, spare, straight as a whip, active as a man of thirty; with bright, piercing eyes beneath shaggy, bushy brows. He had never been attached to any other parish, and for forty years had celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the very altar where as a boy he had served as an acolyte, and had wantonly trifled with the bell.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed delightedly, "is this you? I have just been up to the house. They don't expect you,—they said you were in Dublin."

"So I *was*, Father Edward, and I have just been dropped by the coach. I have great news for you, Father." And Arthur blurted out his plans, hopes, fears, wishes, and prospects.

Father Edward listened with great earnestness, uttering such exclamations as, "Dear me! See that now! Bless my heart!" his hand on the young man's shoulder, half in benison, half in caress.

"I don't know what to think, Arthur," he observed, after a pause. "You are the only son of your mother, and Mexico is a long way off."

"But, Father Edward, I *can* be idle no longer. What is my life? Nothing—worse than nothing. Fishing, shooting, hunting, dancing; a month's drill with my regiment, which I do not enjoy, as it brings to mess where foul months outnumber clean ones. I do nothing, Father Edward, but spend mother's money, and it belongs to my sisters. This is wrong, wrong, wrong!"

"Wasn't Lord Gormanstown going to get you a berth in the Custom House?"

"Father Edward, I am not fit for a desk; and, besides, all the promotion is for the Saxon." And he told the worthy priest of the gross injustice done to his friend Harvey Talbot.

"I see that your mind is made up, Arthur; and you are your father's son. If your father—God be merciful to him!—resolved upon doing a thing, he couldn't

be turned aside. But let me ask you a question or two, my son."

"A thousand if you will, Father."

"What do you mean to do when you get to Mexico? You do not speak their language. It will take you some months to pick up enough of Spanish to make your way; and after that, what then?"

"I mean to try hard for a berth in the Emperor's household."

"What Emperor? Sure you know they shot Iturbide."

"Maximilian, the Archduke of Austria. He is going to rule over the country. He sails in a few days."

"This is news to me. There's not a word about it in the *Galway Vindicator*. But what made you pitch on Mexico of all places? Why not America, where you have blood-relations in every State? Why, there are five hundred and fifty people from this parish alone in the United States, all well to do. Why, Pat Kehoe, they tell me, is a millionaire; and he must be, for he brought over his father's remains to be interred in Glasnevin, and inside the O'Connell circle; and put up a monument like a small chapel. I saw it, Arthur, when I was in Dublin seven years ago."

Arthur Bodkin fidgeted, drew lines with his boot in the road, thrust his hands into his pockets, only to pull them out again; then blushed like a girl of sixteen.

"The real reason, Father, is that Alice Nugent is going with her uncle, Count Nugent. She will be maid of honor to the Empress."

"The old story," said the priest, kindly.

"You remember Dante: *Amor a nullo amato amar perdona*,—'Love spares no loved one from loving.' And why not? Love and death are the two great hinges upon which all human sympathies turn. The Nugents are good stock—sound Catholics. It seems so strange, though,—the boy I had on my knee a few days ago, as it were, talking in this way! Have you

pledged yourself to this young lady?"

"Why, of course I have, Father!" Bodkin retorted, impetuously.

"And your mother,—does she know of this?"

"I am going to tell her now. That is what brought me back. She wants me to marry money—Lady Julia Travers, or something in that line."

"Is she acquainted with Miss Nugent?"

"Oh, dear, yes! She met her last month at the Hunt Ball, at Sir Percy Bushe's, at Kilgobbin Castle—a hundred places."

The old priest looked grave.

"It will be a double blow to your mother, Arthur; for mother's love is the cream of love. Deliver the blow gently. Firstly, your love for any woman but herself; and secondly, your prolonged exile—for prolonged it must naturally be. If I can help you, I shall do so with a heart and a half. You may want help; for do not undervalue the difficulties that confront you."

"I—I wish that you would come back to the house, Father."

"Come along," said Father Edward, cheerily. "We must talk her over. I do believe, Arthur, that this is the first cross you shall have ever given your mother to bear; but it is the will of God, my son,—the will of God."

The entrance to Ballyboden was defended by two enormous granite pillars surmounted by mutilated stone lions. One gate had dropped its hinge, the other stood open, the grass growing luxuriantly through the rusty ironwork. The lodge was in a very rickety condition,—one half sinking beneath the weight and pressure of ivy, while the inhabitable half was tenanted by an old retainer, Molly Malone, whose "rheumaticks" confined her to her fortress, from whence she espied, through the single remaining diamond-shaped pane of glass.

The house was distant from the lodge about a quarter of a mile; the avenue

boasting a too luxuriant crop of grass, save where recent hoofs and wheels left their bright, particular indentations. A short cut across the *pleasaunce* led to the stronghold of the "bold, brave Bodkins."

Ballyboden House was gaunt, and grim and square. An unlimited number of windows permitted its inmates to gaze over hill and dale, mead and marsh, away to the blue and distant mountains of Connemara. An immense block of stabling and outhouses stood in the rear, surmounted by a clock tower, minus the clock, which grinned like a skeleton head, as though Ballyboden had done with Time.

The beaten path led to a side door, through which Arthur and Father Edward now entered. Lady Emily Bodkin was fairly enchanted to see her son, and welcomed him with all the tender fervor of the true and loving mother. Her joy, however, was soon to be dismally dimmed; for Arthur, in a few eager, burning words, told of his engagement to Alice Nugent. Lady Emily's distress called Father Edward to the front.

"My dear Lady, you surely do not expect the Bodkin of Ballyboden to remain a bachelor, and let the fine old name die out."

"No, no! But Arthur is so young, and this girl is a dependant."

"She is the niece of Count Nugent," interposed Arthur. "She is the daughter of one of the Six Hundred. She is a wife fit for an archduke."

"Can she pay off the mortgage on Ballyboden?"

"I have not asked her to do so," said Arthur, with a toss of his handsome head.

"Perhaps the Count would," meekly suggested Father Edward.

"It is a splendid property," continued the discomfited lady; "and fifty thousand pounds would clear it up to the hall door, and yield a rent roll of seven thousand a year. You must *not* marry a penniless

girl, Arthur. Good heaven," she added, pacing the room, "have you no common sense, common feelings! You are a splendid match for any girl with—money. *You*, the representative of one of the oldest families in Ireland—aye, in the world,—young, handsome; accomplished, honorable, without a stain or a reproach! You could aspire to one of the sisters of the Prince of Wales. Why not, sir? You have the blood of the kings of Ireland in your veins, and what are the Guelphs? Hanoverians, dating from the sixteenth century; mere *barvenus* when mentioned with the Bodkins of Ballyboden."

And the excited lady leaped from branch to branch of the genealogical tree with the readiness and accuracy of an expert in the Herald's College, or even of Ulster-King-at-Arms himself.

"Why not try Manchester?" she continued. "There are thousands of cotton-spinners' daughters who would jump at you. Or there's America! The daughter of a millionaire oil man is not to be despised, or the daughter of a Southern planter. Anything but a penniless girl, Arthur. Why," she went on, "look at *us* struggling to live—nothing else,—and you could relieve us by a simple effort. Your two sisters will never get off with the small fortune they will have at my death. They are no beauties—they are female Bodkins. All the male Bodkins are splendid; the females, dowdies. Look at Ballyboden going to rack and ruin, the grass growing up to the hall door steps!"

"I shall clear every blade of it away myself before twenty-four hours," said the impetuous Arthur.

"Father Edward," continued Lady Emily, "use your influence with Arthur. He respects and loves you. Surely you agree with me. He owes it to his position to make some sacrifice for the sake of the family,—some sacrifice for his mother and sisters. And we have a charming girl for him in Lady Julia Travers. Blue blood

and money. She is not *all* that we could wish, as her grandfather was in trade; but she will do at a pinch."

"Lady Emily, let me say one word to you—you'll excuse me, Arthur." And Father Edward led her ladyship to a window, where he detained her for some moments in a very earnest, and, on the part of the lady, very animated discussion.

"I'll go to Dublin if necessary," said the *padre*, "and see Count Nugent. If he's rich, I'll show him that he couldn't do better than pay off the mortgage on Ballyboden. If he isn't rich, he might get the Emperor of Austria to do it," added the simple priest. "Bother it for money!" he sighed. "It is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned. But—glory be to God—money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul."

Lady Emily Bodkin, if not as hopeful of success, was soothed by the promise of Father Edward to confer with Count Nugent.

"You will not be compelled to go to Dublin, Father," she said; "for these people are coming on a visit to Corriebawn, and I shall, of course, have to call upon them. I can drive you over. But, *dear* Father, *do* use your influence with Arthur to marry money. You see, I am not particular. If she has money—her father may have been a green-grocer, or a cotton-spinner, or a lord-mayor—anything. I want to see that mortgage paid off, and to give Mr. Brown, the agent of the law Life Insurance Company, a gentle piece of my mind. Do you know, *padre*, that audacious cockney absolutely presumes to aspire to the hand of my eldest daughter? When will this levelling-up process stop? I greatly fear that we are being Americanized, and—"

"Not a word against America, Lady Emily!" said the priest, gravely. "Poor Ireland owes that glorious Republic a debt of gratitude that centuries could

not repay,—and gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"I was going to say, Father Edward, and I *will* say it, that—who is this coming up the avenue? Why, it's Tim Dolan, and with a telegram! I can see the pink cover. I suppose it's for you, Arthur," she added.

But that young gentleman had already gained the hall door, to receive a wire which read thus:

FROM MISS NUGENT,
47 Merrion Square N.,
Dublin.

TO ARTHUR BODKIN,
Ballyboden House,
County Galway.

We leave Thursday for Vienna. The imperial party sails from Miramar April fourteen.

(To be continued.)

LaSalle.

BY THE RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

HERE where, LaSalle, thou didst build Fort Crève Cœur,

How should a man know aught of fear?
Thou whom the face of Death could ne'er deter
From paths where duty's voice is clear;—

Most worthy son of the strong Norman race,
The Vikings of the raging seas,
Who ploughed their way from Winter's fierce embrace

To thrones and all high destinies.

Around thee stretched the primal wilderness,
Thy followers were foes as well,
Of noblest heroes brother in distress,
Naught could thy dauntless spirit quell.

Mid storm-tossed waves and forests' ice-bound waste,
By famine tortured and by cold,
By lies and treason of false friends disgraced,
Thy conquering will was uncontrolled.

With nature fate seemed leagued to crush thy heart,
With savages men Christian called;
But with thy soul and God dwelling apart,
Thou heldest true, still unappalled.

Had France but known her son, an Empire lay
Within her grasp; the fairest land
From Northern Lakes to the Great Southern Bay

All ready, yearning for the toiler's hand.

But when have politicians understood
The worth of God-appointed men?
For them immediate gain is only good,
Not wider aims, beyond their ken.

Lone pioneer, he reached the goal he sought,
And then, as best beseems the great,
Was stricken down, and bore his weight of thought

To worlds where ceases coward hate.

Not e'en a grave wherein his bones might lie
Was his; yet passed he not away:
His spirit lives beneath the western sky,
To beckon to the larger day.

Robert Southwell and His Friends.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

THE relations of Robert Southwell with Lady Arundel and her husband form one of the most touching episodes in his story; and the lives of this noble and unfortunate pair were at one time so closely linked with his that my readers will allow me briefly to recall the early history of Father Southwell's friends.

Anne Dacre, Countess of Arundel, was born at Carlisle in 1557. Her father was Thomas Lord Dacre, the possessor of nine baronies, of immense lands, and great influence in the north. Her mother was Elizabeth Leyburn. When still a mere baby, little Anne was entrusted to the care of her grandmother, who, after the death of Sir James Leyburn, had married Lord Mouteagle. Lady Mouteagle seems to have trained her grandchild strictly but carefully. She taught her to serve God, to love the poor; and would doubtless, in

spite of the difficulties of the times, have taught her to be a good Catholic, but when the child was only nine her father died, and shortly afterward, upon her mother's second marriage to the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Dacre's orphan children were transferred to the guardianship of their stepfather.

This Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, was at the head of one of the most illustrious houses in England. He had already been twice married. His first wife, Lady Mary Fitzaln, died at the age of sixteen, leaving an only son, Philip. His second wife, Margaret Audley, who also died young, had left him with two other sons, Thomas and William, and one daughter, Margaret. When he married Lady Dacre as his third wife, the Duke conceived the curious plan of marrying his three sons and one daughter to the three daughters and one son of Lady Dacre by her first husband. This combination was partly defeated by the untimely deaths of little Lord Dacre and one of his sisters; but the two surviving daughters of Lady Dacre, Anne and Elizabeth, were, when still very young, respectively married to Philip Howard, who inherited from his mother the earldom of Arundel, and to his half-brother, Lord William Howard.

Philip Howard, the Duke's eldest son and heir, was only twelve years old when he was affianced to Anne Dacre. He was born in 1557, the same year as his bride, and baptized at Whitehall in great pomp. King Philip of Spain was his godfather, and Queen Mary Tudor was present at the ceremony. In a worldly point of view, his father may be said to have given him a brilliant education. His first tutor was Gregory Martin, a distinguished Oxford scholar, who afterward became a Catholic priest. But upon the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the Duke, an ambitious and worldly-minded man, conformed to the new religion in order to gain the sovereign's favor; and the evil influences that

surrounded him in his father's house necessarily acted upon the boy. He grew up a brilliant scholar, an accomplished courtier, but utterly indifferent in religious matters.

The apostasy of the Duke of Norfolk did not, however, serve his temporal interests as might have been expected. He became implicated in a conspiracy to deliver Mary Stuart, was imprisoned in the Tower, and beheaded in 1573.

His son's marriage with Anne Dacre took place when both parties were only fourteen; and four years later young Philip Howard went to court, where, to please the Queen, who had murdered his father, he neglected his wife, ignored the religion of his baptism, and gave himself up to every kind of pleasure.

For seven years he thus lived on in utter forgetfulness of his duties to God and to his wife, when in 1581 a ray of light broke through the darkness. It was the year that witnessed Father Campion's arrest, imprisonment and death. During the martyr's confinement in the Tower, several public conferences took place in the Tower chapel between the chief Protestant divines of the day and the celebrated Jesuit, whose learning and eloquence were famous. Those who were present at these conferences never forgot the sight. Father Campion was weak and exhausted from recent torture; he had been allowed no books, and had not been informed beforehand of the subject of the conference; while his adversaries were provided with all the books they needed, and had ample time to prepare their arguments. Nevertheless, in spite of these unfavorable circumstances, Father Campion came out victorious from the unequal struggle. His voice, weak and broken from physical exhaustion, had a pathetic eloquence that went straight to the hearts of all; his arguments were so clear, his logic so convincing, the impression he produced so deep and general, that the Government,

alarmed at his success, hastily put an end to the conferences.

But one convert at least had been won back to God by the sound of Father Campion's voice, and by the sight of his pale countenance, radiant with the supernatural beauty of martyrdom. Philip Howard came out of the Tower chapel firmly resolved to return to the faith of his baptism. Two or three years passed before he had the courage to break through the barriers that surrounded him, but his conviction that he must change his course never left him; and at last, in 1584, he was reconciled to the Church by a saintly Jesuit, Father William Weston.

His wife hailed his conversion with inexpressible joy and gratitude; for the first time since her early marriage she ventured to look forward to a future of wedded happiness. Her youth had passed in sadness and solitude. Married when a mere child, she had suffered grievously from her husband's neglect and cruelty. And during the first years of her married life the consolations of religion had been wanting; for, yielding to her father-in-law's influence, she had consented to go to the Protestant church, although she always remained a Catholic at heart.

Her husband's grandfather, the old Earl of Arundel, seems to have had pity on her desolate condition. She spent some years under his roof, seeing her husband rarely, and constantly treated by him with contempt and harshness. After the death of the old man, who was reconciled to the Church at the last, she returned to her husband's house; and her two children, a son and a daughter, were born.

In 1582 Lady Arundel was secretly received into the Church; and henceforth, in her loneliness and sorrow, she knew where to seek comfort. But the Queen, hearing of her conversion, caused her to be kept a close prisoner in a private house for more than a year, with strict orders that no priest should have access

to her. She had just passed through this trial when, in 1584, her husband's conversion opened new vistas of happiness before her eyes. The two so long estranged were at length united by the common bond of faith; and Philip Howard's dearest wish was to atone to his wife, by the devotion of a lifetime, for long years of neglect and cruelty. But God's ways are not ours, and it was at the very moment when pure earthly happiness seemed within their grasp that it pleased Him to separate them.

Lord Arundel had decided to leave England for Flanders, where he could practise his religion freely; and he had written the Queen a long letter explaining his line of conduct. All his preparations were made, and he had just embarked on board the ship that was to convey him to Belgium, when Walsingham, whose suspicions had been excited by his change of demeanor, had him pursued, arrested and brought back to London, where he was confined in different prisons, and finally transferred to the Tower of London.

Here he was treated with extraordinary severity. From his arrival in April, 1585, to the end of May, 1586, he was allowed no servant; afterward two of his own servants were permitted to join him, on condition that they should submit to the same treatment as himself. His room was so damp and the smell so offensive that the keeper himself could hardly endure it. The lieutenant of the Tower seems to have added to his prisoner's sufferings by continual insult and vexations, which Lord Arundel endured with patient dignity. Although in the prime of manhood and possessing all that could render life sweet and valuable, he appears, from the moment of his arrest, to have accepted, without a regret or a murmur, the heavy cross that it pleased God to lay upon him.

At last, in 1588, the Queen ordered him to be brought to trial; and, without a shadow of trustworthy evidence, he was

condemned to death on the charge of having conspired against his sovereign in favor of the King of Spain. The sentence was, in fact, never carried out; but Lord Arundel knew that henceforth his life hung on a slender thread, and that, at any moment, according to the Queen's good pleasure, he might be led out to die on the scaffold, as his father had been before him. He seems to have accepted the prospect with the same resignation as he had accepted the loss of his liberty, the separation from his family, and the confiscation of his estates. In his prison cell, buried away from the sight of men, he lived a life of prayer and penance worthy of a saint.

We are told that he spent four or five hours a day in prayer, and the rest of his time in translating books of devotion; that he fasted three times a week, besides the vigils of feasts. We know—what is more admirable than his prayers and penances—that he endured without a murmur insults and injuries of every description, the accusations of his enemies and the betrayal of his friends. His knowledge that, in spite of the charge of treason, his real offence was his fidelity to the ancient faith, was a source of continual encouragement and happiness. He writes in one of his letters: "The Catholic faith which I hold is the only cause for which I am now ready to be executed."

During the years of her husband's imprisonment, the Countess of Arundel was never allowed to visit him; moreover, she was persecuted by the Queen, and at times almost reduced to beggary. In these circumstances the presence of Father Southwell under her roof was an untold comfort to the unhappy wife, whose cup of happiness had been dashed from her lips just as she was about to taste it, after long years of silent suffering. However, although prevented from seeing his wife and children, Lord Arundel seems to have been able, at times at least, to correspond with the outer world; and Father South-

well's influence was as beneficial to the imprisoned husband as to the desolate and anxious wife. Some of the letters written by him to the Earl for his personal guidance were copied and circulated for the benefit of the Catholics in general. One of them bears this title: "Consolatory epistle for afflicted minds.... First written for the consolation of one, but now published for the general good of all." Another, called the "Epistle of Comfort," addressed also to Lord Arundel, was afterward printed in Paris in 1593.

All these letters are singularly touching. The writer holds out no hopes of earthly consolation to his friend, but all his efforts tend to make him understand the supernatural value of suffering and its glorious reward hereafter. "They who are taught in the school of Christ," he says, "know certainly that this life is a warfare, a pilgrimage, and an exile. They truly understand that neither upon a journey is rest to be found, nor in an exile their country; nor is the crown to be expected before the combat is finished."

Knowing the Earl's tendency to add voluntary penances to the privations of his prison life, the Father gently moderates his zeal. "I would not," he writes, "that you afflict yourself too much by fasting, prayers, and penitential works, in order that you may be the stronger for the last combat. Your desire of confessing (the means being precluded), and the contrition of a humble heart expressed by shedding your blood in this cause, will be as full a remission of sins, and of all punishment due for them, as in baptism, so great is the prerogative of martyrdom. I desire you the happiest issue of the conflict begun; and I hope, by the help of God, that we may see each other hereafter in glory."

Little did the two friends think that the condemned prisoner, Philip Howard, was to survive his Jesuit adviser, who when he penned these lines was about to enter upon his bitter agony and passion.

Lord Arundel's love for Father Southwell breaks out in his letters, as also his childlike docility and trust. "My dear and Reverend Father," he writes, "I could not be more bound to any man, nor to any but one of your calling, so much; and all this at a time when such comforts are most welcome. . . . Our Lord, who sees all secrets, sees my good-will and thankfulness; and, I doubt not, will reward you amongst all your worthy merits for those bestowed on me, His most unworthy servant." And again: "What fault you shall find to be in me and tell me of, I will always endeavor and desire to amend."

In a letter addressed to his wife, Lord Arundel writes, alluding to some advice given to him by Father Southwell: "Assure him from me that I will not, for any worldly respect whatsoever, go one inch further than he shall direct."

We may remember that, when a young religious, Robert Southwell prayed that he might work for the good of souls during some years, and then gain the martyr's crown. The first part of this prayer had been granted. Since his arrival in England in 1586, he had gained many converts to the faith; he had strengthened fainting hearts under the load of persecution, and to many souls he had been, what he was to Lord and Lady Arundel, a father, an adviser, and the best of friends. The hour was now come, after six years of missionary life, when the second part of his petition was to be answered. The story of his passion is one of peculiar horror, among the many tragic histories of the day; and the circumstances of his betrayal into the hands of his enemies are likewise peculiarly painful.

Those who are acquainted with the history of Father Edmund Campion may have noticed among the brave Catholics who received and assisted him a family named Bellamy. The head of this family was a certain Richard Bellamy, who,

with his wife, Katherine Forster, lived at Uxendon Hall, at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Richard's mother, old Mrs. Bellamy, had also lived at Uxendon, and all three were equally zealous Catholics. The elder Mrs. Bellamy, in spite of her age and weak health, was condemned to death for harboring priests, and died in the Tower from the hardships she endured. Her youngest son was executed with Babington; another son died under torture in the Tower; a third was kept a prisoner for the faith during six years. The eldest of the family, Richard Bellamy, and his wife, kept up the family traditions, and were generous and charitable toward the hunted priests, to whom Uxendon Hall was ever opened. As may be imagined, they were for this reason exposed to incessant persecutions; and in January, 1592, the Bishop of London caused their youngest daughter, Anne, to be thrown into the Gatehouse prison, at Westminster.

The girl, in whose veins flowed the blood of confessors and martyrs, was a mere child in years; and at the Gatehouse she fell under the influence of Topcliffe, one of the bitterest of the persecutors of the reign of Elizabeth,—a ruffian whose brutality and vice knew no bounds, and of whom Protestants themselves speak with horror and contempt. This man had long wished to lay hands on Father Southwell, whose brilliant gifts and exceeding popularity among the Catholics invested him with a certain importance in the eyes of the Government. Like his brother missionaries, Father Southwell frequently stayed at Uxendon, and Topcliffe determined to make use of Anne Bellamy in order to capture her father's guest.

It is needless to dwell at length on the miserable history of this unfortunate girl, whose youth and helplessness are her best excuse. Having forfeited her good name, her hitherto unstained character, this unhappy victim of Topcliffe's villainy consented to play a traitor's part. She

wrote from London to her sister, begging to be told if Father Southwell came to Uxendon; as, being now released from the Gatehouse, and kept at Holborn as a prisoner on bail, she might return home to see him. Her brother and sister, however, prudently refused to help in the matter; and Anne, urged on by Topcliffe, found some other means of communicating with the Father, who, yielding to her pleadings, consented to meet her at her parents' house.

He accordingly proceeded to Uxendon on the 5th of July, 1592, and was cordially received by the Bellamys, who, knowing nothing of their daughter's fall, concluded that she was anxious to receive the Sacraments at Father Southwell's hands. Pending her arrival, he assembled the family and household, and was in the act of addressing them when a loud noise was heard below. It was Topcliffe and his followers seeking an entrance.

When Anne Bellamy heard of Father Southwell's departure for Uxendon, Topcliffe was with the Queen at Greenwich. The wretched girl informed him of the priest's movements, and in hot haste he hurried to Uxendon, having been provided by Anne with a plan of the house. As had happened over and over again under similar circumstances, the servants of the family kept the invaders at bay while the priest was hastily concealed in the hiding hole; but this time a traitor had been at work, and, to Mrs. Bellamy's horror, Topcliffe marched straight up to the place of concealment, from which hitherto the baffled priest-hunters had turned away defeated and crestfallen. He tore open the trap-door and called to Father Southwell to come out. Having got possession of his victim, he placed him on a horse and carried him off to London. Later on the Bellamys learned their daughter's sad history; but as yet they little guessed that a child of theirs had betrayed the secret

so carefully guarded for two generations.

We know nothing of the subsequent history of Anne Bellamy, beyond the fact that, shortly after Father Southwell's capture, she was married to Topcliffe's servant, Nicholas Jones; but it is safe to assume that her name must have been uttered over and over again in the prayers of him whom she was instrumental in bringing to the Tyburn gibbet.

Although the discovery of so important a personage was hailed with joy by the Council, it caused some embarrassment among the Queen's advisers. Father Southwell's stepmother had been governess to Elizabeth, and both she and his father were well known at court, and had enjoyed the sovereign's favor. For this reason the Lords of the Council hesitated to submit their captive to the cruel treatment usually inflicted on Catholic priests. On the other hand, the influence he had enjoyed among the Catholics, and his intimate acquaintance with the chief amongst them, made him a prisoner of importance, whose confessions it might be interesting to obtain. They pretended to show him unusual indulgence; and, instead of confining him in one of the state-prisons, they gave him over to Topcliffe, with full permission to treat him as he pleased. In appearance, Father Southwell was simply a prisoner in a private house, and therefore a privileged person; in reality, the horrors of Newgate, of Bridewell, of the Tower itself, pale before the torments that awaited the Jesuit under Topcliffe's roof.

The latter's fiendish delight at having his victim in his power was openly displayed. He boasted that he had now a priest in his hands to torture as much as he pleased; adding that he possessed a machine of his own invention, compared with which the common rack, the pillars, and the iron hoop in use at the Tower were mere child's play.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

III.—JESSAMY TRABER.

JESSAMY was a short, stout, red-faced little Englishwoman, who had come to the Home when her failing eyes would no longer permit her to continue the small infant school she had kept for many years. Her pupils seldom numbered more than ten, and it had long been a mystery to those who knew her how she had contrived to live with so precarious an income. But Jessamy had seen better days. Her wardrobe was ample, and her resources for making both ends meet were almost inexhaustible. It was, moreover, no secret among the parents of the children who imbibed their first draughts of learning at her feet, that Mrs. Traber was not above receiving sundry gifts of tea, coffee, and sugar from those whom she knew to be her friends; not to speak of luxuries which as quietly found their way to her tiny corner cupboard.

When at last she felt herself obliged to give up teaching, her native independence revolted at becoming an inmate of a charitable institution. But, the first step taken, she became reconciled, accepting the inevitable with Christian resignation. Neither she nor the good Sisters who received her under their hospitable roof ever had reason to regret her coming. Always busy in household tasks, or attending to the garden—an occupation which she loved,—there was no happier old woman at the Home than Jessamy Traber.

She was an incessant talker, very proud of her English birth, and not a little exalted over the conviction she firmly held that she bore a strong resemblance to Queen Victoria. She was fond of repeating an anecdote on the subject, which every new acquaintance usually heard at the first interview. Allusion to this real or fancied resemblance more than once

provoked the ire of certain among the patriotic and somewhat touchy Irish companions of our equally loyal Englishwoman. It was on one of these occasions that I heard Jessamy's story, which I found so interesting that I have thought it worthy of repetition in these humble but faithful chronicles.

As I passed into the women's large and beautiful garden one feast-day afternoon, they were sitting about in groups, or walking up and down the soft paths, covered with tan bark. I soon perceived that something was amiss with a trio nearest me. Jessamy held her head aloft, her cheeks more flushed than usual, her lip trembling with scorn. In front of her, arm in arm, stood Katie Magevney, aged eighty-six and blind, and Bessie O'Farrell, a cripple, bent nearly double with rheumatism; but at this moment she was waving her stick violently in the air, regardless of consequences.

"Down with Victoria, and Ireland forever!" she shouted, with all the strength of her tremulous old voice.

"More power to you, Bess, and three times three for the green!" quavered her blind companion, in tones still more feeble.

"What is the trouble?" I asked, joining the excited group.

"I did but relate an occurrence that took place in my youth at Richmond, near London," Jessamy replied, "when these old ladies took offence at my few simple remarks."

"'Twas that same old story of herself and Queen Victoria she was striving to tell us," rejoined the blind woman; "and myself and Bess here both said at once: 'Sure we're tired hearing that same old tale of Queen Victoria. Faith, that wouldn't be a true Irishwoman whose blood wouldn't boil at the mention of the name of that old skinflint.'"

"And I said," chimed in Bess, "that 'twas well known she sent but a five-pound note over to Ireland in the famine

of '49. 'Tis myself would have sent that back,' says I. And with that Jessamy drew down a reflection on dynamiting. 'Tis too good for them,—that's what it is,' says I. 'And what justice could Ireland expect from a Queen that gives her old Indian shawls as wedding presents to the nobility? My niece read the words on a paper the last time I was in town.'"

"And I replied," said Jessamy, speaking for the first time, slowly and with great dignity, "that, greatly as I admired the Irish people for their many virtues, admitting that they had been wronged by the English as a nation, I could not but think that much of their ill-condition was due to themselves; they are so inflammable and irascible—"

"'Twas that angered us *entirely!*" exclaimed Bess. "Sorra one of me knows the meaning of the words, but I'll engage they're no compliment."

"Jessamy darling," said her companion, ironically, as the two hobbled off together, "you're a good woman, but too well learned for the likes of us, thanks to the cruel English laws that left us trusting to the hedge-schoolmaster."

With their passage Jessamy's usual good-humor instantly returned.

"Poor creatures!" she said. "They are old and ignorant. I should not let their momentary displeasure disturb me,—for it will be but momentary. When we meet at supper all will be serene. And while I can not help but be proud of my resemblance to that gracious sovereign, devoted mother, and most exemplary woman in every relation of life, Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, as she now is by the grace of God, it was far from my thoughts to brew this tempest in a teapot. My husband was an Irishman. I bear no ill-will to the Irish, either as a nation or as individuals. It was through him indirectly, and more directly through a domestic whom I afterward employed, that I first learned to appreciate the truths

of Catholicity. No one can more heartily admire the faith of the Irish people, kept pure and fervent under long-enduring and terrible persecutions."

After I had expressed acquiescence in these sentiments, we remained for a time in silence. Jessamy's eyes looked reminiscent. Finally she said:

"My story might perhaps be of interest to a thoughtful and religious person like yourself. It does not abound in startling incidents, but it is, in my opinion, a wonderful illustration of the providence of God, whose fostering care responds to every act of ours from the cradle to the grave. As a starting-point I will say (so that as I progress in my narrative you may be able to draw rational conclusions from my premises) that the motto of my whole life has been always to aim at the best and highest. My father was a maker and letterer of grave-stones in the town of Bristol. His workshop and yard were overlooked by the Dissenting chapel, which we attended. He was a severe man, but a good Christian, according to his lights. We were a large family—ten in number, all girls,—the poor man's riches. For the sum of twenty pounds a year we were instructed in the necessary branches of education by a daily governess, a Miss Rachel Arlsbag Fowler, a severe, strait-laced, but sincerely and truly virtuous woman; like my father and mother, a devout attendant of the Dissenting chapel. From her teachings I acquired a horror of all things pertaining to the Catholic religion. Poor woman! I believe she was sincere in her belief that it was an institution of the devil. So she had been taught from her infancy. With bated breath I would hurry past the little Catholic chapel on the outskirts of the town, in the neighborhood of which we resided. Meeting a priest, I would have looked for the cloven foot, had I not been afraid to pause in my flight. All this was sixty years ago and more. Since that time

there has been a great revival of all things Catholic in England.

"When I was twenty a young Irishman came to work with my father. Handsome as a picture was he, with a gay sparkle in his blue eye that did not well conform with the principles he professed—those of the most pronounced Methodism. He remained in the employ of my father five years. During that time we were married. After two years of happiness, my husband fell ill of lung trouble, contracted through having taken a severe cold, and the doctor pronounced the disease quick consumption. On hearing this, he turned his face to the wall, uttering loud groans.

"‘There is no hope for me in this world or the next,’ he said.

"Thinking this despondency and despair due to his feeble condition, I bade him not give up so utterly, but implored him to take heart, and appeal to Him who could cure both body and soul. Two days passed, during which he lay almost silent. You can imagine my surprise when he said to me on the third morning:

"‘Jessamy, I have been a hypocrite. I doubt whether there is pardon for me. I am a dying man, and wish to see a clergyman—’

"I interrupted him, saying:

"‘My dear Patrick, I will send at once for the Rev. Jeremiah Swalls, to whose teachings you have so long lent a willing ear, and by whose preaching you have profited so well.’

"Patrick sat up in bed, holding out imploring hands.

"‘Jessamy,’ he cried, ‘I want a priest, a priest,—a Catholic priest! I am a Catholic; and, if God can forgive me the damnable hypocrisy under which I have lived so long, a Catholic I wish to die.’

"I thought him mad, and summoned my father. He also believed him to be raving. But my husband persisted in his assertion, till, filled with horror though I was, my wifely love and duty conquer-

ing all else, I ventured to say to him:

"‘Patrick, a priest shall be called.’

"At this my father cried out:

"‘Under my roof a Catholic priest shall never stand! Across my threshold that first-born of Satan shall not pass!’

"‘Tis what I deserve, only what I deserve,’ said my husband. ‘A traitor and hypocrite I have lived, so should I be left to die.’ So saying he burst forth into weeping.

"‘Father,’ I said, ‘will you not take back your words?’

"‘Never, never, never!’ was the reply.

"‘Then,’ said I, taking my husband’s hands in mine, dropping tears upon them as I spoke, ‘forth from your house we go this day. Somewhere we shall find cover and shelter. Deluded Patrick may be, but mad he is not. A priest he shall have, and I myself shall summon him.’

"‘Go—go at once!’ shouted my father, now furious. ‘And never again set foot within this house!’

"With that he rushed frantically down the stairs, and out to the street, where he strode up and down as one demented."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

V.

NO man better appreciates what is called "the world" than À Kempis. He takes it on its own ground and explodes its folly. He is always showing to what a foolish, changeable guide we trust ourselves. "The senses of men are often deceived in giving judgments; and the lovers of this world are deceived in loving only visible things." Then, in his shrewd way, he puts this question: "How is a man a whit the better for being reputed greater by man?" And this is his answer:

"The deceitful deceiveth the deceitful, the vain deceiveth the vain, the blind the blind, the weak the weak, as often as he extolleth him; and, in truth, doth rather confound him, while he vainly praiseth him."

This is in truth the world's game. Everyone is "humbugging" everyone else. "The deceitful deceiveth the deceitful" is a capital stroke. That false praise accepted should "confound" is natural, because it leads the object of it astray. The person praising wants to gain something at the expense of the other. What, then, is a person's real value, and how is he to be measured? "How much soever each one is in Thy eyes, so much is he, and no more." A fine bit of philosophy this, and our author gives the credit of it to St. Francis.

Nowhere is he more powerful than in "showing up" the foolishness of considering the opinion of men. "Thou art not more holy for being praised, nor worse for being blamed. What thou art, that thou art; nor canst thou be said to be greater than God seeth thee. . . . Man looketh on the face, but God seeth into the heart; man considereth the actions, but God weigheth the intentions. He that seeketh no outward testimony for himself showeth plainly that he hath wholly committed himself to God."

VI.

"Now he is thought great who is not a transgressor, and who can with patience endure what he has undertaken." A saying that points to what is a common delusion. It is fancied by many good folk that to keep the Commandments—"not be a transgressor"—is doing much, and doing a very great deal too. There is a fixed catalogue of transgressions which is the usual subject matter of confession. When there is naught of the kind to confess, we have "a clean bill" of spiritual health, and much complacency thereat. We are hardly required

to attempt more. And so "he is thought great who is not a transgressor."

Now, it is in noting such points, and in clearing away such mists as this, that "The Imitation" is so fine. As Johnson said of another matter, "it disperses humbug," and supplies things we are not likely to meet elsewhere. It helps us to place ourselves in anticipation before the judgment-seat, when we shall have to listen to the grand indictment; when it will flash upon us that this "not being a transgressor" was only a negative matter; and that "doing," and not "forbearing to do," is the true claim to reward. The author makes us see this in the following most remarkable passage:

"Sigh and grieve that thou art still so carnal and worldly, so unmortified from thy passions. So full of the motions of concupiscence; so unguarded in thy outward senses; so often entangled with many vain imaginations. So much inclined to exterior things; so negligent as to the interior. So prone to laughter and dissipation; so hard to tears and compunction. So inclined to relaxation, and to the pleasures of the flesh; so sluggish to austerity and fervor. So curious to hear news and to see sights; so remiss to embrace humiliation and abjection. So covetous to possess much; so sparing in giving, so close in retaining. So inconsiderate in talking; so little able to hold thy peace. So disordered in thy manners; so over-eager in thy actions. So immoderate in food; so deaf to the word of God. So ready for repose; so slow to labor. So wakeful to hear idle tales; so drowsy at the sacred vigils. So hasty to finish thy devotions; so wandering in attention. So negligent in saying thy Office; so tepid in celebrating; so dry in communicating. So quickly distracted; so seldom fully recollected within thyself. So suddenly moved to anger; so apt to take offence at others. So prone to judge; so severe in reprehending. So joyful in prosperity; so weak in

adversity. So often proposing many good things, and bringing so little to effect."

It will be seen that in this portentous catalogue there is hardly a single item that the average "good" person thinks of as a *sin*: nearly all are omissions. Yet, as we read, how we feel, by an instinct, that these are real and tremendous accusations! and at the hour of death, or judgment, how we shall shrink into our very selves as they are unfolded!

The value of "The Imitation" is, therefore, in exploding delusions of this kind. I venture to say that there are numbers who read this who have never had this all-important truth put so strikingly before them.

(To be continued.)

Notes and Remarks.

It may be stated broadly that every discovery in any field of truth has its religious bearing. There are Christians weak enough to fear that as science advances there will be a proportionate lessening of faith, and that many cherished religious beliefs of the present day will be treated as fables in a future age of greater enlightenment. Prof. Asa Gray, the eminent American botanist, in a lecture delivered some years ago to the theological students of Yale College, pointed out that science is a natural ally of religion. Another distinguished educator, President Andrews, of Brown University, takes the same stand in an article contributed to the *New World*. The objects of science, he contends, are but the works of God; and if the pursuit of it does not have the effect of elevating the mind to the Creator, the fault is in the student. "If critical study of the world ever dulls a man's religious sense," says Dr. Andrews, "or fails to foster his appreciation of divine things, it must be because he has gotten himself involved in some false theory or method, or because he is simply a smatterer and no student at all, or else because he has a proud heart and will not learn. Unless one is humble and honest,

science will, of course, not guide one aright. Vanity, hero-worship, shibboleths, and false watchwords are quite as plentiful and quite as dangerous in the scientific as they are in the theological world."

Well said! The time is coming when people who prate about a conflict between science and religion will be laughed at.

It is pleasant to know that the annoyances which priests have sometimes experienced in ministering to Catholic sailors on war-ships are now happily ended. Monsignor Toner, to whom the spiritual interests of seafaring Catholics have been specially intrusted, has been assured by the Secretary of the Navy that no officer may interfere with him in the discharge of his duties, even when a Protestant chaplain accompanies the ship. Secretary Herbert's letter is auspiciously dated on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and reads thus: "Should any officer at any time show any disposition not to encourage you in the exercise of your sacred functions among the men under his command, you have but to show him this letter; and in case you do not receive a favorable response, I should be glad to be informed of the fact."

One of the most splendid and costly churches on the continent is the sanctuary of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico. The new high altar, which was completed for the last celebration of the feast, is perhaps the finest in the world. The pillars supporting the canopy are each of a solid block of Scotch granite, weighing seven tons. The altar railing, of solid silver, is unsurpassed. The church is now undergoing elaborate renovation, the progress of which is watched with eager interest by the devout Mexicans.

Whoever wrote the article entitled "If So, Why So?" in the *Philadelphia Messenger of St. Joseph* knows boys thoroughly. His words are plain and strong; and many a foolish parent would have been spared innumerable heart-burnings if he could have had such practical common-sense advice as this:

"Make companions of your children. Do not terrify them and quench the love in their hearts by

playing the tyrant. The pain will recoil on your head some day, if you do. And, besides, you are missing a foretaste of heaven in thus forfeiting your children's confidence; for no earthly happiness can surpass that of a good father and mother surrounded by a loving, trustful family. No character but has a key to it. Draw out your children's ideas of themselves, their longings and ambitions, their sorrows and their joys; and remember that these all bear as weighty a value in their esteem, and depress or elate them, as your mature thoughts do yourself. . . . Be your boy's friend; if you are not, he will come to find friends that will be a curse to him. Be your son's champion—strong to defend him, and to push him to the right; lovingly and tenderly, yet unmistakably, condemning him when he is wrong, and pointing out to him how he is wrong. The gain is worth the trial; for, reciprocating your love, relying on your judgment and affection, certain of your sympathy no matter how cares may oppress, looking on you as the truest friends of his life, he will fill your cup of joy to the brim."

We wish these earnest words could be read by every man and woman to whom Heaven has entrusted the education of a child. The *Messenger* is published in support of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Industrious Boys, and the Catholics of Philadelphia have reason to be proud of the institution.

The methods resorted to for collecting money for religious purposes are a sign of the times. And the times are evil. A year or two ago we heard of a minstrel show for the benefit of a Catholic church,—young ladies of the parish, with blackened faces, taking the part of minstrels! The report was hard to believe; though we heard it on good authority, and were informed of the name of the congregation, etc. Now comes a paper from a Western city containing a letter from one of our Bishops condemning the proposal of a masked ball to raise funds to decorate the sanctuary of a certain church in the diocese. *O tempora! O mores!* And yet there are people who do not see the need of Catholic schools.

The rapid growth of the Church in Scotland is illustrated by the fact that Mr. Hugh Margey, the patriarch of Glasgow, who died last month in that city, at the age of ninety-two, was a connecting link between the present era of magnificent churches and the days when a few scattered Catholics met to

worship, often at a great risk, in a small, plain building which served as church and school. Bigotry was rampant in that day; and it is said that once, when Mr. Margey went into the outlying districts to distribute devotional literature, he was rather severely handled by a party of zealous Protestants who objected to his visit. He was a bookseller by trade; and, like the venerable Patrick Donahoe in our own country, often suffered in his worldly possessions because of his zeal for the faith. As one of his countrymen said after his death, "to write the life of Mr. Margey would be to write the history of the Church in Scotland during the last hundred years."

The least attentive reader of Dr. J. R. Gasquet's paper on Lourdes in the *Dublin Review* must have noticed the writer's studied avoidance of the word "miracles." In a communication to the *London Tablet* he explains his reasons for so doing. "My motive was to exclude a word which begs the whole question between Catholics and skeptics. This was my motive, as far as I addressed myself to those outside the Church; but another reason weighed with me much more. As I understand the decrees of the Council of Trent, private individuals are distinctly prohibited calling any event miraculous. It does not seem to be sufficiently realized that the physical side of a miracle is not the whole or even the chief part of one; and that there are moral and spiritual aspects of such favors which can be judged of only by the pastors of the Church. I merely follow Dr. Boissarie in considering that the physician's province is to establish the negative conclusion that the cures which come before him can not be accounted for by natural causes."

We could wish that the learned Doctor had many imitators. *Miracle*, like *saint*, is a word that ought to be used with restriction.

The newsboys of Grand Rapids, Michigan, form an organized regiment of faithful little men. The principal citizens of the city are also organized, and delight in giving the youthful newspaper venders a good dinner once a year, and various festivities at inter-

vals. On New Year's Day 1,200 lads, after a notable street parade, which was headed by the Newsboys' Band of forty pieces, and accompanied by the local militia, sat down to their annual feast, at which they were served by the prominent citizens who so generously befriended them. One newsboy said grace, and we may safely wager that, however short it was, it seemed long enough to the hungry youngsters. It is pleasant to be able to record that the moral well-being of the boys, whose ages average but ten years, receives as careful attention as their physical wants.

Those who fear that the Christian ideal of womanhood may be obscured or even lost in the tumult of the prevailing discussion may take heart from the consideration that the best women have no special yearning for trousers or the hustings. Women who have been educated by that ideal appreciate its value, and will not part with it. As Agnes Repplier says in one of her charming essays: "That instinctive refinement which woman has acquired in centuries of self-repression is not a thing to be undervalued or lightly thrust aside. If she loses 'the strength that lies in delicacy,' she is weaker in her social emancipation than in her social bondage." *The Athenæum* expresses our thought when it says, in the course of an enthusiastic review of Miss Repplier's latest volume, that "this idea is common enough in men's minds, but it is not often expressed so forcibly."

A beautiful charity, and one that must appeal with special force to all lovers of the Blessed Sacrament, is that practised by the Tabernacle Society. The aims of this organization are the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the supplying poor churches with vestments, altar linens, and the sacred vessels necessary for divine service. It is supported by voluntary donations and the small fees exacted for membership in the pious confraternity connected with it. No one can read the yearly "Report" of the Society without admiration for its spirit and astonishment at the good it has already accomplished. No work can be more meritorious than that of adorning the Tabernacle. It is one in which all should deem it a privilege to assist.

Notable New Books.

THINGS OF THE MIND. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co. [Second Notice.]

The reader who opens this book even at random can scarcely fail to see that it bears on every page the stamp of high mentality. It is not to be read in haste. The author's searching thought has crystallized into gem-like sentences, over which the reader is forced to linger. To the young it is a clarion call to gather knowledge, not for its market value, but for its own intrinsic worth. To develop latent abilities, to cultivate character, to be true to the higher self, are the lessons it would have them learn.

As regards education, the book has a message alike to the teacher and student. The former is counselled to abandon his high calling rather than to weary or fall to the level of the commonplace. The learner is taught the necessity of awakening into action all the powers of his mind, if he would claim the title scholar. The book stimulates and encourages. It places before the reader ideals of life and education so winning that the heart longs to make them its own.

With a mind cast in so noble a mould, we should expect the author to be in love with truth and sincerity. We are not disappointed. He says: "Love truth; every lie is a lie to God, who alone is truthful. Love of truth is the basis of character. To be truthful and honorable are the most difficult of virtues, for truth and honor spring from the finest sense of duty of which the soul is capable."

The chapter treating of culture and religion is especially helpful and uplifting. Culture as an end is decried, but as a means by which the soul may mount to God it is to be wooed and won. Its importance as an ally of the Church in its contest with infidelity is strongly insisted upon. "I know that our Blessed Lord is with His Church, and that He can turn our ignorance and supineness to the good of those who love Him. . . . The issue, indeed, is in God's keeping; but we must strive to acquit ourselves like men, and as though all depended upon our skill and courage. Without thorough training and

mental discipline we shall only cumber the ground and block the way."

We have touched but inadequately upon the merits of a book, itself the exponent of the highest Catholic thought. But it can well dispense with the reviewer's commendation, since it is sure to win its way wherever there is a heart that longs for the best and noblest things of life.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES COMPARED. By the Rev. Alfred Young, C. S. P. The Catholic Book Exchange.

The motive of Father Young's book is indicated in the opening chapter. "Protestantism," he says, "has been at its old tricks again, making a wanton, unprovoked attack upon the Catholic Church"; and the attack calls for a prompt and conclusive answer. The mountebank lecturer is abroad, and Father Young simply accepts his invitation to "look at" Mexico, Spain, Italy, and other countries where the Church is the "dominant influence."

In this day of authors and publishers, it is not often that the critic's task is so easy as in Father Young's case. His book will work incomparable good. His style is sometimes more pungent than one expects in a Paulist Father, but the pungency is not only pardonable—it is imperatively demanded. He shows a manly indignation at the false-speaking cowards who revile the Church, her priests, and her people. Ordinarily, however, our author's tone is admirably calm and judicious. The man on the right side of a controversy easily keeps his temper.

There are 628 pages and 40 chapters in Father Young's book. It is evidently impossible, therefore, to present even a generalized summary of its contents in a brief review. Suffice it to say that the calumnies that have been so persistently dinned into Catholic ears about the ignorance and immorality of Catholic peoples are here hurled back with a force that ought to shatter them forever. Up to this time, individual writers have been obliged to meet these calumnies with hasty preparation and insufficient data; henceforth they will simply invoke the testimony of Father Young's book.

A peculiarly interesting feature of the work is a list of American converts from Protes-

tantism. The catalogue is not complete, but it is striking, there being a long list of clergymen, physicians, lawyers, army and navy officers, and men eminent in politics, literature, art and science. A careful index makes the contents of this admirable work easily accessible.

THE INNER LIFE OF FATHER BURKE, O. P.
By a Dominican Friar of the English Province.
Burns & Oates, Benziger Brothers.

One who enjoyed exceptional advantages for knowing the great Dominican, Father Burke, has told us that "his wit and humor were almost involuntary scintillations, the bubbles of the brilliant well within,—all his deeper thoughts he gave to heaven." How true these words are is evident from this volume. To those who know this great priest only as the lecturer, the brilliant wit, or the preacher who moved men's hearts as the wind stirs the ripened grain, this little book will be a necessity, as revealing the soul of the man. Only those who knew Father Tom Burke well know the depth and the breadth of his virtue—his wonderful humility, his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, his zeal in the confessional, his scrupulous observance of the rules of his Order, his patience under the sufferings that overcast his last years, and his beautiful love for the Blessed Virgin. It is a striking testimony to the popularity of Father Burke, and to the "catching" qualities of his witticisms, that even the biographers who knew him intimately can tell no stories—or almost none—that are entirely new to the public. The author of this volume, of course, confines himself to such anecdotes as reveal the man's inner life,—how he always knelt for his mother's blessing, how he submitted his sermons to the novices for revision, how he made puns to escape being made a bishop; how, after his magnificent panegyric on O'Connell, he eluded the crowd that waited to give him an ovation, and ran to see an old woman at the hospital.

The only adverse criticism we should care to pass on this volume is that it is scant. Enough is told to show us what must have been Father Burke's "Inner Life," but we should be more pleased and edified if the picture were complete. We hope the author

may see fit to enlarge the portrait in a new edition; he will not lack eager readers.

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF THOREAU. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These letters, edited with notes and introduction by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, form a valuable addition to the literature that is slowly growing up around Thoreau. They are not all of absorbing interest—some of them will be skimmed only by the most devoted admirers of the Recluse,—but many of them are as valuable as any that Emerson has given us.

Thoreau's message to the world was unmistakable. In the age and very home of money-seeking, his voice was an unceasing protest against the "commercial spirit" which "infuses into all our thoughts and affections a degree of its own selfishness," and which makes us "selfish in our patriotism, selfish in our domestic relations, selfish in our religion." So he indirectly describes it himself. But a friend to whom many of the best of these letters were written says that Thoreau sundered himself from society, and from the spell of its institutions, customs and conventionalities, that he might lead "a fresh, simple life with God." This is the testimony we like to believe, and herein is a great merit in Thoreau's life. He swore no oaths against the world, uttered no incoherent cynicisms, but set out to reform others in the only right way—by reforming himself, and by getting near to the heart of God through the heart of nature.

Thoreau was not a Catholic—he was not even fond of us,—but his was a pure and holy life; and if he had known essential Catholicity, he would have loved it. His life was a spiritual Declaration of Independence; for he showed how little we need of earthly goods to lead a worthy and helpful life. His doctrine that man should have six Sabbaths and one weekday, if not literally true, is true in effect, and it is a doctrine much needed among us still.

The publishers have done their part to popularize the letters, so necessary to a complete understanding of Thoreau's philosophy. It is a delight to turn the pages of this volume, so well printed, so convenient in size, and flexibly bound.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis Renaudier, of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, who was called to the reward of his holy life on the 31st ult.

Sister Mary of the Visitation, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose happy death took place on the 8th inst.

Mr. George Hart, of Boston, Mass., who died a holy death on the 6th ult.

Mr. Daniel H. Courtney, whose life closed peacefully on the 6th inst., at Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah Keenan, of Philadelphia, Pa., who departed this life on the 3d inst.

Mr. Michael McKeogh, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 24th ult., at Findlay, Ohio.

Mrs. Margaret F. Parker, of Quincy, Mass., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 23d ult.

Mr. Henry Culmery and John Lynski, of Philadelphia, Pa.; James Carlin and John J. Kerwin, St. Louis, Mo.; Catherine Bondidier, Toronto, Canada; Mr. John C. Hughes, Mrs. James McCause, and Martin Ludden, of St. Augustine, Pa.; Thomas Keating, What Cheer, Iowa; Mrs. Bridget O'Rourke, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Peter Collins, Miss R. Hines, and Mr. Michael Frawley, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen Burke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Timothy Healy, Mrs. Edward Brehony, Miss Mary McGovern, Mrs. Catherine Reilly, and Mr. Frank Phillips,—all of Mt. Carbon, Pa.; William Monahan and Thomas Burke, Pottsville, Pa.; Bartholomew Kenny, Joseph Ford, and Mrs. Catherine Flannery, San Francisco, Cal.; and Mr. James Salmon, Palo Alto, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Ursuline Indian Mission:

Mrs. M. E. Hackett, \$2; T. G., in honor of St. Anthony, \$3; Maria Navarre, \$1; Margaret Phelan, \$1; A. A. von G., \$3; A Friend, Iowa City, \$2; C. A., \$5; A Friend, New Jersey, \$5.

The Indian Children's Shrine, San Diego, Cal.:

Charles Quinn, \$1; A Friend, Iowa City, \$1.

The Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars:

A Friend, \$1; M. A. H., 50 cts.; A Friend, Iowa City, \$1; S. N. D., Marysville, Cal., \$1.

The Lepers of Gotemba, Japan:

Children of Mary, \$1; A Friend, Iowa City, \$1; C. Cecilia Cary, \$25.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Eyes Beloved.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

SWEET blue eyes! so early faded,
How they danced with girlish glee
In the days long since departed,—
Precious days for them and me!
How they wept the heart's deep feeling,—
Tender heart, so easily moved!
Sweet blue eyes, fore'er remembered,—
Sister's eyes, so well beloved.

Clear grey eyes! Could I forget them?
Ever calm with earnest light,
Like a beacon on my pathway,—
Gentle, fadeless, faithful light.
Sometimes still, when doubts assail me,
Warning as in other days,
Beam my father's eyes before me,
Holding mine in steadfast ways.

Soft brown eyes! the purest, dearest,
That my life has ever known;
They are in my dreams forever,
Though I live the day alone.
Thank Thee, Lord, that I behold them
Wearing still that tender guise,
Smiling, trustful, loving, lonely,—
Ah! they are my mother's eyes.

It was a celebrated French author who, when he had begun the study of English, and found that *ague* was pronounced with two syllables and *plague* with but one, said he wished that half the English had the one disease and the other half the other.

The Boys' Strike.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.



DURING the afternoon there was a flutter of suppressed excitement among the boys, as the order to strike was passed from one to the other. About half-past five, however, like a thunder clap from a clear sky, came a mandate which brought dismay to the C. B. M. H. A. This was an order that all the boys were to wait after the store closed. It was not the superintendent, but Mr. Shaw, the junior partner, who had something to say to them. The strikers suspected at once that they had been forestalled.

"Tom has let the cat out of the bag," cried Charley, wrathfully.

"We'll get even with him," growled George.

It was not Tom, however, but George himself who was to blame. Elated at the thought of the notoriety he expected to achieve, he could not conceal his impatience and sense of his own importance, and kept throwing out dark hints to the salesman. These mysterious boasts happening to reach the ear of the superintendent, furnished him a clew to what was going on.

When the time came, and, in compliance with the summons, the boys assembled on

the second floor near the offices, the spirit of the C. B. M. H. A. did not seem so valiant as it had been an hour or two before. The majority of the members felt vaguely that Mr. Shaw had the game pretty much in his own hands, and were decidedly uneasy.

"If we lose our places, a jolly rumpus there'll be at home," exclaimed Jim Post; and he evidently merely expressed the general sentiment.

George was the only one who still looked defiant. Charley was moody; Ned set his teeth hard, and his brows were puckered into a determined frown, but he said nothing.

The connection between the two parts of the building was marked by a rise in the floor and a single step, just near the office. Mr. Shaw came out of the room and stood upon this step. Thus he was elevated above his young auditors, as if upon a platform.

"Now, boys," he began, quietly but firmly, "I understand that you are not satisfied with the way you are treated by Allen & Co., that you have organized a strike. Well, if there is to be any striking, I propose to strike first. In order that both parties may understand each other, however, I want every boy here present who is pledged to this movement to stand forward."

There was a moment of silence and suspense. The members of the C. B. M. H. A. looked at one another with a strange lack of decision. They glanced toward Charley; but Charley fidgeted and kept his eyes cast down. Jim Post was edging toward the door, bent upon attracting as little attention as possible. George scowled ominously, and would give them no hint as to what they should do. Finally, one boy stood out and faced Mr. Shaw. It was Ned. The act created a sensation among his companions, but not one of them followed his example.

Ned's face grew red with indignation

and surprise as he found himself deserted by his comrades.

"So this is what the promise of the C. B. M. H. A. is worth?" he said to himself. "I went into this affair because I had given my word of honor to the other fellows, and here not one of them is willing to stand by me. Very well, I'll go it alone."

He braced up very straight, clenched his hands, and frankly returned Mr. Shaw's gaze.

The junior partner was a shrewd man. He knew Ned Harvey to be one of the most industrious and trustworthy boys in the store.

"Are you, then, the only boy who intended to strike?" he asked.

"It seems so, sir," answered Ned, thinking what a zany he had been to be so easily duped.

"Oh, then, I must have misunderstood!" continued Mr. Shaw, dryly. "Somehow, I obtained the impression that a general revolt was planned: that every boy in this establishment was pledged not to perform any of his usual duties to-morrow until the general demand set forth by your ringleaders should be granted. Charley Mallon, haven't you something to say on this subject?"

"No—sir," stammered Charley, still intensely interested in a crack of the floor.

"James Post, have not you any complaint to make?"

Jim, who was trying to sidle out of the door, paused disconcerted.

"I? Oh, no, sir!" he answered, hastily.

"And you, George Jeffreys? Do you not know something of this plan?"

"No, sir."

George uttered the untruth glibly, as if it was a perfectly excusable way of getting out of a scrape. Some of his companions appeared to be of the same opinion, but a few looked taken aback by his cool impudence.

Mr. Shaw's lip curled with scorn.

"Well, Ned Harvey, let me hear your grievance, since ostensibly you are the only one who *has* a grievance," he said.

"Now I'm in for it," thought Ned; and, fixing his eyes on the opposite wall, and with a prayer in his heart that he might say and do what was right, he began:

"I hear, sir, that one of the large dry-goods firms near here has raised the wages of its boys. I think if those people can afford it, this firm ought to do it too. This is why I made up my mind to strike for the advance."

"And you consider yourself upon strike now, do you?"

"Well, yes, sir. I may as well say that I do."

"Anything else?"

"I think the fines for coming late ought to be lowered."

"Humph! And you propose to stand out for this?"

"Yes, sir, I do. A cash or errand boy's life is hard enough, and I think he ought to stand out for as high wages as are given to boys anywhere in the city."

This speech called forth a hum of applause from the other lads, who now seemed to regard Ned as their champion. Mr. Shaw's cool glance was disconcerting, however, and compelled silence.

There was an awkward pause, during which Ned had time to reflect upon his boldness, and the others to wonder what was coming. Finally, the junior partner spoke, surveying the throng for a moment, and letting his gaze rest upon the top of Ned's head:

"My young man, I am confident you will find, upon investigation, that the wages we give are quite as high as those paid by any other firm, and the fines no more than those usually imposed. I understand you have done well in the store. The superintendent makes a good report of you. Yet you are the only boy on strike, it appears. Considering your favorable

record, your demands are not unreasonable. I will concede to you all you ask. Henceforth your wages will be four dollars a week, and your fine for coming late will be three cents. As you are usually punctual, it is really nominal. As for you other boys," he continued, sarcastically, "of course as, according to your own showing, you have nothing to ask for, I have no concessions to make to you. As a matter of fact, I happen to know positively that there is good ground for discharging every one of you on the spot. I am willing to give you another trial; but if I again hear any rumors like those which have reached me within the last day or two, each boy proved to be implicated will find himself out of a situation, and will never be re-engaged in this establishment under any consideration whatever. To the present indulgence I must make one exception. George Jeffreys, your services are no longer desired, and you may go at once. You are noted for idleness, and for making trouble both with the salesmen and among the boys. I will no longer have such a disturber in my employment. That is all I have to say."

Mr. Shaw turned on his heel and went back to the office.

The boys separated in a subdued manner. Ned lagged behind, not knowing how they would take his good fortune. A few of the more generous ones stopped to congratulate him, but the majority scowled jealously as they passed. George had bolted down the stairs ahead of the others, and made off in a rage.

"We were awful fools, that is a fact," whispered Charley to Jim Post, as they hurried out. "I saw Phil Taylor this afternoon; he sneaked over from Parker, Wendell's on some excuse or other. I tackled him again about the boys' raise, and he had to own up that they are not going to get it at all. The news was nothing but bosh."

"It might have been pretty expensive bosh for us if Mr. Shaw hadn't let us off easy," muttered Jim.

"It cost George his place," said Charley. "Too bad. But George will have to learn not to talk so much."

"Ned's all right, anyhow," laughed his chum.

"Ned's a level-headed fellow," Mallon answered, gravely. "If we had stood by him, instead of trying to back out, we would have fared a heap better. I could kick myself for being so mean."

Thus ended the great strike of the C. B. M. H. A.

(THE END.)

St. Felix of the Cobwebs.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

Many, many years ago the Roman Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians because they would not adore idols. Thousands were put to death, so that the streets of the cities were red with the blood of the martyrs. Especially in the town of Nola, about fourteen miles from Naples, there were many noble Christians who suffered; and perhaps the bravest of them all, the one who was the mainstay and support of the others, was St. Felix.

He was a pagan by birth, but God blessed him with the gift of faith; and so grateful was Felix, so earnest and fervent, that Heaven sent other favors—gave him power to work miracles and to suffer great torments for the sweet name of Christ. He was ordained priest and appointed successor of the Bishop of Nola; but, in his humility, he managed to have some one else take his place.

During the excitement against the Christians St. Felix was dragged to prison and suffered many torments; but in the night an angel threw open the doors

and broke his chains. Another time some soldiers met him in the market-place and asked him if he knew Felix the priest. He answered that he knew nothing good of him, so the soldiers passed on. However, they discovered their mistake, and were very angry. They returned in hot haste, but no Felix was to be found. And where do you suppose he was? Why, he had crept into a hole in an old ruined wall, and over the opening a spider had woven a wondrously thick web. "For sure he is not in there!" exclaimed the men. "See, it is covered with the cobwebs of years!" And Felix laughed softly to himself, and thanked Providence. Did ever cunning spider catch such a precious fly! So Felix lived retired for some time, protected by the spider's web—until the cruel Emperor died, when he was received back into the city as an angel sent from heaven.

St. Felix was lavish in his charity. He gave everything to the poor—bread, meat, clothes. If he had only one coat, he would exchange it for the miserable rags of some beggar. Dear, good, kind-hearted St. Felix, no wonder even the spiders befriended him!

On the fourteenth day of January the Church, in celebrating his feast, sings this beautiful prayer, and we would do well to repeat it:

"Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that by the examples of Thy saints we may be stirred up to a better life; and that while we keep their feasts we may also imitate their holy deeds."

Inscription on an Old Bell.

NO call the folks to church in time,
I chime;
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring;
When from the body parts the soul,
I toll.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 28.

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 26, 1895.

No. 4.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

A Thought from the Arabic.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THERE are two paths in life. One lies behind,—

The Past: a dream; the other waits before:
A hope, a vision, a desire. 'Tis kind

That the veiled Future, dumb, vouchsafes
no more.

Ah! did we live that when our thoughts
retrace

Time's well-worn path, the memory might
be sweet,

How calmly could we gaze in Death's
strange face,—

Desire, hope, vision, all a bliss complete!

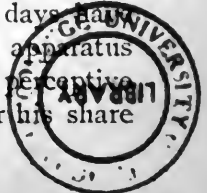
History and the Miraculous.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

FEW incredulists cherish any kind feeling for mere authority; but, nevertheless, the entire school expects men to submit their intelligence to the ukase of its own *ipse dixit*, and to do so with as much simplicity as was ever evinced by devout royalists when they doffed their caps before an edict issued, "*De par le Roi.*" We can fancy that we see, in every part of the habitable globe, placards warning God

that the school of "pure science," of "pure reason," of "rational criticism," denies His right to transcend the laws of His own creation. However, a very respectable number of persons contend that even in this progressive nineteenth century miracles do occur in our midst. The incredulist, inflated by the spirit of modern "criticism," may sneer as he reads of the faith displayed at the venerated shrines of Lourdes, or Ste. Anne de Beaupré by so many thousands of every age, condition, and mental calibre; but perforce he acknowledges that the ancient theories of the miraculous are not yet exploded.

In our day the sincere student of history thanks Providence—or mayhap something, probably the stars, which takes the place of Providence in his imagination—that he lives in a period of scientific criticism. If he has already acquired a certain amount of solid information as to the nature and history of the critical faculty, he realizes that a critical school is not a peculiar appanage of the nineteenth century: that the best modern scholars admit that the so-called Dark Ages witnessed the agitation of nearly all the questions that have been mooted and disputed in our days of presumed intellectual pre-eminence. However, this real student perceives that modern days have seen some advance in the apparatus wherewith man exercises his perceptive faculties; and he is grateful for his share



in the improvement. But does the school of scientific criticism always deserve its name? Or, rather, do all its professed devotees follow out in practice the principles inculcated by its canons, and which they really venerate so long as there is merely question of abstract theory? By no means, as we shall easily demonstrate. The rationalistic school can not close its eyes to the fact that Catholic scholars and—alas! it must be admitted—monks founded the most solid and severe school of historical criticism which the world has yet admired; but, despite this fact, the arrogant tribe proclaims that a Catholic has no place in historical science, since he is necessarily subservient to prejudices which are foreign to science. This proclamation is made whenever it is asserted that a narrative of a miracle is a mere legend, and that legends have no rights in history. In other words, Dom Mabillon, Dom Bouquet, and other founders of that school of historical erudition to which the Benedictines have given their name, are to be dismissed as incorrigible dunces.

We are asked to believe that miracles have no place in history; and therefore, since we do believe in miracles, to write ourselves down as outlaws in the historico-critical domain. But we would ask our rationalistic friends what method of historical criticism one should follow when, in the midst of his indagations, he finds himself face to face with a presumed occurrence which is certainly strange, and which Catholics insist upon styling a miracle. Is he to summarily dismiss the alleged fact as an impossibility? Prof. Huxley would reply in the negative. He frankly admits that the impossibility of miracles can not be sustained, but he knows of nothing which calls upon him to qualify the grave verdict of Hume: "There is not to be found in all history any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men of such unquestioned

goodness, education, and learning as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and, at the same time, attesting facts performed in such a public manner and in so celebrated a part of the world as to render the detection unavoidable; all of which circumstances are requisite to give us full assurance in the testimony of men." We do not propose to question the necessity of adopting these stringent canons; but, admitting the postulate of Hume, Huxley, and others of that ilk, we ask our rationalistic friends how they proceed in the contingency just mentioned.

If they are honest, they will candidly reply that when they meet a passage recording some strikingly strange event, their first and immediate proceeding is to note whether the narrative accords with their own preconceived ideas concerning the subject matter. They will avow that if, at this early stage of the investigation so-called, they discover that their notions have sustained no unpleasant shock, then, and only then, will they bring the canons of criticism to bear upon the point at issue. It is only when they have assured themselves that there is no likelihood of contagion from the new applicant for admittance into their self-arrogated domain that they deign to lift the quarantine, and allow the detained to become amenable to those canons which are at once invoked in every other class of cases. Then, indeed, will be heard the usual challenges: Where and how did this narrative originate? Who was its author? Does he merit credit? What means of verifying his story did he enjoy? and so on. We suppose, of course, that our rationalistic friends are true students and well-equipped critics; for these interrogatories imply an intricate in-

vestigation; and the audacious individual who would omit them in a matter of any moment would not deserve the name of scholar, let him be Catholic or rationalist. Now, we imagine that most of our readers have opined that the ordinary canons of criticism should be put into practice before any use of, or at least independently of, the quarantine regimen which the advocates of "pure reason" so zealously enforce. We shall illustrate our position and that of these gentry by two examples.

In the year 484 Huneric, King of the Vandals, an obstinate Arian, who was then master of the Mediterranean coast of Africa, and had begun a cruel persecution of all Catholics who would not deny the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, one day ordered that several of the recalcitrants should have their tongues plucked out at the roots. Six contemporary authors record that after their mutilation the victims continued to proclaim the divinity of our Saviour in as audible and distinct tones as had hitherto been natural to them. These six writers are: Victor, Bishop of Vite;* the Emperor Justinian, the third successor of Zeno;† Æneas of Gaza;‡ Procopius;§ the Count Marcellinus;|| and Victor, Bishop of Tunon.¶ Furthermore, these six authors tell us that the martyrs proceeded to Constantinople, where the Emperor Zeno attested the prodigy. Four of these authors say that they examined the mouths of the victims, and that they heard them talk.

It is useless to object that perhaps the entire tongues were not cut out;* and that the "Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences" of Paris make mention of two persons who had no tongues, but nevertheless could talk. In these latter cases there were remaining small portions of the original tongues; and even with

those portions, as the examining surgeons reported, the unfortunates could talk only with very great effort, and their utterances were unintelligible articulations rather than comprehensible words. On the other hand, an inspection of the mouths of the martyrs of Typasis revealed not a vestige of a tongue, and the emitted tones were precisely such as would have been produced by organs in normal condition. Now, if four eye-witnesses, men respectable by their worldly rank, by their learning and probity of life, do not form good historical testimony, we know not where to find any. Let the reader apply the criterions insisted upon by Hume and Huxley to the testimony in favor of this miracle. He will find that it will stand the test. Our witnesses could not have conspired to palm off an impudent fraud upon a credulous world; for some of them wrote in Africa and others in Constantinople. And mark that they all agree in the substance of their narratives, while their simplicity and positiveness are indicative of sincerity.

The narrative for which we now ask attention concerns St. Martin of Tours. It is related by Sulpicius Severus, a writer with whom the learned among our opponents are well acquainted, and whom they esteem as a reliable authority, whenever their preconceptions do not interfere with their sanity of judgment. One day it happened that while St. Martin was walking in the neighborhood of Chartres a weeping father besought him to give speech to his daughter, who had been mute from her birth. By the power of God the Saint complied with the request; and one Evagrius, a priest who witnessed the event, related it to Severus, who recorded it in his book. Here is an author who is not only contemporary with the subject of his story, but who knew him well, who lived long among the disciples of the Saint, and heard their testimony

* Thus urges the translator of Mosheim.

* "Hist. Persec. Vandal," B. V.

† "Codex," B. I., tit. 27.

‡ In Dial. "Theophrastes."

§ "De Bello Vand.," B. I., ch. 8.

|| "Chronicon." ¶ Ibid.

concerning the prodigies performed by him, and whom, therefore, we must suppose to have been well equipped for the work of preparing an accurate account of the life and deeds of the great prelate. His book, multiplied into thousands of copies while he yet lived, has come down to us intact, and with as sure guarantees of authenticity as is possessed by any ancient manuscript. There is still preserved in Verona a copy which was contemporary with Sulpicius, an exceptional case in the matter of a work of the fourth century. Now, according to all the rules of ordinarily sound criticism, the narrative of Sulpicius Severus concerning the adduced miracle by St. Martin of Tours ought to inspire confidence in the credibility of that prodigy.

But our rationalistic friends will not view the matter in this light. With a contemptuous shrug, they dismiss both the well-attested miracle of St. Martin and the equally well-proved prodigy which occurred among the Vandals. And why? Merely because they are presented as miracles. We are told that rules of criticism do not exist for such narratives. In fine, the results of an investigation which has been conducted in scrupulous accordance with the canons adopted and consecrated by these same devotees of "pure reason," of "scientific criticism," must go for nothing whenever those results contradict the rationalistic manner of thought on the Deity, the immortality of the soul, or, for that matter, on anything else. And this is the same as saying that incredulist criticism diametrically reverses the position which criticism ought to occupy. Criticism should lead us to a knowledge of the truth. That which one may happen to regard as truth before any preliminary examination has been held, should not impose its limitations upon criticism. Why will not our rationalistic critics be content with treating an alleged miracle as they would any other alleged fact?

Why not subject it to the same verifying process? When the alleged miraculous appears on the pages of history, let all sincere critics pronounce judgment on it, with eyes directed simply on the question of fact, without any preliminary reflections, direct or indirect, upon even the existence of the supernatural. There will be sufficient time afterward to decide whether the event must be regarded in a natural or supernatural light. We ask for no more than this; and this is mere justice, plain common-sense.

We can scarcely believe that atheistical and Protestant critics will ever adopt this course. It is much more easy to settle every question as to the truth of an alleged miracle with a smart sally of words,—with a feeble attempt at a joke. Mayhap such conduct is prudent; for the frivolous travesties of ratiocination generally presented by the giants of agnostic criticism can not withstand the shock of the evidence which leads the Roman Congregation of Rites to proclaim the miraculous nature of a given occurrence. When Joseph II., the philosophistic emperor and "sacristy-sweep" of Austria, visited the Eternal City during the conclave of 1769, which resulted in the election of Pope Clement XIV., he had resolved, like a true philosopher, to ridicule everything papal; and, among other enterprises, he sought to belittle the precautions taken by the Sacred Congregation in cases of canonization. Having requested to be allowed to examine some evidence regarding an alleged miracle then being considered by the tribunal, he obtained it; took it home and subjected it to a hypercritically thorough investigation. The result was not what the pupil of Kaunitz had fondly anticipated; and he was constrained to remark, when returning the documents, that if all the testimony favoring the truth of "Roman miracles" were as conclusive as that which he had just weighed in his rationalistic

balance, no sane jurist would reject it. Judge of the imperial consternation when he learned that the Congregation of Rites had rejected as insufficient the evidence which he had deemed satisfactory. We do not know whether Joseph II. again feigned to condemn Roman views of the miraculous; but we do know that if our contemporaries of the pretendedly scientific school of historical criticism were to peruse the documents just mentioned they would simply resort to ridicule. With the rank and file of men, ridicule succeeds where reason would fail. Few men are capable of sustaining the painful march of argumentation; and still smaller is the number of those who are above being influenced by a brilliant display of wit. Even educated and thinking persons not unfrequently succumb to raillery, and prefer vivacity to truth.

Nuestra Señora.

A STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC.

IV.—PARTINGS.

THE grief in the manor-house at the departure of Arthur for "furrin parts" was echoed in every home in the surrounding country. It fell upon the primitive community with the weight of a heavy blow. "The Masther," as he was familiarly termed, was loved by every man, woman and child in the barony. He was always cheery, always gave joyous greeting, was always the courteous gentleman. And does not the word gentleman mean truth, honor, courage, and fidelity? Purple and fine linen make a very sorry apology for a gentleman. The rank, indeed, is but the guinea stamp; the man, like yellow gold, must ring true. Arthur Bodkin of

Ballyboden was a gentleman in the best sense of the term, and his word, in the most trifling as well as the most important matter, was a bond that knew no default. Father Edward had gone over the ground very carefully: had weighed the *pros* and the *cons*; had discussed Mexico from every standpoint; had turned the question of Arthur's future over and under and sideways. He reasoned that if the young fellow remained at home, there was the terrible element of idleness to contend against,—the hidden rock upon which so many a gallant bark has foundered and gone down to the awful depth of eternal perdition.

The good Father, having had experience of three generations of Bodkins, recognized the strain of stubborn determination that ran through their blue blood, and felt that to push matters to extremities was not only courting defeat, but possible disaster. Assuming that Arthur, in obedience to the wishes of his mother, consented to wed for money; pitiful money, the marriage bells would but ring a death knell in his heart, killing the God-given grace of a pure young love,—a first love, which is as holy as a prayer.

Then, again, the spirit of adventure had burst into blossom within the young fellow's bosom. Mexico! that land where the True Cross was planted by the most fearless band of men that ever drew bolt or blade. Mexico! that land of romance, where the wooing breezes were laden with subtle and unknown perfumes. To the fresh, ardent, impressionable mind of a youth like Arthur Bodkin, Mexico was a veritable land of Aladdin.

Father Edward also foresaw that in the whirl and excitement of a new country, new people, new language and new customs, there was a possible chance that love might be set aside for sturdier adventure, and that the atmosphere of a lady's *boudoir* would prove somewhat stifling

in comparison with the perfume-laden breezes of the Sierras. In other words, that Arthur's love for Alice Nugent might cool off, and that the same influence which would reduce the gentleman's ardor might equally affect the lady.

The dear old priest, well aware of the impoverished condition of the Bodkins, resolved that Arthur should set forth equipped as became the representative of a grand old Irish family; and from the resources of a venerable oaken chest he brought to light about one hundred golden guineas of ancient coinage, and fifty one-pound notes of the Bank of Ireland. This little hoard had accumulated during forty long years, and was mentally held in trust for the relief of the Bodkins should ever sharp or sudden crisis call for a sum of ready money.

Father Edward had sent the "hard word" round through Con Dolan, "the priest's boy," that a small subscription, as a testimonial of affection to Bodkin, would prove not only a graceful but a very substantial recognition; and no less a sum than seventy-three pounds, fifteen shillings, and nine pence halfpenny was collected within a radius of ten miles. Tom Casey, the schoolmaster, was deputed to deliver the oration,—a duty which, while it gratified his very highest ambition, nearly plunged the worthy pedagogue into the hapless tortures of a brain fever.

The neighboring gentry from every side of the county came bowling over to Ballyboden,—some in superbly turned-out carriages, others in village carts or on outside cars, and a large number on horseback.

"I never seen the like of it since the meetin' at Tara," old Phil Burke was heard to say, in tones of wondering admiration.

Joe O'Hara, who kept the general shop at Knockdrin, sent Bodkin a present of woollens more fitted to do battle with the cold at the north pole than the sultry

suns of the Tierra Caliente; and Peter Finigan, the horse-dealer, rode up to Ballyboden on a cob fit for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he insisted upon leaving in the stable.

"Bedad, sir, I want for to see you mounted better than any of the Mossoos out there; and that baste will take the consait out of them, or me name's not Peter Finigan."

In vain Arthur explained that the conveying of the cob to Mexico would cost as much as for himself, if not more; and that as yet he, Arthur, did not exactly know where his own passage money was to come from.

"Lave the cob to me, sir," said Peter. "Just tell me where he is to be delivered, and it's done. Where is Mexico, anyway? So it is Africa or Asia or Turkey, it's all wan to me, Masther Arthur. That cob will be rode by you wherever you are going." And, finding that Arthur was silent, he whispered in his ear: "I'll deliver him in Dublin, at Sewalls, in Lower Mount Street. And—and—sure he ought to fetch two hundred and fifty, anyhow." And the honest fellow rushed from the stable-yard as if the hounds were after him.

In pursuance of an invitation from Father Edward, Lady Bodkin, with her three children, repaired to the priest's neat little thatched house, where a deputation of the leading inhabitants of the village received them, the many-headed, filling up the front garden and the backyard, every coigne of vantage being eagerly taken advantage of. Father Edward deemed it wiser to bring the family to his house than to allow the presentation to take place at Ballyboden; as, in the case of the latter, the traditional hospitality of that famous mansion would be called into requisition,—a burden which, alas! it was now but feebly prepared to bear.

In the parlor the portrait of Daniel O'Connell beamed down upon Lady

Emily, who, with her daughters, was led to the seat of honor—a horsehair-covered sofa that shone like silver. Arthur was placed standing upon her right hand, while Father Edward took the left, ceaselessly mopping his face and head with a crimson bandana; for so intense was his excitement that he was perspiring as though in a Turkish bath.

After a few preparatory coughs and a very pronounced clearing of his throat, and with a bow that would have done credit to the Count of St. Germain, the orator of the day, Tom Casey, proceeded to deliver an address that, for resounding and lengthy words, trope, allegory, and metaphor, has scarcely ever been equalled, and never—oh, never!—surpassed.

This wonderful address opened with—

"The arméd heel of Hernando Cortez plunged into the tawny sands laved by the heaving billows that passionately bounded into the outstretched arms of the New World he was about to subjugate."

The learned and eloquent Casey then touched upon the history of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, and gradually led up, in the most flowery language, to the conquest of Mexico by Bodkin of Ballyboden.

At this juncture the cheering from the front garden, aided by the backyard contingent, so completely drowned the orator that he was compelled to bring his oration to a conclusion almost in dumb show; and finally ended by placing in Arthur Bodkin's hands the well-filled purse, the golden guineas clinking cheerily during their transit.

Lady Emily and her daughters wept copiously during the entire discourse, vigorously aided and abetted by such of the women folk as were within earshot. Father Edward flourished his red handkerchief and blew his nose; while poor Arthur stood blushing like a school-girl, his eyes on the floor, his hands in and out of his pockets every other minute.

But when Tom Casey presented the purse as "a small tribute of love and affection from the old tenants to Bodkin of Ballyboden," the poor young fellow was so totally overcome that he burst into a fit of sobbing over which he had not the slightest control.

"Let us all come into the church," exclaimed Father Edward, by a happy inspiration; "and then I will give him my blessing, and we will wish him God-speed."

Bodkin, supporting his mother on his arm, led the way in silence, the people following almost noiselessly; and Father Edward, mounting the steps of the altar, uttered a solemn blessing upon the fortunes of the hero of this story.

It was indeed a touching and beautiful sight—the venerable priest, eyes and hands uplifted, the last rays of the setting sun lighting the glory in his face and surmounting his head as with a nimbus; while the kneeling people followed his words in sweet, low murmurs.

"I will celebrate the seven o'clock Mass at six to-morrow morning, my dearly beloved children," said Father Edward. "As Mr. Bodkin must take the early train for Dublin, I expect that every one of you will approach the altar, and make his departure from amongst us a day of grace and light."

Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden served Father Edward's Mass upon that memorable morning, as he had done when a very small boy; and the entire congregation subsequently escorted him to the railway station.

A huge giant, in a brand new suit of corduroys, whose shining and joyous face literally glowed in the morning light, presided over the luggage.

"Two thrunks, sir; wan hat case; wan gun case; two rugs; wan hand-bag. The thrunks is in the van and the rest in here,"—pointing to the empty compartment of a first-class carriage.

"Thank you, Rody,"—putting his hand in his pocket for a shilling wherewith to reward the smiling giant.

"That's all right, sir! Here's yer ticket. First class to Broadstone. If ye want anything on the road, sir, I'm in the third class."

"What does this mean?" asked Bodkin, glancing from the yellow pasteboard ticket to the smiling visage of the donor.

"It manes, Mr. Bodkin, that whin they tould me that ye wor goin' to furrin parts, I knew that ye'd want a boy; and who could sarve ye bettther nor the son av the man that sarved yer father—God rest his sowl!—or the grandson av the man that *your* grandfather saved at Watherloo—his sojer sarvint? I gev up me place at Lord Inchiquin's, tuk me money out av the savin's-bank, and here I am—glory be to God!—reddy to folly ye to the ind av the earth, as me father and grandfather done before me."

"Get into your compartment, Mr. Bodkin, if *you* please!" cried an excited, yellow-bearded guard, gently pushing the stupefied Arthur toward the carriage. "We are two minutes late, sir."

As the train commenced to move, Father Edward exclaimed, still holding Arthur's hand:

"Remember our Irish proverb, Arthur: 'God's help is nearer than the door.'"

And a wild cheer went up from the assembled crowd as the train bore away, in search of fame and fortune, Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden.

(To be continued.)

THE crucifix preaches as no mortal tongue can do of the divine nature of that forgiveness so hard for human hearts to practise.—*Christian Reid.*

IN the man whose childhood has known tender caresses, there always remains a fibre of memory which can be touched to gentle issues.

Robert Southwell and His Friends.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

THE Jesuit historians, Father Tanner, in his book on the martyrs of the Society, and Father Juvencius in his history of the Order, give us fearful descriptions of what Father Southwell underwent. He was subjected ten times to torments so atrocious that, at his trial, he called God to witness that he would rather have endured so many deaths. He was hung from the wall by his hands, with a sharp circle of iron round each wrist, pressing on the arteries; his legs were bent backward, and his heels tied to his thighs. He once spent seven long hours in this position, while Topcliffe went to the city on business.

During the whole time he was asked endless questions as to the houses he had visited, the confessions he had heard, the Catholics whom he had met. But he answered nothing, except that he was a priest and a Jesuit, and that he had come to England to win souls to Christ. At times he ejected a quantity of blood, and often he seemed to be dying. Topcliffe, whom the Lords of the Council had permitted to torture him to any extent "short of death," would then take him down and sprinkle him with distilled waters until he revived. As soon as he had recovered consciousness, he was hung up again and his agony continued. Even Sir Robert Cecil, the bitter enemy of the Catholics, expressed his admiration for the fortitude that made his victim endure a torment far more painful than the rack, without betraying his faith or his friends by a single word.

The saintly prisoner was so patient, his countenance so sweet, his general demeanor so gentle and yet so heroic,

that Topcliffe's servant, who was left to watch him, looked upon him as a saint. Throughout those hours of agony he kept repeating: "My God and my All! God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God! *Deus tibi se, tu te Illi*,"—words that he had written in his private notes in the old peaceful days at Rome.

Reports of the scenes that took place daily and hourly in Topcliffe's house, of the Jesuit's heroism amidst atrocious sufferings, gradually spread throughout London and excited an outburst of indignation. Cecil himself got alarmed, and, feigning to blame Topcliffe for having overstepped the instructions he had received, he ordered Father Southwell to be removed to the Gatehouse prison.

Southwell must have been exhausted, physically and mentally, by the ordeal he had undergone. He maintained a strict silence upon all he had suffered; only two years later, amidst circumstances of peculiar gravity, did he reveal the awful secrets of Topcliffe's torture house. The commissioners who visited him at the Gatehouse affirmed that he seemed more like a stone than a man. He was utterly helpless and unable to use his hands; his clothes were filled with vermine; his sores had festered and swarmed with worms; his bones protruded through his skin; his hair and beard were unkempt, and his whole appearance inexpressibly shocking.

After some time his father was allowed to visit him. The old English squire's blood was roused at the sight, and he wrote to the Queen, requesting that his son should be executed if he was guilty, or else "treated like a gentleman." Elizabeth replied by giving orders for the prisoner's removal to the Tower, where he remained for over two years, at his father's expense—from September, 1592, to February, 1595. The Queen allowed his father to send him some clothes and the books he asked for—a Bible and the works of St. Bernard.

Of the martyr's life during his captivity in the Tower we have few details. He was kept in close confinement, and we are left to imagine how he employed the long days and nights of absolute solitude. His sister, Mrs. Bannister, was allowed to visit him once or twice; and some of his penitents, who disguised themselves and got into the Tower garden under the pretence of buying flowers, caught a glimpse of his face at the window of his cell. Deeply moved at the sight, they knelt down, heedless of danger, to receive his blessing. He was probably deprived of writing materials; for after his death his superior, Father Garnett, obtained possession of his breviary, and found his favorite ejaculation, "*Deus meus et omnia. Deus tibi se, tu te Illi*," pricked on the pages with a pin.

We would fain know also if Father Southwell had the joy of communicating with his spiritual son, Lord Arundel, who, like himself, was a prisoner in the Tower. These two, so closely bound by ties of mutual love and confidence, spent thirty months within a few paces of each other. Lord Arundel's French historian, Monsieur Rio, tells us that, by bribing the jailer, they were able, at rare intervals, and for a short time, to converse together. But details are wanting, and the Jesuit historians are mute on this point.

After two years' imprisonment in the Tower, we find Father Southwell writing to Cecil, to request that his friends might be allowed to visit him, or else that he might be brought to trial to clear himself of the charges against him. Cecil savagely exclaimed that if he was in a hurry to be hanged, he should be gratified; and soon afterward the Jesuit prisoner was transferred from the Tower to Newgate, where he was thrust into an underground hole called Limbo. Here he was kept for two days, in total darkness; but he was encouraged, we are told, by the remembrance of the many holy confessors of the faith

whose prayers and sufferings had sanctified his prison.

Two days after his removal to Newgate, on the 20th of February, 1595, Father Southwell was brought to trial before the King's Bench at Westminster. If details are wanting as to his long imprisonment in the Tower, all the incidents of his trial and agony have been carefully recorded by the Catholics present, and we are able to follow him step by step during the last days of his life. Before leaving Newgate for Westminster, he said, with great cheerfulness, that "his heart was full of joy." He knew now that the palms for which he had longed since his boyish days in Paris were at last within his grasp; for that a priest and a Jesuit under the reign of Elizabeth should be brought to trial was equivalent to a sentence of death.

Father Southwell was accused of being an agent of the King of Spain, a conspirator and a traitor. His bearing throughout the whole proceeding was singularly dignified. He listened with admirable patience to the insulting and absurd accusations that were heaped upon him; and whenever he was allowed to speak, he proved clearly and forcibly that he had never, in the smallest matter, wavered in his allegiance to his sovereign, "whom I obey in all things," he added, "save in matters of faith." He then went on to say, as he had done in Topcliffe's house, that he was a priest of the Society of Jesus, who had come to England, not indeed to conspire against the Queen, but to preach the Catholic faith, and, if needs be, to seal his testimony with his blood.

Only once during his trial did the prisoner's voice thrill with indignation. It was when the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, alluded to the Queen's "mild treatment" of him. For a moment the gentle martyr became a stern avenger of truth, and in an earnest voice, that went straight to the hearts of the spectators, he revealed for the first time the awful

secrets of Topcliffe's torture house. Topcliffe, who was present, broke into a violent rage; he loaded the martyr with insults, and accused him of falsehood. "Thou torturer," replied the prisoner, "what torments have I not endured in thy house, more inhuman than any rack or scaffold? These feet upon which I can hardly stand, these hands torn by your iron points, the blood that still stains your pavement, tell the leniency of your hospitality and of your heart." Topcliffe cried out that he would like to "blow all the Jesuits into dust." His blind fury contrasted with the calm earnestness of Father Southwell's demeanor as he stood face to face with his tormentor.

Nevertheless, in spite of his evident innocence, Robert Southwell was condemned in the usual form: "To be drawn to Tyburn upon a hurdle, and there to be hanged and cut down alive; his head to be struck off, his body to be quartered and disposed of at her Majesty's pleasure." As the fearful sentence echoed through the hall, the martyr's pale countenance seemed radiant with joy, and we are told that "he gave great thanks." He was led back to Newgate on foot, and on the way he was greeted by many of his acquaintances, who had come to see him pass.

A valuable manuscript, preserved at Stonyhurst College, contains an account of Father Southwell's last days on earth. It was written by Father Garnett from the testimony of eye-witnesses. It tells us how the martyr's friends were impressed by his cheerfulness and holy peace; how even his jailer at Newgate was so struck by his sweetness and patience "that he resolved upon a better state of life for the saving of his soul."

Early on the 21st of February Father Southwell was roused by his keeper, who informed him that it was time to start for Tyburn. "I thank you most heartily for this good news," said the prisoner, and he cheerfully prepared for his last

journey. As the mournful procession proceeded to the place of execution, through the wet and muddy London streets, many marks of respect greeted the confessor. An old peasant who passed near the hurdle cried out: "God in heaven bless and strengthen you!" And, in spite of the reproaches of the escort, the good old man continued to pray aloud for the martyr, who lay on the hurdle, his hands clasped in prayer and his eyes raised to heaven. A few steps farther on a lady, who was related to the Southwells, drew near and begged the Father to pray for her. "Good cousin," he replied, "I thank you. I beg you also to pray for me." Then, with gentle courtesy, he desired her to take care lest the horses that drew the hurdle should injure her; and advised her to retire, as her evident sympathy might expose her to persecution.

When he came in sight of the gallows, he was observed to raise himself as well as he could, and a bright smile overspread his countenance as he gazed on the scene of his final struggle. On arriving, he got off the hurdle, and was made to mount a cart which stood under the gallows. He was seen to wipe his mouth and face with a handkerchief, which he threw among the crowd, toward a member of the Society of Jesus, whose name is not mentioned, but who was present, closely disguised. This may have been a preconcerted signal for absolution to be given. He then asked leave to speak; and, having obtained permission, he made a touching discourse, in which he asked pardon of God for his sins, and protested that he died a loyal subject of the Queen. "I have daily prayed for her," he said, "that she may both please and glorify God, advance the happiness of our country, and purchase to herself the preservation and salvation of her body and soul." He then went on to pray for his "poor country," and to offer his life to God for "the comfort of many others." He ended thus:

"I do acknowledge and confess that I am a priest of the Catholic and Roman Church and of the Society of Jesus, and I thank God most highly for it."

The executioner then stripped him of his upper clothing and put the halter round his neck, while a Protestant minister kept harassing him with theological questions and arguments. The martyr gently begged him to desist. "Leave me alone, good sir," he said; "trouble me not. For God's sake let me alone. I die a Catholic, and hope to be saved by the death and Passion of our Saviour." He kept on praying aloud with great earnestness, and the words he uttered were distinctly heard by the Catholics who stood near the cart: "Blessed Virgin, angels and saints of heaven, assist me! I desire all Catholics to pray for me. *Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, et omnes sancti Dei, orate et intercedite pro me. Deus meus et omnia.*" When the cart was drawn from under him and he was left hanging, he still murmured: "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*"

The knot of the halter seems to have been awkwardly made; and, to add to the horror of the scene, the martyr remained hanging "a good space," says an eyewitness, perfectly conscious, with his eyes wide open. His right hand continued to strike his breast, and he even attempted to make the Sign of the Cross! At last the hangman pulled his legs violently, to put an end to his agony; and, continues the manuscript we have already quoted, "he then happily yielded up his blessed soul, closed his eyes, and looked most happy."

One of the officers present proposed to cut him down alive, according to the strict letter of the law; but the people, who had been impressed by his gentleness and his courage, would not permit it. And our manuscript observes that "no one spoke any evil word against him"; and that a Protestant lord even expressed the wish that

when he died his soul might go with his.

The next day Father Henry Garnett wrote to the Father General, to tell him of the glorious triumph of his spiritual son. "I present to your paternity," he writes, "a lovely flower, . . . an invincible soldier, a most faithful disciple and a courageous martyr of Christ, my beloved brother and companion, now my patron reigning with Christ."

Thus at the early age of thirty-three, in the prime of manhood, died Robert Southwell, one of the most gifted and amiable of the noble confessors whose sufferings glorified the Catholic Church under the reign of Elizabeth.

We can not close this brief sketch of Father Southwell's life and labors without taking leave of his beloved friends, the Earl and Countess of Arundel. Six months after the execution of his spiritual father, Lord Arundel, who was still a close prisoner in the Tower, fell suddenly ill. It is generally believed that he was poisoned; at any rate, after a violent attack of sickness presenting all the symptoms of poison, he gradually wasted away. In vain he begged to see a priest: his request was barbarously spurned. He then begged to see his wife and children, but this also was refused, unless he consented to apostatize. Every earthly consolation being denied him, the noble prisoner turned all his thoughts toward heaven; and his patience, resignation, and faith seemed daily to increase as his bodily strength diminished. He soon became too weak to leave his bed. He used then to lie all day on his poor couch, his rosary in his hand, and with such a look of superhuman peace on his pale, wan face that the lieutenant of the Tower fell on his knees before him in an agony of remorse and regret for his harsh treatment of one so patient. The Earl gravely and sweetly assured him of his full forgiveness. He lay there, repeating pious ejaculations in a low voice, till at

last, on the 19th of October, 1595, the end came; and without a struggle, the name of Jesus on his lips and his eyes raised to heaven, Philip Howard gave back to God a soul purified by eleven years' cruel imprisonment.

Seven or eight days before, he had made certain notes in his calendar, and had mapped out his prayers and pious practices for the week. When he came to Sunday, October 19, he paused, closed his book and said to his servant, "Hitherto and no further,"—words that the man remembered when exactly on the 19th of October his master breathed his last.

The deaths of Father Southwell and her husband left Lady Arundel alone in the world. Although the Queen had cruelly rejected her petition to join her captive husband and share his fate, she must have been comforted by the knowledge that, in spite of prison bars, his soul was more closely united to hers than in the days of his freedom and prosperity. The thought of the wife whom he had wronged never left Philip Howard in his prison. Shortly before his death he wrote thus: "Mine own good wife, I most humbly beseech you, of your charity, to forgive me all whereinsoever I have offended you. . . . I call God to witness it is no small grief to me that I can not make you recompense in this world for all the wrongs I have done you." And to a friend he wrote: "Tell my wife that, if I live, next to the comfort I shall reap in having opportunity to make satisfaction by penance for my offences against God, my greatest joy will be that thereby I shall show her what a great desire I have to make amends for the cruel injuries I have done her." And to Father Southwell the prisoner repeatedly expressed the same sentiments.

For years Lady Arundel had led a life of retirement and prayer, but from the time of her husband's death she seems to have given herself up yet more completely

to works of charity. She was a generous benefactress to the hunted priests and to the persecuted Catholics. The Society of Jesus, to whom she and her husband owed their conversion, had a special claim on her gratitude, and she founded at Ghent a house of studies for the English Jesuits.

In the midst of the perils and temptations of those dark times, she trembled for her children's souls; and when her daughter, an innocent and holy child, died at the age of fifteen, we find her writing, with a feeling of relief: "My Bess is gone to heaven. If it were God's will, I wish the other were as well gone after her." That "other," her son Thomas, caused her many tears. She brought him up as a Catholic; but, under King James I., she had the grief of witnessing his apostasy; although he seems to have remained an attentive and affectionate son to his mother, whose life was prolonged till the year 1630.

She died at Shiffnal in Shropshire, surrounded by all the consolations of the faith she had so dearly loved, fortified by the Sacraments, and with the happiness of seeing the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass daily offered up in her sick room. Her remains were carried to Arundel, and laid in the vault where, some years before, she had obtained leave to transfer the bones of her martyred husband.

If to-day the Catholic Church is flourishing at Arundel, where Philip Arundel's lineal descendant is its faithful, devoted and most fervent son, may we not believe that it is owing to the patient courage and heroic resignation with which the martyred Earl and his saintly wife drank their cup of sorrow to the dregs? The blood of martyrs has always been the seed from which the Church reaps her rich harvest of souls; and the martyrdom of Philip Arundel and of Anne Dacre was scarcely less cruel than that of their friend and father, Robert Southwell.

(The End.)

January, 1895.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

HIS breath is bitter cold
Who leads the little year,
The baby feet are bold,
The eyes are wondrous clear.

I reach my arms to greet
The darling of the time:
"Come here and tell me, sweet,
The meaning of the chime.

"I hear a thousand bells
Ring out across the snow,
The word their music spells
'Tis only you that know."

It ran to me and laid
Its hand against my knee,
And laughed: "Be not afraid
That evil comes with me.

"I bring the spring sunbeam
To tremble on the plow,
The crystal pools that gleam
Beneath the blossomed bough;

"The fragrant wind of June
To shake the silvered wheat,
The golden harvest-moon
The orchard's splendor fleet.

"Take this for all who live,—
This message of the year:
The Father's hand will give
To each some hope and cheer."

EXCEPTING Mary, the fairest rose in the paradise of God has had upon it blight, and has had the risk of canker-worm and locust. All but Mary. She from the first was perfect in her sweetness and her beautifulness. And at length when the Angel Gabriel had to come to her, he found her "full of grace"; which had, from her good use of it, accumulated in her from the first moment of her being.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Sir John Thompson.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

THE premature death of Sir John S. B. Thompson removes from the arena of Canadian political life one of its most remarkable personalities. He had risen to the first position in the Dominion with unparalleled swiftness; he died, under the most dramatic circumstances, at the moment when his brilliant career had reached its climax.

Sir John was born in Halifax, in November, 1844, of Irish parentage,—his father having emigrated from Waterford, Ireland. In 1859 the future Prime Minister began the study of law, devoting himself also to stenography, and attaining almost immediate success in reporting the debates of the local House of Assembly. In his twenty-first year he was admitted to the bar, and soon afterward married Miss Affleck, of Halifax. His career as a lawyer was exceptionally prosperous, and in 1879 he was made Queen's Councillor.

After having honorably filled the offices of alderman and chairman of the school board, he was elected representative of Antigonish in the Provincial House of Assembly, being given the portfolio as attorney-general in the following year, under the Holmes administration. On the retirement of Mr. Holmes from the leadership, Mr. Thompson became the head of the Government.

In 1881, when only in his thirty-eighth year, he gained what is said to have been the goal of his boyish ambition: he was made Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. It was characteristic of the man that he forthwith resolved to devote at least five hours daily to the study of law.

In 1885, although but little known outside of his own province, he was called to Ottawa by the sagacious and clear-

sighted Sir John A. Macdonald to fill the important office of Minister of Justice. Never was a man better fitted for the position assigned him; though it was at a sacrifice of his personal preference for the quieter paths of his profession that he resigned his judgeship to enter the arena of federal politics. His intimate knowledge of law served him at this juncture, and to it the country is indebted for the preparation of numberless statutes beneficial to public and private interests.

His subsequent career led him from distinction to distinction, from honor to honor. In the famous Fishery Treaty of 1887 Sir John took a prominent and much-applauded part, acting as legal adviser to the British plenipotentiaries. For his services upon this occasion he was knighted, receiving the Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In the Behring Strait negotiations at Paris last year he won the respect and admiration of his colleagues by the clearness and vigor of his judgment, his firmness, impartiality, and the conscientious discharge of his responsibilities.

After the death of Sir John Macdonald, and a brief interregnum, filled by the late Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson became Prime Minister of Canada,—an office which he filled in such manner as to command the respect of his bitterest opponents. On October 29 he sailed for Europe, seeking rest from his arduous labors, and at the same time transacting public business. On December 12 he was sworn in as member of her Majesty's Privy Council; and having attained this high honor, died suddenly a short time after leaving the council chamber.

This impressive *memento mori*, however, comes to us, happily for the dead statesman, not as a warning of the futility of earthly honors, but as a reminder of how those very honors could be attained without sacrifice of principle or weakening of conviction.

Soon after his marriage Sir John Thompson had become a Catholic, not in name alone, but in sincerity and truth. When friends attempted to dissuade him from his change of faith on the ground that it would interfere with a promising career, he replied that, if the worst happened, he was a good stenographer, and could in that way gain a livelihood; but that he could not in any case sacrifice conviction to expediency. As the years went on, he, the rising lawyer, the judge, the statesman, above all the Minister of Justice and Premier of Canada, was exposed to bitterest obloquy because of his conversion to the Church. When urged to defend his course he answered: "I owe no man an account of the faith that is in me." And never, by word or sign, did he publicly reply to such attacks.

In his practice he was equally consistent. Unostentatiously, perseveringly, devoutly, he obeyed the precepts of the Church. He heard Mass daily when possible; he was at least a monthly communicant, and a founder and special promoter of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa. It was the writer's good fortune to hear him, in his peculiarly well-modulated and impressive voice, address that association upon its character and aims. One of the most masterly of the late Premier's speeches in the House of Commons was upon the famous Jesuit Estates Bill, in which, in his usual dispassionate and forcible manner, he defended the Jesuit Order and the validity of its claim.

Seldom in the providence of God is granted to man so bountiful an earthly reward for sacrifices made in behalf of truth. The Dominion of Canada is ringing from end to end with encomiums upon the dead statesman. Men of every creed—Methodists (to which sect he formerly belonged), Presbyterians, Anglicans, and Jews—are all united in a grand tribute of praise and respect, not alone to his qualities as a statesman, his genius for public

affairs, his skill as a debater, and his pre-eminence as a juriconsult; but to his worth, to his exemplary character, to his conscientious fulfilment of public as well as private duties. And his fame in this hour of his death is international. English statesmen and publicists, themselves of the highest eminence, Frenchmen and Americans, have acknowledged his rare gifts and his high integrity. And this is the more remarkable when it is remembered that few of them can, like the Marquis of Ripon, declare themselves his co-religionists.

When Sir John Thompson died at Windsor Castle, too suddenly to receive the consolations of religion, his body was conveyed to the Clarence Tower, and Father Longinotto, parish priest of Windsor, hastened thither to offer up, for the first time since the days of James II., the prayers of the Catholic Church. In that historic keep, that Castle of Windsor, new in the time of the first Henry, many remarkable scenes have taken place,—many a feudal pageant, many a splendid religious rite, when the Catholic faith was warm and living in England; but never, perhaps, was seen a more impressive sight than that of the evening of December 12, 1894. A man who had come from beyond the seas, an alien in race and religion, lay there, surrounded by the household of the Queen, who listened, as one may suppose, with curious sensations to the unfamiliar words of the Catholic ritual, pronounced by a Catholic priest. Here, where that religion had been proscribed, where a priest had been *ex officio* a traitor, this devoted son of Holy Church was honored more, perhaps, than any simple subject had ever been honored by his sovereign. The Queen caused herself to be wheeled to the side of the bier, placing upon it a laurel wreath in token of sincere friendship. Nor could she sufficiently lament, or in more touching language, the deplorable occurrence and the bereave-

ment which had fallen upon the Empire.

From Windsor Castle the remains were removed to the Lady-chapel in Spanish Place, where Cardinal Vaughan held a service. The body was afterward embalmed, to be conveyed to Portsmouth. Soldiers and high officials accompanied the funeral carriage to the train. In the train was a compartment hung with black, and decorated simply with crucifix and candles. Father Longinotto, in attendance, recited prayers or the Office for the Dead as the train passed on to its destination. At every station hundreds of people had assembled, with uncovered head. At Portsmouth an imposing demonstration of soldiers, seamen, and marines were in waiting, to serve as escort on board the great war-ship *Blenheim*, specially detailed to convey the remains to Canada. It lay in the harbor, its hull painted black in token of mourning. The cabin was arranged as a *chapelle ardente*. A storm delayed the departure of the vessel, which lay all night in sight of the English shore; while in the black-draped cabin was that silent figure, indifferent to the extraordinary homage paid it. The coffin, securely lashed, was covered with the Canadian ensign; a second and larger wreath from the Queen, and a variety of floral tributes from admiring friends, detracting from the dreariness, if also perhaps from the solemnity, of the scene.

The *Blenheim's* orders were to arrive at twelve o'clock on Wednesday, the 2d inst.; and just as the eight bells sounded for noon she entered Halifax Harbor. Her coming had been proclaimed a short time before by the raising of the Union Jack on the Citadel signal staff—a token that a man-of-war was in sight,—and by the successive salutes of cannon, beginning at Fort York and repeated from McNab's and George's islands. A little steamer presently took on board the late Premier's sons and other friends and relatives, as well as two Catholic priests, Fathers

Murphy and Moriarity, who, doning appropriate vestments, recited the *Libera* and prayers for the dead. Seamen and marines stood at attention, as ten of their number bore the body of the dead statesman to the port side of the ship, and lowered it into a small boat. Upon the shore were Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, Lieutenant-General Moore, and other distinguished personages. As the *cortège* passed out of the dockyard the bugles sounded a salute, while through streets lined with the various regiments the body of the late Prime Minister was borne to the council chamber, where it was to lie in state. Thus did Halifax, where Sir John Thompson had lived as boy and man, receive back her honored son.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, a lifelong friend of the deceased, celebrated Holy Mass, and the sanctuary was filled with a representative body of prelates and priests. An impressive silence prevailed as his Grace Archbishop O'Brien ascended the pulpit and pronounced a masterly funeral panegyric, drawing many a lesson from the life and death of the Canadian Prime Minister.

"To the justice of Sir John Thompson's dealings with all men, both as a private citizen and as a public official, we have already alluded," said the Archbishop; "and the public voice fully endorses it. The way he sought the Lord in goodness and simplicity of heart is known to his friends. He recognized it to be the first duty of a Christian to follow the dictates of his conscience, and to make his life an outward expression of his inward convictions. We shall not insult his memory nor seem to think so poorly of the enlightened citizens of this Dominion as to offer any excuse for, or vindication of, his change of religious belief, after due deliberation, in the strength of his young manhood. He who follows conscience needs no vindication in the eyes of pos-

terity, nor excuse before the bar of contemporary opinion. We shall merely say that his manner of life from the date of that change until the day of his death was that of a thoroughly practical, consistent Catholic. But in public and in private, at all times and under all circumstances, he fulfilled with regularity and exactness, not merely the essential duties of his religion, but likewise many of those which a busy man might well be excused for thinking supererogatory. This faithful discharge of his religious duties brought him into daily and close intercourse with his Creator, detaching his mind from the love of material things, causing him to see the emptiness of worldly honors and applause, and making him realize that a good name is better than riches, and the fear of God preferable to the acquirement of unjust triumphs."

That these words of the Archbishop voice the public sentiment is evident from the fact that Sir John Thompson has been held up even in Protestant pulpits as a model to the young men of the country; and Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, in replying to a message of sympathy transmitted through him to Lady Thompson, from the children of the Methodist Sunday-schools, urged them to look upon the life and character of the deceased, and the high honors he attained, as an example and an inspiration.

The splendid funeral rites being terminated, the immense cavalcade set forth,—the richly decorated hearse drawn by six heavily-draped horses, preceded by a large number of Catholic prelates and priests in their vestments, and followed, immediately after the chief mourners, by the Governor-General and his staff, by the highest civil and military dignitaries, the lieutenant-governors of the provinces, the Anglican bishop of Nova Scotia, and the most prominent Protestant clergymen, not only of Halifax, but as delegates from the various Canadian cities, and a vast

concourse of citizens from every part of the Dominion. The streets were lined with regular troops of all branches, who guarded the approaches to Holy Cross Cemetery.

It was a glorious January day, the sun shining brightly upon flags at half-mast and splendidly draped buildings and mourning arches, and upon crowds of spectators saluting with uncovered head the solemn presence of death. At the vault Archbishop O'Brien performed the last offices and gave the final absolution. A salute was fired by one hundred of the King's Regiment, and the granite slab was closed upon the mortal remains of this true and upright Christian gentleman, this incorruptible statesman.

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson died in the zenith of his fame. Following upon his death came applause heaped upon applause, honor upon honor. The laurel of victory was placed upon his coffin by the most powerful of earthly sovereigns, and the popular voice of his own nation joined with the great of other lands to complete the apotheosis.

But the fact that most touchingly appealed to the Catholic heart, that most intimately displayed the man as he was—simple, unostentatious, sincere,—was the finding upon his person after death of the Rosary and a crucifix. These things he had transferred from his ordinary wearing apparel to the Windsor uniform, the ceremonial court-dress demanded by the occasion; and that in the hour of his greatest triumph. So eloquent the incident, no further words are needed.

May this devout follower of Christ, this worthy servant of Mary, be called speedily in the house of his eternity,—to the rich reward of his blameless life! May his soul rest in peace!

ALL you can hold of your dear one is what you have given away.



Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

III.—(Concluded.)

"AFTER soothing my husband into a calmer mood," continued Jessamy, "and meeting quietly all the arguments by which he now strove to dissuade me from my resolve to remove him where he could see a priest—which were as air to me, as he was my first thought, and that he should die in the faith that seemed to him best was my most earnest wish and purpose,—I went out into the town to seek a lodging.

"As I hurried along, although agitated by the horror of learning that my husband was one of the pariahs whom I had been taught to hate, that horror was not the uppermost emotion in my troubled mind. No: it was the fear that he might die without having made what seemed to him to be reparation for his sin. I soon secured a lodging, and removed him that evening. Father, mother and sisters kept aloof from us, as though we were victims of a loathsome disease. I heard loud praying in the parlor as we descended the stairs.

"As soon as I had settled my husband comfortably in our new abode, I went in search of a priest. My knees trembled when I accosted him, but the kind old man was not aware of it. He came next morning, and every day for a month, until the end. So prejudiced against everything Catholic was I that I said to my husband before the first visit of the priest:

"Patrick, in all which can help you to die in that way which you consider best I will do my utmost. But do not speak to me of aught that may pass between you and the priest; for to my mind he is but an emissary of the Evil One."

"My husband faithfully abstained from saying one word on the obnoxious subject. To this day I know not how or why he had temporarily abandoned and denied

the faith of his fathers. The priest came and went without a word from me save a curt salutation. There was an Irish servant in the house, a maid-of-all-work—in other words, a slave. She it was who at the last made ready the Sacred Table for the holy Repast, the mention of which horrified and scandalized me. It was this alien and stranger that prepared Patrick for the reception of his Lord; while I, his wife, lay groaning on my face and hands in the adjoining chamber, dominated by the stubbornness and perverseness of the Evil One. When told by Mary McEllyott that all things necessary had been done—I mean as far as went the performance of priestly rites,—I lay in wait for the Father at the foot of the stairs.

"'Sir,' I said, 'I thank you for your fidelity to what, I doubt not, seems to you to be your duty with regard to the spiritual needs of my husband. But, if all things requisite have been attended to, I beseech you come no more. Leave him to me in his last hours.'

"The good priest looked at me kindly as he answered:

"'It shall be as you wish. God has been good to your husband, and He will reward you for the great sacrifice you have made. His blessing be upon you.' At these words a gentler feeling crept into my soul. It was the first working of God's grace.

"When Patrick died, which was the next day, the Irish slave and myself attended him to the grave. It was a very humble one, in the corner of the Catholic churchyard. My father sent me two hundred pounds, which, he wrote, was my rightful portion, and which I received as such. Neither relative nor friend came to visit me, though the Rev. Jeremiah Swalls wrote me an angry and reproachful letter. Thus my heart was steeled against my own people, who had so lamentably failed in the Christian faith and charity of which they professed to be exponents and shining lights, and I went no more to chapel.

"Not being able to bear the scorn and contumely following upon my changed fortune, I went up to London. There I opened a small school for young children. The landlady of the house, which was filled with lodgers, made miserable the life of her servant,—this time an English girl, and, as I soon found, a Catholic. In that cheerless abode, her daily toil sufficient for three able-bodied women, her wages a pittance, the abuse of her mistress a martyrdom on earth, she led the life of a saint. There was a Catholic chapel around the corner. I soon learned that she went there at five o'clock every morning to Mass. Midnight seldom found her in bed, but never was dawn so bleak or cold that it did not see her keeping that sweet tryst with her God! Her sweetness, patience, and piety, I could not but admire.

"One night I heard her mistress accusing her of going forth at the early morning hour for evil purposes, anathematizing all things Catholic as outcomes of devilry. That night I lay long sleepless; for the occurrence had opened old wounds of my own. I arose in the early morning and followed Anastasia, determined to learn for myself what were the orgies held—according to my landlady, under the name of religion—every day at this most unearthly hour. I saw a small, dingy building, surmounted by a cross. I entered. All was dark inside, save that portion of the chapel within the radius of the two candles on the altar. Close to the sanctuary steps knelt a group of perhaps a dozen men and women. Three or four of the latter advanced to receive Holy Communion, among them Anastasia. As the priest approached the communicants, I recognized the old man who had visited my husband in Bristol.

"Oh, say not that between this world and the other there is no connecting link,—that those who have gone before are not solicitous for the dear ones still

left on earth to work out their salvation! This is what happened to me. At the moment I became aware of the identity of the priest I cried aloud: 'Patrick, pray for me!' And then inaudibly to myself: 'Lord, help Thou my unbelief!' I wanted nothing more: then and there I became a Catholic.

"After Mass was over I went to the sacristy. There was no fear, no trembling, no hesitation,—naught but eagerness to learn. Books good Father T—— gave me, and instructions manifold; but all my doubts vanished from that hour.

"Shortly after my baptism I came to America, accompanied by Anastasia, who lived in my service until she died, eight years ago. I will not weary you with the story of the privations that brought me where I am. But this much will I say: sorrow and sickness and anxieties and poverty have I known, but never have I been otherwise than resigned to them; for I have always been mindful of the great gifts vouchsafed me by Almighty God. To have been granted such favors as are known only to those who enjoy the blessing of living in the bosom of the Catholic Church makes toil a pleasure, poverty easy to bear, and even the bread of charity palatable and sweet."

During this recital the face of the old woman had undergone a complete change, becoming illumined, spiritualized I might say, by the revelation of the soul within. The ordinary somewhat gross redness of her cheeks had given way to a pallor which idealized her usually homely countenance; her eyes swam in a tender mistiness of unshed tears. Truly, thought I, the saints are with us always in our daily paths, and we, unconscious, brush them by.

We sat a few moments longer, in a sympathetic silence which both understood, and which I was loath to be the first to break. Finally, as if struck by a

sudden thought, Jessamy came back to the hour and its realities once more. Putting her hand in the capacious pocket she always wore attached to her waist, she said:

"Well, it *was* too bad that I should have unwittingly offended those two poor feeble creatures as I did. It *is* unwise—and I shall try in future to remember it—ever to touch on any subject relating to England or the royal family with a certain class of Irish. But I have a few pinches of excellent snuff in my pocket; and, asking you to excuse me, I will take it to them. I trust my story has not wearied you, and that you at least will believe I bear no ill-will to a race who have been the missionaries of the world."

With these words, and the desired permission, Jessamy trotted off to make her peace with the indignant twain. An hour later, as I entered the chapel for Benediction, I saw them sitting side by side on the last bench, each devoutly saying her Rosary.

Notes on "The Imitation."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

VII.

LET us turn again to the subject of "things." Our author thus speaks of "things" and of their influence on the soul: "If thou seekest this or that, or wouldst be here or there, for thine own interests' sake, thou wilt never be at rest or free from solicitude." And the reason is that "in everything there will be found some defect, and in every place there will be some one that will cross thee.... Thy welfare, therefore, lies not in obtaining and in multiplying external things, but rather in contemning them and utterly rooting them out of thy heart. Not only with regard to money and riches, but also

with regard to ambition and honor, and desire of empty praise; all which things pass away with this world."

So favorite churches, pet devotions, and scenic work in general, have little to do with true piety, which is independent of place or person. "The place," he says, "avails little, if the spirit of fervor be wanting. Neither shall that peace stand long, if it be sought from without, and if the state of thy heart want the true foundation; that is, if thou stand not in Me." There is much that is below these serious words, to be well perpended by those pious ones who would try this and that, who mistake their private forms and formula for ends rather than means.

VIII.

There is a delusion that "feeling" a feeling of love, devotion, etc., is much the same as piety. Professors of false faith, savages, Salvation Army folk, evil-doers even, often have this "feeling." By itself it is valueless. Our author inveighs against the relying on it. "Trust not to thy feeling." And then he gives the true reason—its instability. "Whatever it may be now, it will quickly be changed into something else." As the bard puts it: "These violent delights have violent endings." If we look round, we shall constantly see persons acting under the influence of feeling, who find their "hobby," pious or otherwise, "quickly changed into something else." Not only this, but they usually suffer from a revulsion, and regard their former *penchant* with something like repugnance.

All this, however, is human nature. A person who follows his feeling yields to a lower instinct. For "as long as thou livest thou art subject to change, even against thy will." People are now joyful or sad, or devout or indifferent, in spite of themselves; or, as he happily puts it, "one day heavy, another elated." What, then, is to be done? Why, this: "He that is wise and well instructed in spirit stands above

all these changes, not minding what he feels in himself, nor on what side the wind of instability bloweth, but that the whole bent of his soul may be made conducive to the one wished-for end." And the result will be that "thus can he continue one and the self-same, without being shaken; directing, through all this variety of events, the single eye of intention unflinchingly toward God." An admirable and most eloquent strain!

(To be continued.)

The Nature of the Cures at Lourdes.

NOW that Lourdes commands, as never before, the attention of scientific men, it is interesting to note the explanation afforded by them of the extraordinary cures wrought by means of the miraculous water. Most of these gentlemen talk vaguely of the curative power of faith and hope, of "the rush of nervous energy," of manifestations of hysteria, hypnotic phenomena, etc. But the fact remains that medical science can nowise account for many of the cures effected at Lourdes.

According to Dr. Buchanan, professor of the University of Glasgow, many of the cures may be attributed to the great confidence with which the sufferers came to Lourdes. It is matter of everyday experience, however, that perhaps the larger number of those who arrive with the most confident belief that they will be healed derive no benefit at Lourdes; while there are numerous instances where persons were cured who had no hope whatever. Sometimes the cure has happened after they had renounced all hope, and were resigned to look upon it as the will of God that they should continue to suffer. In these cases, however pious the sufferers may have been, there was, besides, a feeling of disappointment and depres-

sion calculated to prevent or impede a natural cure.

The theory of nervous action is equally unsatisfactory. Dr. Gasquet mentions as a remarkable characteristic of Lourdes the absence of any attempt to excite or rouse the pilgrims. He says: "There is unquestionably excitement enough among the bystanders when a miraculous cure is supposed to have taken place; but, as far as my own observation, and the report of persons who appear to me trustworthy, go, it does not run on into anything morbid." Tranquillity reigns at Lourdes. It is a place of stillness, silence, and prayerfulness. Nothing is allowed to disturb this atmosphere.

Of the one hundred and fifty medical men who went to Lourdes last year to make personal investigations, many naturally expected to witness manifestations of hysteria or hypnotic phenomena. They were disappointed. Dr. Gasquet, who looked closely for both, remaining longer at Lourdes than most persons do, "always found the worshippers quietly devout, and, at any rate, externally calm." Hypnotic influence was nowhere discoverable. It is notable, as the same writer remarks, that, "though much is made of the supernatural cures that are said to occur, they occupy a secondary place, to an extent which it is difficult for any one who has not been to Lourdes to realize. Moral and spiritual blessings are sought far more earnestly and more generally than the healing of bodily infirmities." It is plain, therefore, that there is much at Lourdes which tells strongly against the theory of nervous excitement. There is more of what is termed religious frenzy in one Methodist camp-meeting than has been witnessed at Lourdes since the pilgrimages began.

But leaving aside diseases the cure of which may be accounted for by some natural agency, there are others which, without any contestation, are above the power of nature. Let scientists disregard

all cases of recovery from diseases comprehended under the heading of neurotic, and confine their investigation to cures of cancer, caries, necrosis, and the like. There are many instances of such; and it is easy, after a careful scrutiny of the diagnosis, to arrive at a conclusion. Dr. Buchanan, a high medical authority, already quoted, in formulating a method of examination of alleged supernatural cures, does not hesitate to declare that "where there is a sudden, complete, and lasting cure of cases of broken limbs, of organic lesion, the agency at work is greater than the power of nature."

Notes and Remarks.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites held last month a reunion preliminary to the discussion of the beatification of the Venerable Sarnelli, of Naples, a member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. A general assembly was also held in the Vatican, in presence of the Holy Father, to promulgate the decree declaring the heroism of the virtues practised by the Venerable Father Romano, of the Diocese of Naples. There will doubtless be a series of beatifications during the present year, including that of the Venerable Curé of Ars. In fact, as a number of canonization causes are rapidly nearing completion, it is quite possible that Leo XIII. may give orders for the rare and imposing ceremony of canonizing four or five of the Blessed.

Our bright contemporary, the Antigonish *Casket*, enables us to supplement Miss Sadlier's admirable sketch of Sir John Thompson, the late Premier of Canada, with some interesting reminiscences, which reveal a great soul and afford a rare example. There was in his house, says Monsig. O'Reilly, a picture of the Sacred Heart, before which he knelt every night after his return from Parliament, no matter how late the hour, never rising until he had recited the Rosary,

the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and his daily devotions to the Sacred Heart. The *Casket* continues: "At the time of the last general election, the Premier spent the night after polling day at the Rev. Father Laffin's house in Tracadie. All Canada was intent with feverish anxiety as to the issue of the contest. But the man whom it concerned most seemed least anxious. Entering his room about ten o'clock with a bundle of telegrams, which had come pouring in from all parts, the Father found Sir John on his knees before a crucifix, calmly saying his Rosary. When he was in Antigonish last year he stayed over night with Father Cameron at Georgeville. At an early hour in the morning the priest repaired to the church to hear confessions. The Premier was already there, kneeling in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Nor did he quit the church, though there was a goodly number of penitents that morning, until Mass was over and the priest had made his thanksgiving." Truly here is a shining example. The story of the life of Sir John Thompson will do more to strengthen faith and convert sinners than a whole library of controversial works.

The celebration which took place last month in the parish of St. Roch, Paris, was most interesting from its rarity. The venerable pastor, Father Millault, solemnized the sixtieth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. The octogenarian pastor celebrated Mass and preached on the occasion, and Cardinal Richard also made an address.

No intelligent person needs to be informed that Dr. Janssen's "History of the German People" is one of the most important publications of the century. Every line of it is based on documentary evidence, for which the libraries of Europe were laid under contribution. Dr. Ludwig Pastor, the successor of Janssen, was one of his pupils, and follows the methods of the master in continuing the History. As an illustration of the spirit of absolute fidelity to historic truth in which Dr. Pastor works, the *Liverpool Times* recalls an anecdote, which, although it may have been told in these pages before,

will bear repetition. One day, while he was at work in the archives of the Vatican, Dr. Pastor had an audience with Leo XIII.; and, speaking of his "History of the Popes Since the Beginning of the Renaissance," he said he feared he would have to write about some of the Popes things it was painful for a Catholic to read or write. "Write everything as it happened," answered the Pope. "*The Church needs only the truth* for its defence."

The Church would not, of course, be what it is if it feared the truth. Error is what it dreads most. The truth never injured anything or anybody of any worth. But this remark of the Holy Father proves that in rendering the manuscript treasures of the Vatican available to scholars, he was sincerely desirous of promoting historic research.

Bishop Watterson's speech before the anti-saloon congress in Columbus was a model discourse—earnest, strong, and temperate. There is probably no body of men in the United States more disinterested than temperance-workers, but their virtue is often so vehement as to prejudice less ardent spirits against their cause. It was wise of Bishop Watterson to warn his hearers against "straining after the impracticable," and then to make a powerful plea for temperance. The Bishop urged mothers and daughters, who must always bear a large share in the work, to render their homes at least as attractive as the saloon; he contended for a more scrupulous regulation of the liquor trade, and exhorted the friends of temperance to avoid the extremes which are sure to prejudice public sentiment against their holy work. If these suggestions were carried out, with the aid of the Sacraments, the curse of drunkenness would soon be removed.

A brave life closed peacefully last week at Notre Dame. After long years of unremitting toil in the capacity of foreman of our printing-office, Brother Julius passed to his reward on the morning of the 15th inst. He had been in ill health for several years, but this did not deter him from hard, constant, uncompensated labor. Many another would have expended all this precious time in caring for

his body. As long as he was able, he dragged himself to THE "AVE MARIA" Office; and when too feeble to leave his room, he set himself to make immediate preparation for death with the same energy of purpose. From the pulpit of his bier this humble Brother preaches a lesson to all who will hear it. His steadfastness to duty, his contempt of comforts, his patience in suffering, his resignation in the face of death, are a reproach to all—ecclesiastics of high and low degree, pious religious, and the devout laity,—who require so much rest and relaxation, so many comforts and alleviations, and whose chief occupation would seem to be to care for health and to prolong life. "The saints and friends of Christ... scarcely took the necessities of life; attention to the body, even when needful, was irksome to them." "It is vanity to wish for a long life." Our pious, self-sacrificing colaborer took these words of "The Imitation" to heart, and lived up to them. The example of such a life and such a death as his ought to make the world a little better. God rest his soul!

The power of true faith to inspire the spirit of sacrifice was strikingly illustrated a few days ago when Mother Katherine Drexel made her solemn religious profession. Every young woman who leaves home and friends to enter a religious order makes, perhaps, as great a sacrifice as Mother Katherine; but the world can better understand the case when a daughter of the Drexels devotes an immense fortune to works of mercy, and then gives her own life to missionary labor among Indians and Negroes. We have no doubt of the success of Mother Katherine's work, or of the rapid growth of the community she has founded; for zeal and charity such as hers can not pass unrewarded. She has already done more to settle the "race problem" than could be effected by a legion of legislators. So much is example above precept.

A writer in *St. Luke's Magazine* tells a pleasant story about Cardinal Vaughan. Like his friend and father, Cardinal Manning, he was an Oblate of St. Charles. He was per-

haps better known in the United States and in many parts of South America than in the north of England at the time of his nomination to the See of Salford. On the morning of his consecration, as the story goes, he appeared at the sacristy door of the cathedral, without any attendant, carrying his carpet-bag. There he was met by the administrator, who, not knowing who the stranger was, told him to go elsewhere (to the schoolroom perhaps), as the sacristy was reserved for the prelates, and the other clergy had to vest elsewhere. But as the stranger good-humoredly persisted, and said that he had been especially told to go to the sacristy, the administrator got rather annoyed, and asked who he was, that he should want to force himself among the prelates. One can imagine the astonishment of the poor man when the stranger laughingly replied: "I am Herbert Vaughan, and I believe I am to be consecrated to-day."

There is a reason why such stories as this are edifying to hear and pleasant to repeat.

It is gratifying to know that the work of the saintly Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai is continued with undiminished zeal, and in a worthy spirit, by his successors. An official inspection of the settlement last month showed that no effort was spared to alleviate the distressful condition of those poor unfortunates. The devotion of the Sisters and of Brother Joseph, the friend and associate of Father Damien, excited the unbounded admiration of the Hawaiian Board of Health. Brother Joseph is an American convert, and was formerly an officer in the army. The sainted Apostle of the Lepers regarded his entrance into the Picpus community and his going to Molokai as a special providence. The devoted Sisters are Franciscans from Syracuse, N. Y. The material improvements made during recent years have increased the efficiency of these heroic religious, and contributed much to the relief of the lepers.

An able writer in the *Pilot*, remembering that one-seventh of the population of the United States is Catholic, is moved to meditation on the responsibilities which this

solemn fact imposes on us. We outnumber any Protestant sect; we form about one-third of the church-goers, and "there are enough of us to convert our own country and every heathen land as well." The *Pilot* asks:

"What do we owe of good example, to say nothing of direct missionary work, to the nearly forty millions of our fellow-Americans who are confessedly outside of positive religious influence? How many of these non-church-going people have strayed from the Catholic fold? How many others are repelled from the Church by the evil lives of Catholics, or by their culpable ignorance and consequent misrepresentation of the faith they profess?"

"We Catholics are surely one in seven of the population of the country. If by our united efforts we should win to the true faith double our own numbers, we should be doing little more than reclaiming our own estrays, and repairing the consequences of our own bad example or neglect.

"We are not doing anything like this; and yet too many of us boast of Catholic progress, and reproach our non-Catholic neighbors for not seeing and following the Catholic light, which we are hiding from their vision by the shadow of our bad example, or utter worldly selfishness."

This is a strong indictment but no one who knows the lethargy and indifference of many Catholics in questions of missionary enterprise can doubt its general truth. Would that every member of the Church could be brought to realize the priceless value of the gift of faith! He would then be more eager to share it with others.

A truly royal heart ceased to beat when Francis II., King of the Two Sicilies, died last month. The vicissitudes of his life, and the heroic spirit in which he endured them, should not be allowed to pass out of memory; for lives like his are none too common among us. In 1860 he was deprived of his throne by the troops of Garibaldi, and since that time he has been an exile from his own country. One consolation there was, however, of which his enemies could not deprive him; for King Francis' life was a very devout one. He heard several Masses daily, and is said to have spent most of his time before the Blessed Sacrament. His life was without blemish, and his charity bounded only by the limits of his resources. He was a worthy son of Queen Maria Christina, who received from the Church the title of Venerable, and the cause

of whose beatification has long since been initiated. It was an unfortunate and a misguided country that exchanged a king like Francis for the demagogic government which succeeded him. May he rest in peace!

The death of Christina Georgiana Rossetti, a sister of the brilliant young artist and poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is widely mourned. Her father was an indifferent Catholic and her mother a devout Protestant; and it was arranged that their two sons should be educated as Catholics, and their daughters as Protestants. Owing to the negligence of the elder Rossetti, this arrangement, as far as the boys were concerned, failed lamentably; though it is known that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, dying among strangers, clamored in vain for a priest in his last moments. With the girls, however, the plan worked better. One of them became an Anglican nun, and the other has just died after a life of singular fervor and devotedness. Christina Rossetti lived secluded from the world. For many years she devoted herself to the care of her aged relatives, and after their death her life was as generously and unreservedly given to the poor. Intense spirituality and a beautiful spirit of piety are the strong characteristics of most of the poems wherewith she has enriched English literature. It is interesting to note that she and her mother were the models for her brother's well-known painting, "The Girlhood of Mary."

The difficulties which Catholic missionaries in foreign lands are called upon to surmount are occasionally of a surprising nature. Here is an instance. In the course of last year access to Cook's Islands in Polynesia, heretofore denied to our missionaries, became feasible through the protectorate established over this archipelago by England. Father George Eich, Provincial of the Priests of the Sacred Hearts, of Picpus (of which Congregation, by the way, Father Damien was a member), visited the islands some months ago, with the view of subsequently establishing regular missions therein. He reports that the supreme religious functionaries of these Polynesian countries are two European min-

isters belonging to a sect of independent Congregationalists, supported chiefly by the Bible Society of London. The surprising point in the religious worship is that Saturday takes the place of Sunday. Not that the Congregationalist parsons entertain any special predilection for the Jewish Sabbath; but it seems that the first of their band who arrived in these islands were not past-masters in astronomical lore, and consequently never for a moment suspected that in their lengthy voyage from East to West they had lost a day. The ludicrous error is at present known to all; but, whether through obstinacy or prudence, no change has been effected. The calendar still places Easter Sunday on Holy Saturday. Father Eich's missionaries will probably undergo many annoyances before they succeed in establishing the correct practice.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Lawrence Corcoran, of the Archdiocese of Boston, who was called to the reward of a devoted priestly life on the 13th inst.

The Rev. James Taaffe, the beloved rector of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Brooklyn, N. Y., who yielded his soul to God on the 10th inst.

Brother Julius, C. S. C., who died a holy death on the 15th inst., at Notre Dame, Ind.

Mr. Richard B. Allen, of Lowell, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 26th ult.

Mr. Hugh Margey, who passed to his reward in Glasgow, Scotland, on the 20th ult.

Miss Mary Josephine Wallace, of San Francisco, Cal., who was summoned to her eternal home on the 5th ult.

Mrs. Anna Murnner, of Fitchburg, Wis., who died on Christmas Day, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, who breathed her last in Chicago, Ill., on the 14th inst.

Mrs. John Frederick, of Baltimore, Md., whose life closed peacefully on the 5th inst.

Mrs. Mary Early, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 8th inst., at Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. John Devine, of Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Anna T. Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen McHugh, Boston, Mass.; and Mrs. Ellen Sheehan, Littleton, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Scarecrow.

BY AUNT ANNA.

A FARMER determined to fashion a form
To frighten the crows away;
He thought and he thought till he made a
plan

At the close of summer's day.
The body he took of a discourse sound—
On the tariff it was, I ween,—
And on it he put the head of a cask,
With a bottle's neck between;
He used eyes of needles and ears of corn,
And mouth of a river wide,
The nose of a pitcher, the teeth of a saw,—
The farmer laughed till he cried!
The legs of a table, the foot of two beds,
And then the arms of a chair,
With hands of a clock that held up high
Teupenny nails in the air.
But when the crows saw the wonderful form,
They cawed around with delight;
They stayed in the corn the livelong day,
And on the scarecrow at night.

The Chapel of the Lilies.

A LEGEND OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.



ON a stormy, dismal night in
midwinter a belated teamster,
with a heavy load of wine,
was driving along the almost
impassable road which runs
by the little mountain church of Elend,
at the foot of the Brocken. The disc of
the moon appeared only seldom through

the dark clouds, which chased one another
across the sky. A sharp north wind shook
the bare branches of the trees that grew
thick on both sides of the way, and blew
the snow into the ravines, heaping it into
huge snowdrifts. The wind grew every
moment more sharp and cutting, the snow
deeper, and the difficulty greater for the
tired horses to draw their heavy load.

Now and then the teamster stopped and
gazed into the darkness in search of some
shelter. He called for help, but heard
only the echoes of his own voice ring
deep in the snowy wood. All remained
desolate, dumb, and awful. No friendly
light, that so rejoices the nightly wanderer,
was to be seen anywhere; no bark of dog.
The silence of death reigned. Only now
and then the dark wings of some nocturnal
bird of prey fluttered over his head, and a
ghostly rustling was heard among the dry
branches of the leafless trees. The stars
seemed like cold, silent eyes looking down
on the weary man and tired horses. The
thick clouds scudded quietly past; and
the snow, too, was silent as a spirit.

The lonely traveller grew more terrified;
and, urging on his horses, the wagon
suddenly sunk in a deep place, and no
efforts of the exhausted animals could
move it from the spot. Loud cried the
unfortunate teamster for help. No one
heard him. In anguish he wrung his
hands, and besought the Blessed Virgin,
Hope of the Despairing, to aid him in
his distress.

Suddenly he heard a rustling in the
thicket; and a female form, like the silver
moon when she appears above the peaks

of the mountains, glided out of the darkness into view,—slender as the fir-tree of the Harz, rosy as the early dawn, fresh as meadow dew, beautiful as eternal youth. A lustre like a sunset in spring, or an Alpine glow on the perpetual snow, floated around the heavenly form, and breathed on the rigid snow masses a soft glimmer like a fairy light.

In consternation the teamster gazed at the radiant figure, that, with a celestial smile, approached the sunken wagon, and with a single touch drew wagon and horses out of the deep place.

Thrilled by the mysterious vision, and cheered by the unexpected aid, the teamster fell on his knees and endeavored to thank his helper and deliverer, expressing deep regret that he had neither gold nor silver to make an offering to her mountain chapel.

At these words the beautiful apparition touched a shrub that stretched forth its dried, thorny branches—when instantly leaves and buds burst forth, and soon the whole shrub was loaded with most beautiful lilies, that breathed forth a wondrous and unwonted perfume!

The Queen of Heaven—for it was she herself—broke off one of the lilies and formed a chalice. And as the teamster was thinking whether he might venture to fill it with wine from his casks, the vision vanished.

Meanwhile the horses had gone on with the wagon, which they now drew with perfect ease; but stood still before the Chapel of Elend. The teamster entered the oratory to thank the Almighty for his deliverance, when lo! he recognized in the painting of Our Lady over the altar his gracious deliverer, and placed the lily-chalice as an offering before her shrine.

With amazing rapidity the fame of the miracle spread over Germany, and the Chapel of the Lilies became one of the most frequented shrines. The wondrous lily-chalice was sent to Rome; but first

an exact copy of it was made in clay and preserved in Elend for many, many years. It was often shown to the pilgrims, who flocked to the mountain church in such great numbers that it was enlarged, and seven doors cut in its walls. It is sometimes called the Church of the Seven Portals, but more commonly by the prettier name of the Chapel of the Lilies.

An American Saint.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

Speaking of flowers, dear children, do you know that from our own precious American soil have sprung two which are worthy of our deepest love and admiration? They are St. Rose of Lima and Blessed Mary Ann of Jesus, called the Lily of Quito, of whom I shall tell you another time. You notice that they are not the growth of our great republic, which, though it contains many very noble and pious men and women, has yet to add a saint to the calendar of the Church. Is it not too bad? Perhaps it is because we are not earnest enough. Yet, after all, the United States is only a hundred years old, and it takes a long time to canonize a saint; so there is no telling how many names our mother the Church may be storing up in her wise keeping.

If you look on the map of South America, you may find Lima tucked away in the lap of the Andes Mountains. They tell of a fountain in the heart of that city, the waters of which are so clear and cool and refreshing on a hot summer day that the townsfolk say: "If you drink of this fountain, you will never leave Lima." I wonder if St. Rose ever paused beside it to trail her little hand in the waters, whilst she thought those deep, mysterious

thoughts which only saints *can* think?

To tell you all about this young girl would be far too long a task. We shall say only a few words about the wondrous favors Heaven bestowed upon her. Born in 1586, she lived the simplest of lives, and died in 1617,—just thirty-one years old. She was truly a rose; for all her life she was set around by the thorns of sufferings, so strong and terrible that it is hard to realize them. Yet *she* loved them. This love of suffering, you know, is an effect of grace; for by nature we all shrink from the very least pain. When Rose was a little girl she was fond of plucking the passion-flower, which she loved because it contains those tiny nails and thorns that made her think of our Saviour's sufferings.

St. Rose was anxious that Our Lord should reveal Himself to her as He did to St. Catherine, in the presence of His Mother and St. Dominic; but, in her humility, she hesitated to ask Him. On Palm-Sunday she saw the statue of Our Lady smile, and then Our Lord Himself appeared and said these exquisite words: "Rose of My Heart, I take thee for My own." You may imagine that St. Rose forgot everything around her, and fell into an ecstasy of delight. Then she thought she would like to have a ring as a visible sign that she was the spouse of Our Lord, and she begged her brother to buy her one, which he gladly did. When he handed it to her he said: "I thought you would like these words engraved inside." Fancy her surprise when she took the ring and read: "Rose of My Heart, I take thee for My own." Was it not wonderful that her brother should know?

She is often pictured in the pretty white habit of St. Dominic, with a crown of thorns on her head. In her life there are many lessons we may learn, and a thousand little virtues to imitate. Americans ought to venerate her particularly,

if for nothing else than her being the first flower of American sanctity.

On the feast of St. Rose—the 30th of August—the Church sings this beautiful prayer in her honor:

"Almighty God, the Giver of all good gifts, who didst will that Blessed Rose, being watered by the dew of heavenly grace, should bloom in the beauty of virginity; grant us, Thy servants, that, running after the odor of her sweetness, we may be found worthy to become a sweet odor of Christ. Amen."

What the Mule Said.

Our young folk know that a ventriloquist is a person who can manage his voice so well as to make people think the sound comes from the cellar or the housetop, or any other place he may choose. Some very good stories are told of these gentlemen, but probably none more amusing than this.

It seems that a large negro was driving a mule, when the animal became tired and refused to go farther. The driver coaxed, but the mule would not budge. At length Sambo lost his temper, and used his whip unmercifully; but the poor mule only turned his head and looked reproachfully at his tormentor.

In the meantime a ventriloquist had approached, unperceived by the negro. Just as the animal turned his head in response to a vigorous blow, "*Don't you do that again!*" came as plainly as possible from the mule's mouth. The effect was magical. Sambo rolled his eyes in terror, grew deathly pale, and, dropping whip and hat, fled in mortal terror. Then the ventriloquist, who had enjoyed the scene immensely, called the frightened negro back, approached the mule, and after a few kind words induced him to follow his master.

—It is to be hoped that a competent translator may soon be found for Dr. Janssen's epoch-making "History of the German People," the eighth volume of which was lately brought out by Dr. Pastor. The next volume, which deals with the Fifty Year's War, is in active preparation. It will be an ill day for the Reformation myth when Janssen's work appears in English. The old notion as to Luther's life and acts will then be exploded forever.

—The special merit of Prof. Dippold's "Scientific German Reader" lies in the fact that through it the beginner in that language is made acquainted with the technical terms of science. Many students of science who learn German because of the richness of its scientific literature, find that ordinary readers do not afford them the vocabulary which they most desire. Prof. Dippold has graded the lessons with admirable judgment and the notes at the end are ample and prespicacious. Incidentally the author of this reader has succeeded in compressing much valuable information into his work,—a fact which ought to make it very acceptable to students in technological institutes. Ginn & Co., Publishers.

—The distinguished English Redemptorist, Father Bridgett, has published through the Catholic Truth Society, of London, a pamphlet entitled "Reapers for the Harvest." It deals with the question of priestly and religious vocation, explains the relation of the laity to the clergy, and their mutual duties to each other. As Cardinal Vaughan says in a prefatory letter; "True vocation comes from God, alone; but God has made Himself dependent in the matter of vocation as in so many other things, upon our co-operation." Father Bridgett urges Catholic parents carefully to guard the vocations of their children as a most precious trust; and, of course, recommends above all else prompt and unqualified obedience to confessors. The pamphlet is characteristically rich in scriptural references and ought to be conscientiously considered by those to whom it is specially addressed.

—The words of Cardinal Manning have a perpetual charm that not even familiarity can diminish. His noble life lent a special virtue to all his utterances, giving him in an unusual degree the power of touching hearts. We hope to see all his discourses collected and published some day. The value of such books as "The Temperance Speeches of Cardinal Manning," just published in London by the Catholic Truth Society, is very great. He who thanked God that of his four score years at least one score was given to the holy cause of temperance, and who, upon his deathbed, forbade the physician to administer alcoholic remedies, spoke many strong words against the curse of drunkenness. These words retain their force in print, nor is there wanting occasion for repeating them in our own country. We are therefore glad to welcome this book, another added to the long list of important services which the Catholic

Truth Society has rendered to religion. Mr. Kegan Paul has edited the speeches and prefaced them by a sympathetic sketch of the "People's Cardinal."

—The index and title-page for the volume of THE "AVE MARIA" just closed are now ready for those who bind the magazine. We are pleased to notice that their number increases year by year. A little library might soon be formed of our half-yearly volumes at a trifling cost. The supplementary pages are supplied gratis.

—One Thomas A. Davies has published a curious pamphlet entitled "Reading the Bibles" in which he denounces all existing translations of Holy Scripture into English. Just what Mr. Davies wants, will not be quite clear to the ordinary reader, but his pamphlet is interesting as illustrating the confusion of the non-Catholic mind when it touches on revealed religion. He believes, for instance, in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, but thinks the Holy Ghost is not a true person, being only the "mind of God." We learn from the title-page of this pamphlet that Mr. Davies is the author of "Advanced Christianity." That seems to be the kind of "Christianity" found in "Reading the Bibles."

—Father Finn, S. J., has made a volume out of his short stories, and has titled it "Mostly Boys." These tales have the same general characteristics as the author's longer stories, and it is unnecessary to say more in their praise. Father Finn has won all the boys over to his side and, in this case, they are the highest court in the land. The boys in this book like tricks and sport and "fun" as most live boys do; but they are also deeply religious. They are not of the kind "who think they are pious when they're only bilious," but bright rollicking boys who have been properly instructed in their religion and live up to it consistently. We hope Father Finn will give us a gallery of robust Catholic boys in their later teens. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The first number of *St. Luke's*, the new English magazine, has already appeared and meets the high expectations formed of it. The editor has summoned to his assistance a number of bright young Catholics little known in America, and the initial issue presents a table of contents so varied that every reader must be pleased and interested at once. The announcements from the "Arm Chair" indicate the earnest purpose of the editor to keep subsequent numbers of *St. Luke's* up to the high standard established by the first issue—a task of considerable difficulty and of prime importance. The frontispiece, an admirable portrait of Cardinal Vaughan, is accompanied by a sketch, the first of a series of biographies of the English Bishops. The new magazine appears in an æsthetic garb. The press-work, which is of superior quality, is done we believe, in Belgium, though the publisher is Mr. R. Washbourne, of London.



PAT. DEC. 25, 1894.

New Badge of the Sacred Heart.

PRICES—Solid Gold, \$2.50 each, postpaid.

"Silver, \$1.00"

REDUCED PRICES IN QUANTITIES.

Initials or Name engraved on upper bar without further cost.

Haskell Engraving Co.,

1101 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

Athletic Goods

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Gymnasium Supplies,
Uniforms and Clothing for all Sports,
Gymnasium, Bicycle and Outing use,
Illustrated Catalogue FREE—also Physical-Culture
Book of 72 pages, Illustrated.

Chicago, New York, Philadelphia,

105 MADISON ST. 126-130 NASSAU ST., 1032 CHESTNUT ST.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Durand & Kasper Co.,

SUCCESSORS TO H. C. & C. DURAND.

President, . . .
HENRY C. DURAND.
1st Vice President,
ADAM J. KASPER.
and Vice President,
PETER J. KASPER.
Secretary,
DAVID E. BRADLEY.
Treasurer, . . .
CALVIN DURAND.

**WHOLESALE
GROCERS,
IMPORTERS,**
Nos. 19 to 25 Market St.
CHICAGO.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Collars and Daniell's First Latin Book.

This new text-book covers one year's
work, is illustrated and interesting.
Introduction Price \$1.00 with usual
discount.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston, New York, Chicago.

St. Isidore's College,

New Orleans, La.

Under the direction of the Fathers and Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

REV. N. WARKEN, C. S. C., President.

FOR SALE.

A complete set of *The "Ave Maria"* elegantly and substantially bound in 1/4 morocco, marbled edges. We learn from the publishers that the earlier volumes of the magazine are out of print and cannot be duplicated. Address F. A. C., care of THE "AVE MARIA," Notre Dame, Ind.

CONTINUATION OF THE ABBÉ
FOUARD'S SERIES ON
"THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHURCH."

SAINT PAUL and His Missions.

By the ABBÉ CONSTANT FOUARD. Translated
with the Author's sanction and co-operation by
the Rev. GEORGE F. X. GRIFFITH. With 2
Maps. Small 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$2.00.

"In more respects than one this volume holds a place among the remarkable publications of the year. Next to the Life of our Lord stands the life of St. Paul in the department of the world's biography. The author of this work, the Abbé Fouard, writes with a freedom from ecclesiastical bias, a breadth of view, and a candor of spirit which we do not always find in men of religious communions. The translator, George F. X. Griffith, has done his work well, with the author's sanction and co-operation. The result is a study of the great apostle to the Gentiles and his part in the planting of Christianity which does justice to the subject and for American and Protestant readers has positive charms of method and manner which cannot be transferred to a book notice. It is a book which every student of the New Testament ought to read, and which will make many of its readers want to see its author's previous work on 'The Beginning of the Church' (St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity.)"—*Boston Literary World*.

"It would be difficult to find a more interesting and instructive book . . . It is translated with great spirit . . . The great apostle throughout the book stands in vivid personality. We accompany him everywhere. Nor does the animation of the narrative prevent Abbé Fouard from supplying all the materials to grasp the picture in its truth. He has brought to his work copious information concerning the physical geography of the regions visited by St. Paul as well as the customs, traditions, and creeds of their inhabitants."—*Catholic World*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

'THE CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD'. A Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. With an Introduction by CARDINAL MANNING. 2 vols., small 8vo, cloth, gilt top, with 3 Maps, \$4.00.

ST. PETER AND THE FIRST YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY. With an Introduction by CARDINAL GIBBONS. With 3 Maps. Small 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$2.00.

For sale by or sent post-paid, on receipt of price to publishers.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Publishers,

15 East 17th St.,

New York.





Farley Mantles
Capes
&
Clerical
Clothing
to Order,
Specialties.
2276
GRAND ST.
NEW YORK
CASSOCKS
A SPECIALTY 7 29 94 cow

THE STANDARD

**"Dripless"
Strainer.**

No drip to soil table
linen. No wires to clog spoon.
No falling off. Nickel-plated.
Sent on receipt of 25 cents.

STANDARD STRAINER CO., 35 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.



Agents
Wanted.



"IN MUNDO OPTIMUM."

BAUMER'S
BEE SWAX CANDLES.

BEST and MOST RELIABLE:

FRANCIS BAUMER,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

For sale by all dealers in Church goods.

A Beautiful Gift Book.

CARMINA MARIANA,

An English Anthology in Verse
in Honor of, or in Relation
to, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Collected by ORBY SHIPLEY, M. A., Editor
of "Annus Sanctus."

One of the most complete and comprehensive anthologies of Catholic verse in honor of the Blessed Virgin is that which Mr. Orby Shipley, the distinguished writer and convert, has recently published. This work contains quotations from the poetic writings of many American Catholics, and is a perfect compendium of Marian verse. No fitter book than it could be chosen for a gift, and the work is one of which the recipient would have good reason to be proud.—*The Republic*.

It is to be hoped that its reception among Catholics will be such as its merits warrant, and that it will not be forgotten when the holiday season brings its inquiry of "What shall I give?" This is a fit gift for any one from the aged Christian who has bountied the last sheaf for the Lord of the Mary to the little maid just lisping her first prayer to Mary.—*The Pilot*.

439 pp., 8vo, cloth. Net, \$2.50.

OFFICE OF THE "AVE MARIA,"
NOTRE DAME, IND.

Please mention the Ave Maria in addressing our advertisers.

Studies In Church History.

BY REV. REUBEN
PARSONS, D. D.

Author of "Some Lies and
Errors of History."

Published with the IMPRIMATUR
of the Most Rev. Archbishop
of New York.

Volume I, Centuries 1 to 8. Royal Octavo,
pp. 538. Price \$2.50, Post paid.

Histories of the Church we have in abundance, but no work which treats exhaustively, and nearly exclusively, of the many controverted points which interest equally the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Incredulist. The author of these Studies has not intended to present a "popular" book; but a just treatment of the subject-matter could not have been accompanied by a more careful avoidance of the technicalities of theologians and canonists. References and quotations are numerous; but they are no mere encumbrance to the page. The author has deemed it injudicious, if not absurd, to expect that his unsupported authority would guarantee the truth of assertions which frequently contradict, and sometimes wound deep-seated prejudice. The cordial appreciation of this work by the Catholic press in all English-speaking countries, and its reception by the secular press as a calm, terse, and thorough presentation of the Catholic view of the subjects treated, show that a want in English ecclesiastical literature has been adequately supplied.

The *Amer. Cath. Q'tly Review* says: "This is a scholarly and entertaining book. Its tone throughout is temperate and candid; and the Rev. author has completed a volume of more than usual interest to the average reader, and really valuable to the genuine student. He discovers, in all his pages, the actual power, as well as the earnest determination to set forth, without partisan coloring, the real facts as they actually happened, and not as they might have occurred in conformity with a preconceived theory of past events. The thoughtful pages of Dr. Parsons' book have placed it conveniently within the power of any reader to form a correct acquaintance with the history of the Church."

The *Catholic Review* says: "The writer treats the most interesting questions in a clear, forcible and original style, and leaves nothing to be desired. Although he shows great care in consulting the best authorities, and careful research in his erudition, yet he is neither an imitator, a translator, nor a copyist. His work is essentially original. There is not a dull line in the book. It should be in every priest's library. Nothing better could be given to a Protestant; and it deserves to be read by everyone, on account of the intrinsic merits of its style and matter."

The *N. Y. Sun* says: "To the author's learning, candor, and avoidance of harsh comments upon his opponents, we bear willing testimony."

The *N. Y. Times* says: "An interesting and suggestive volume. Dr. Parsons writes vigorously, and generally with good temper. He is one of the Jesuit Order, that 'insolent faction' as Cardinal Newman once characterized it. Protestants who console themselves with the thought that Catholics have little or nothing to say in support of their articles of faith have only to consult this volume to see what a long and skillful array of arguments can be mustered in defence of the decrees of the Vatican Council. No one need be in doubt henceforth as to what Rome means to accomplish, if she can."

Vol. II. in press. Published by

**PUSTET & COMPANY, 50 Barclay St.,
NEW YORK.**



HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Church Candles.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

ECKERMANN & WILL'S

Beeswax Altar Candles

ALTAR BRAND,
PURISSIMA BRAND.

The leading Brands now upon the market
and the most popular with the
Reverend Clergy.

Send for our Price List, List of Premiums
and special Discounts for quantities before placing
your order. Agents for the Pacific Coast, Callagher
Bros., 319 California St. San Francisco. Address

ECKERMANN & WILL,

The Candle Manufacturers, Syracuse, N. Y.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas

(Special rates to Institutions.)



P. O. Box 289.

When you can get the Best at Cargo
prices in any quantity. Dinner, Tea,
and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music
Boxes, Cook-books, and all kind of pre-
miums given to Club Agents. Good
Income made by getting orders for our
celebrated goods. For further particulars
address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

FOR THE

Leading Text-Books

In all Branches of Instruction

FOR

Schools, Academies and
Seminaries.

ADDRESS

NEW YORK,
CINCINNATI,
CHICAGO.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY,
521--531 Wabash Av. Chicago.

Cancelled Stamps.

Old stamps of every kind can be
used in promoting the admirable
missionary Work of Mary Imma-
culate. All can contribute to it.

Every little helps.

Collected, assorted and forwarded to Paris
at regular intervals. Address,

BRO. VALERIAN, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame, Ind.

College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

Watertown, Wis.

English, Commercial and Classical Courses. Address the

REV. J. O'KEEFFE, C. S. C., President.

Please mention the Ave Maria in addressing our advertisers.

WEBER

THE WONDERFUL
WEBER TONE
IS FOUND ONLY IN THE
WEBER PIANO.

PIANOS

WAREROOMS:

108 Fifth Ave., cor. W. 16th St.
NEW-YORK CITY.

Daprato Statuary Company.

INCORPORATED.

JOHN E. RIGALI, President.

Manufacturers of CHURCH STATUARY,

44-50 West Van Buren St., cor. Canal.

Send for our new Illustrated Catalogue. Chicago, Ill.

MENEELY BELL CO.,

CLINTON H. MENEELY, General Manager,
TROY N. Y., AND NEW YORK CITY,
Manufacture a Superior Quality of Bells.

MAN Wanted; salary and expenses. Permanent
place; whole or part time. Apply at once.
Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Chicago.



Pure! Delicious!!

BON BONS AND
CHOCOLATES.

Novelties in Fancy Baskets
suitable for presents. 161 State
St., Chicago, Ill. Branch of
863 Broadway, New York.

Mail orders receive prompt and
careful attention.

Mount St. Mary's College,
Emmetsburg, Md.

This institution continues to give that thorough classical and
mathematical education for which it has long been celebrated. A
Commercial Course, optional to the students, is conducted by com-
petent professors. There is also a separate department for juniors.
For Catalogue address

REV. EDW. P. ALLEN, D. D., President.

SHORTHAND

WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and DIPLOMA awarded the PERIN
shorthand only. No shading, no position, connective vowel prin-
ciples; simplest, most legible and rapid. Catholic schools every-
where are requested to send for text book for examination. Free
instruction by mail to schools adopting it. Address H. M. Perin,
Author, Detroit, Mich.

A PRAYER BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

The Child's Picture Prayer Book. Large, clear type, attract-
ive pictures, suitable size. This booklet is issued in four slightly
different styles, priced at 20, 25, 40, and 50 cents.

Address,

THE "AVE MARIA,"

NOTRE DAME, - - - INDIANA.



